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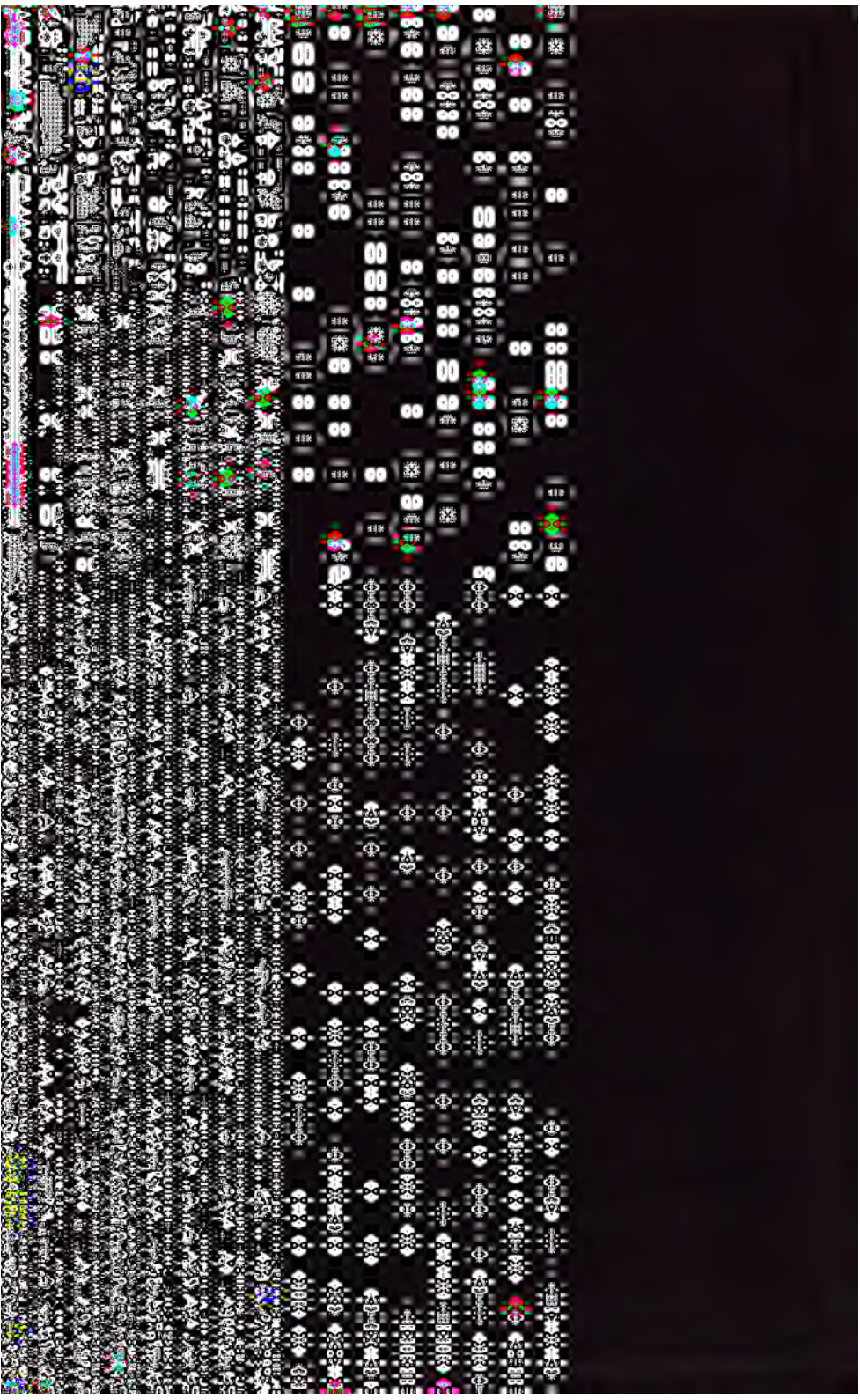
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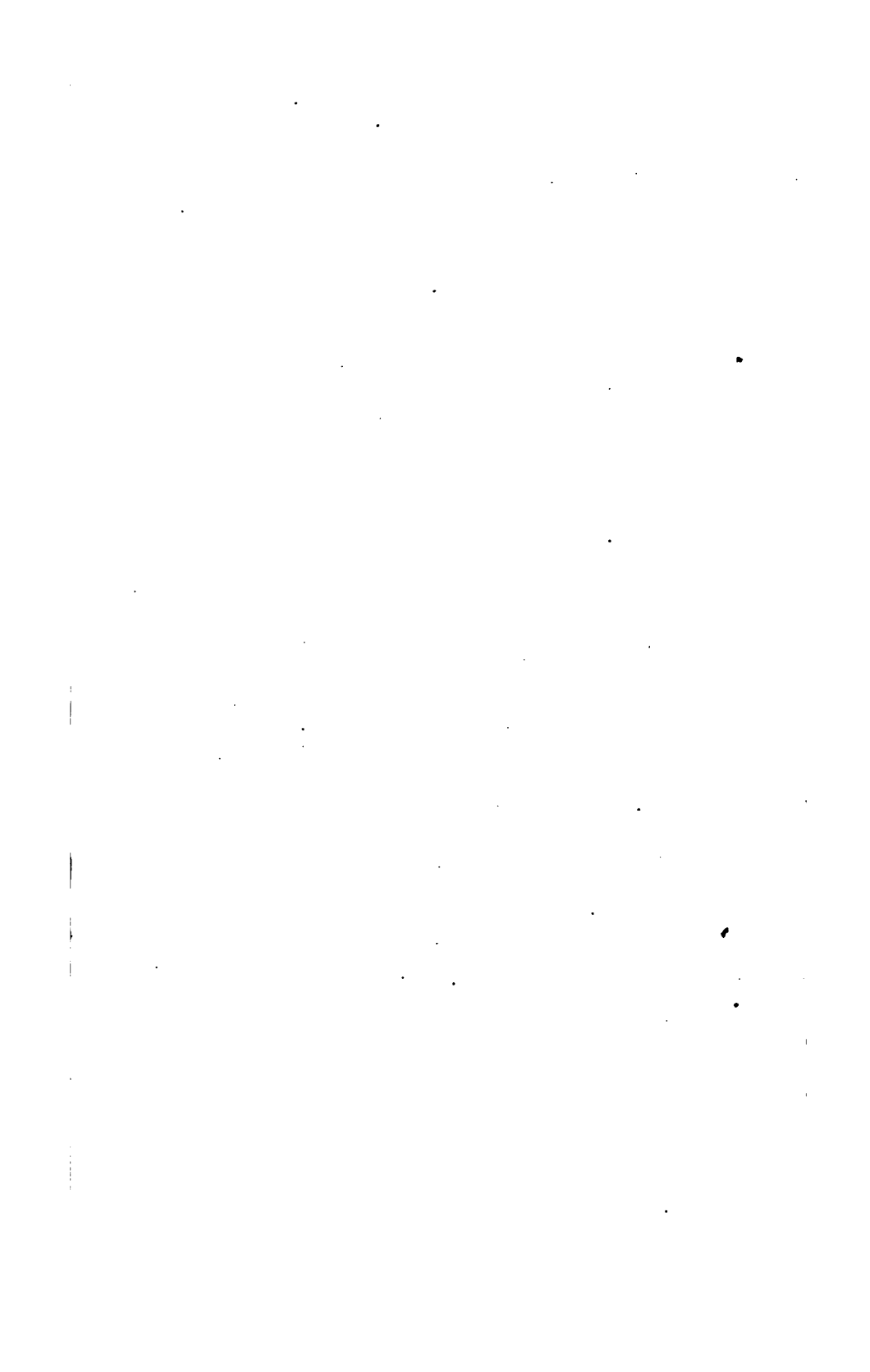


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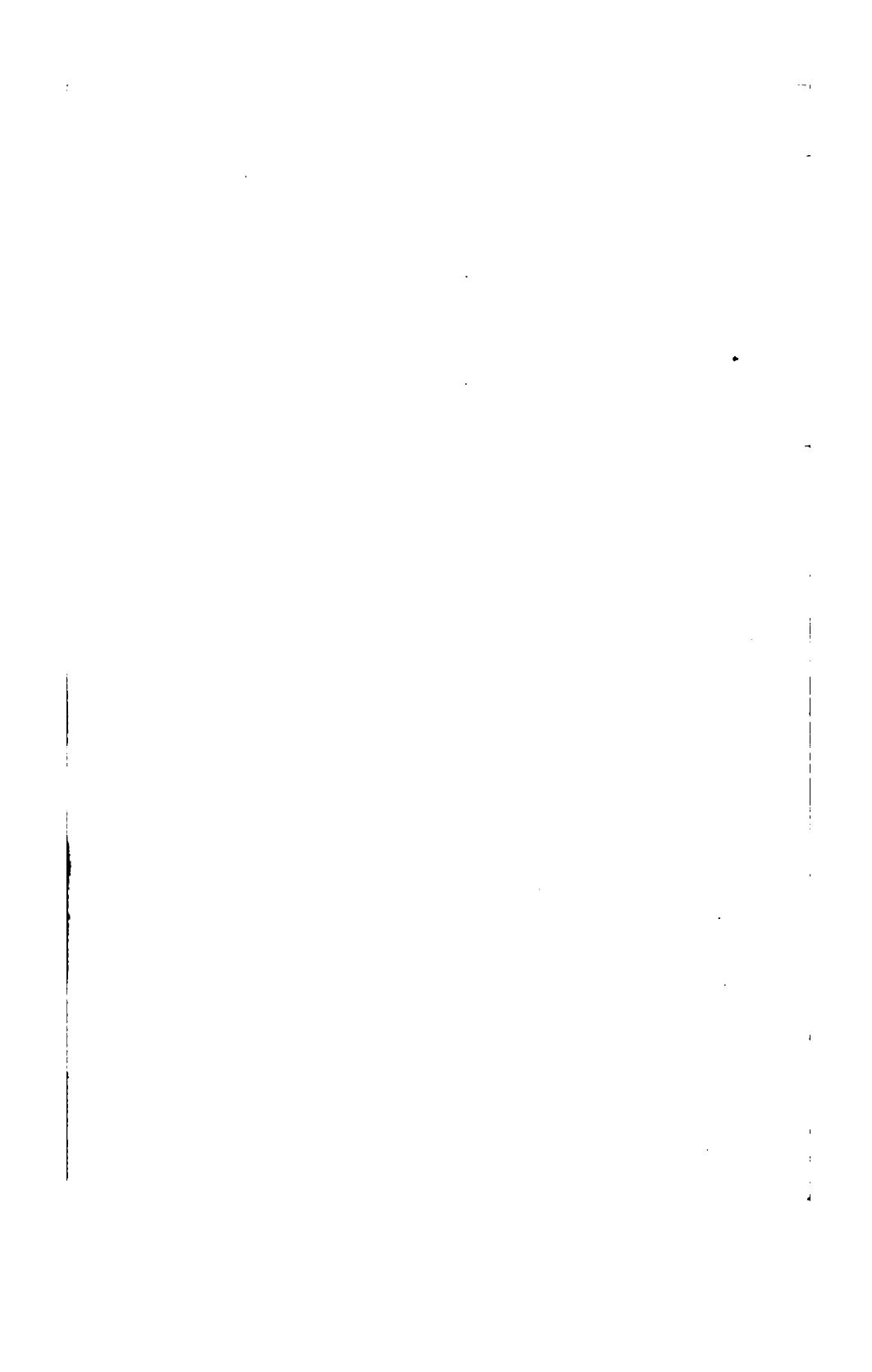
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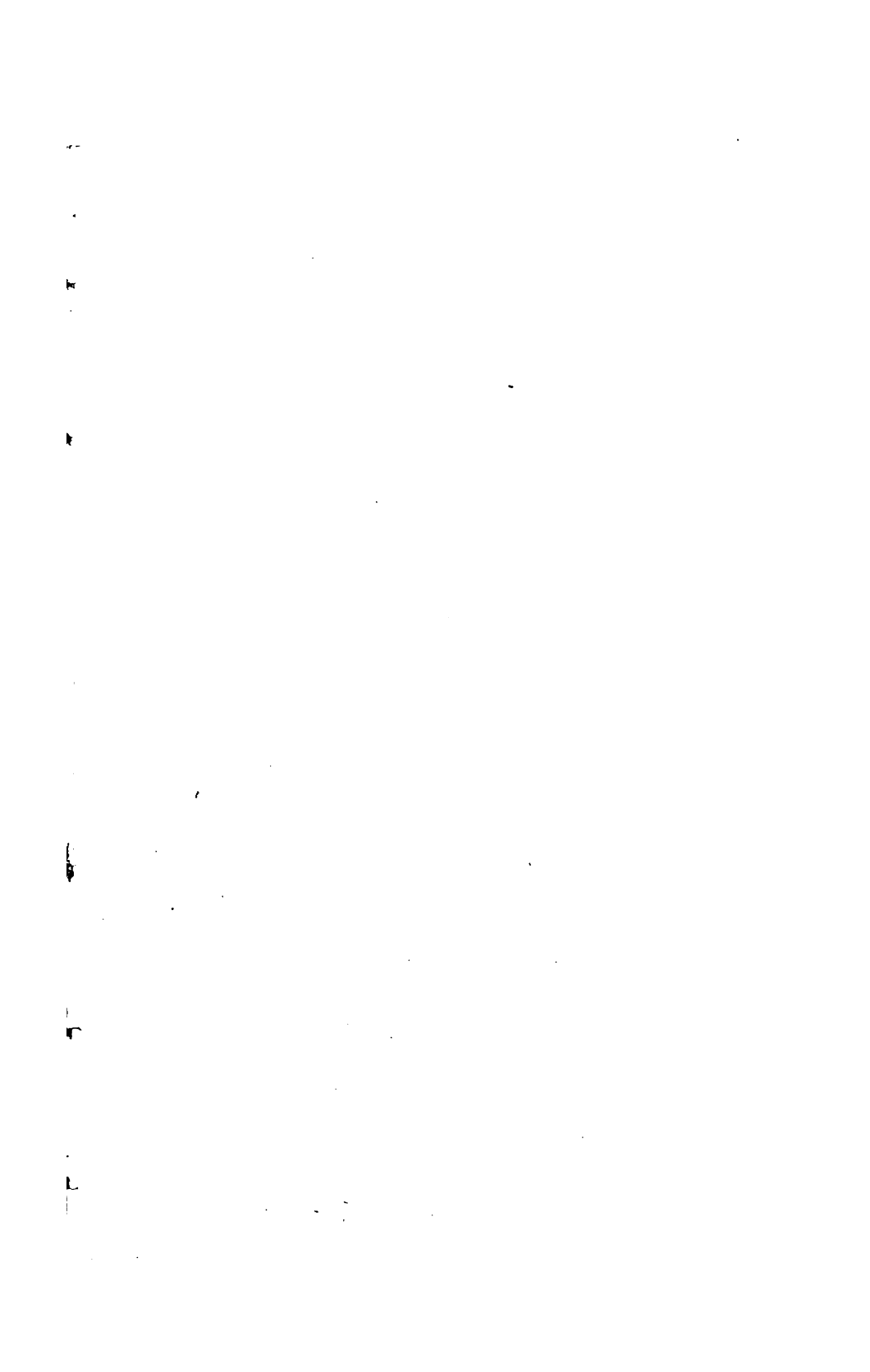


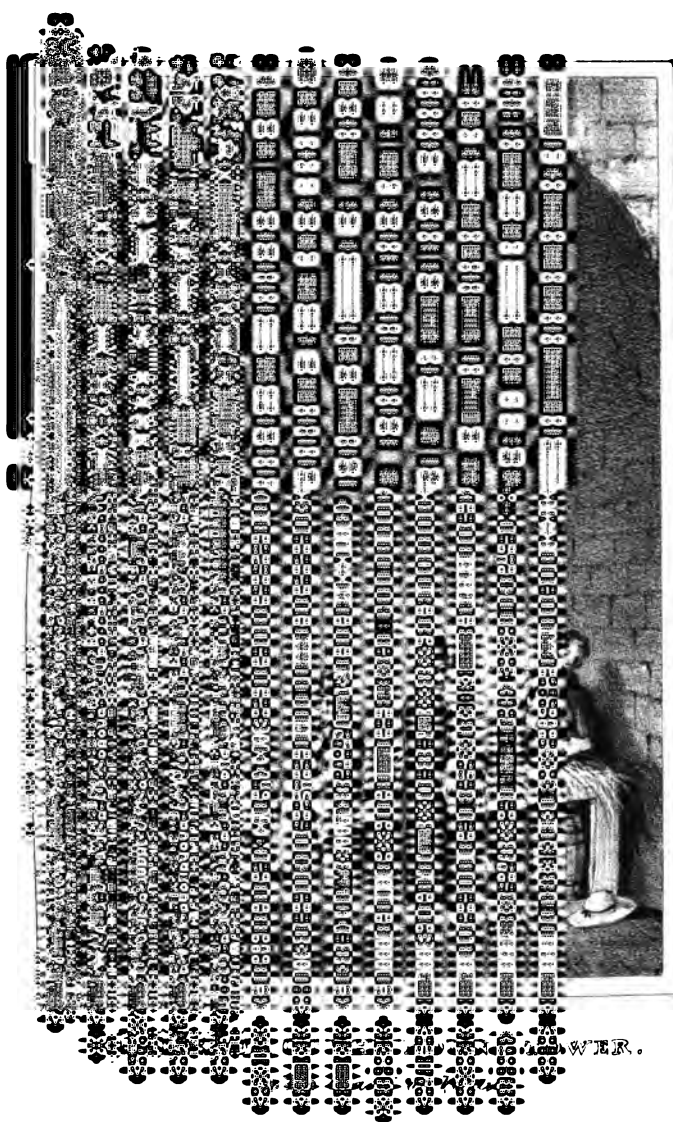












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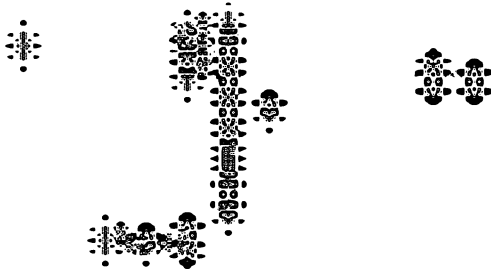
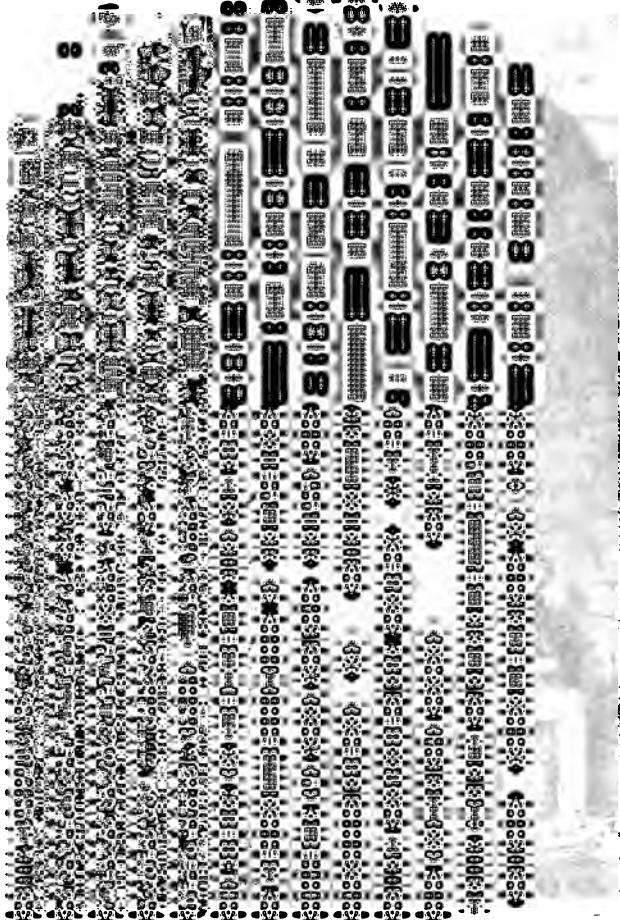
LONDON

WHITTAKER AND CO., AVE MARIA-LANE.

G. MARPLES AND CO., LIVERPOOL.

1838

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PRISON SCENES ;

AND

NARRATIVE OF ESCAPE FROM FRANCE,

DURING THE LATE WAR.

BY

SEACOME ELLISON.

LONDON:

WHITTAKER AND CO., AVE-MARIA-LANE.

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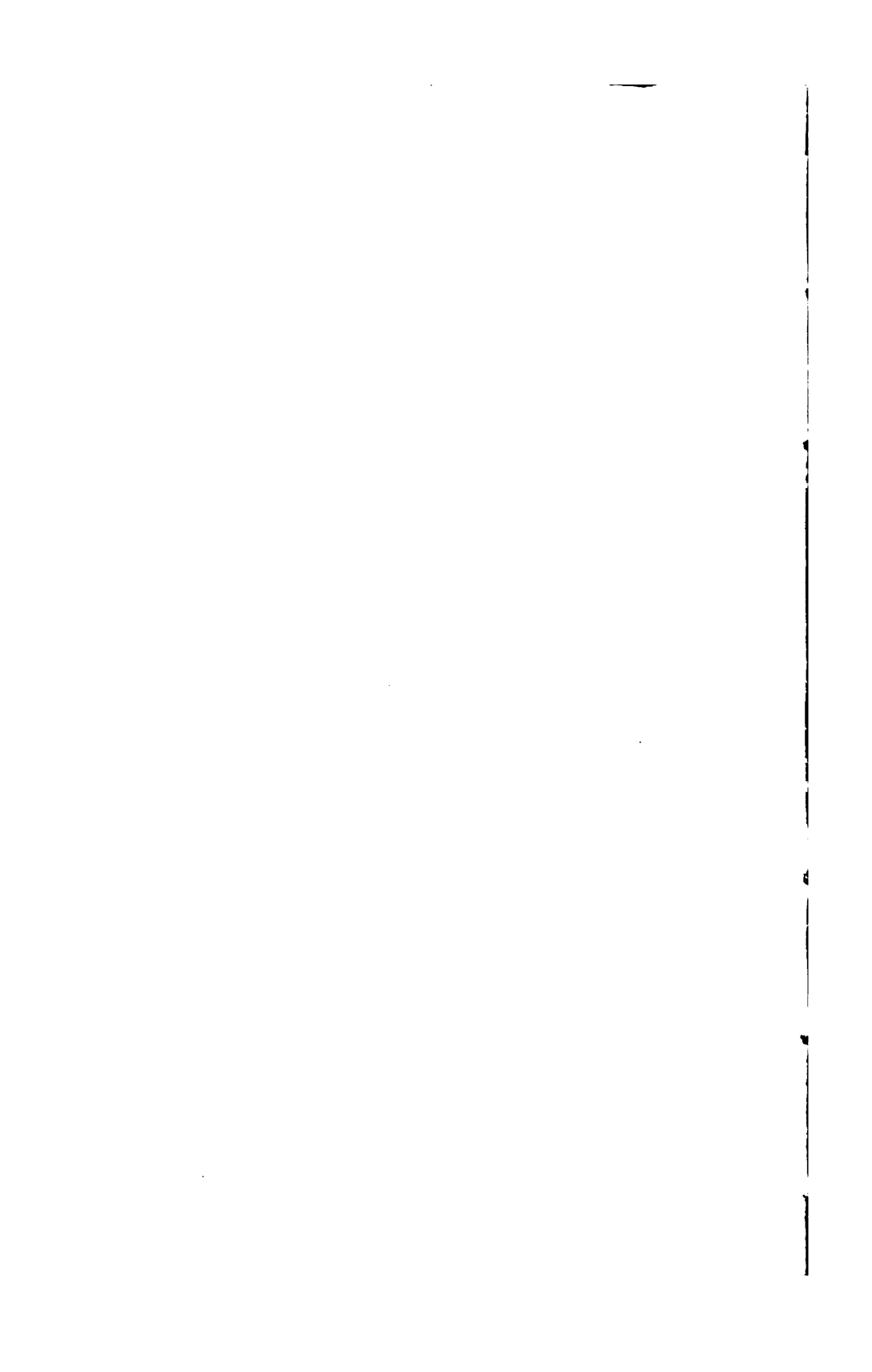
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CHAPTER I.

THE AUTHOR'S DEPARTURE FROM LIVERPOOL.—HIS PASSAGE
HOMEWARD.—CAPTURE.—LANDING AT BOURDEAUX.—MARCH
TO VERDUN.—ARRIVAL THERE.

I SAILED from Liverpool for the Bay of Honduras, in the month of April, 1803, in the brig *Rachel*, of 240 tons burden, having 16 guns, and 35 men, myself master and part owner. Nothing particular occurred on the passage outward, nor while we lay in Honduras, excepting that all my best men either ran away from me, or were pressed, and I could find none to replace them. I had therefore to leave the Bay with only 14 hands, including one worn-out master whom I carried for charity, and a man lame in both feet. Among the whole crew, there was only one good seaman. These, with a passenger, Lieutenant P——, of the army, were all that we had on board.

One beautiful morning, while sailing through the Gulf of Florida, after remaining on deck the whole of the night, I went to the mast-head to look around; not seeing any thing from which I could apprehend danger, and judging myself in the middle of the stream, I gave directions to keep a good look-out, went below, and turned in; but had not fallen asleep, when I heard a cry, "A reef close under the

lee bow!" I jumped up, and seeing an object very plainly, put the vessel about, although it appeared, from our being so close to it, that it was almost impossible to escape it. While she was in stays (in the act of tacking), I ventured to look over the side, expecting her every moment to strike, when, to my great joy, the cause of alarm had disappeared. Sudden fear had metamorphosed a large whale, lying upon the surface of the water, into a sand-bank; a black object, with two or three birds flying about, and a small ripple upon it, caught my eye just as I came out of the companion, and there was not time to observe it more narrowly. Had I taken a moment's thought, I might have saved myself the panic, as I knew all the reefs were composed of white sand, while the whale had the appearance of a black rock; but when we lose our self-possession, we always see with distempered vision.

While we were off the coast of America, we met with very bad weather. One day, after being brought under the foresail, shipping and making much water, the brig writhing and straining, and the fore-yard buckling in all directions, I was fearful of taking in the sail, lest she should fall into the trough of the sea and go down. But the gale increasing, I had only the choice of two things—either to run that risk, after the yard and sail were secured, or after both were carried away; I decided on the former, and fortunately got the sail safely in, when, to my inexpressible surprise, she lay comparatively still, seeming to mock the towering

seas,—riding like the homeless petrel, over their proud heads. Gladly would I have let her remain in that comfortable state; but we were drawing too near the land to permit any drift that could by any possibility be avoided. With a good deal of labour, we again set the foresail, after taking in the reef; and again experienced the wearying annoyance of the working and cracking of the deep-laden, slender-built barque, heightened by an almost continual clanking of the pumps.

At length we were favoured by a brisk south-wester, with drizzling rain; when we carried a heavy press of sail, never shortening it at night. One morning, just as day was breaking, I was awoke by the noise of the cabin windows dipping into the water. I jumped upon deck, and found it calm. Foreseeing what was coming on, I got the sails in, and as quickly as our weak state would allow, had them all furled, except the main-topsail (a new sail), which was upon the cap. Before the men could get down, a gale from the northward came on, like a clap of thunder, and laid the brig on her beam-ends; at one time the leading blocks on the fore-rigging were under water (*i. e.* the deck was about ten feet in the sea). I let go the weather main-topsail sheet, when away went the lee one, with all the rigging; clew-lines, bunt-lines, and braces, snapped like so many threads, and several of the sails which were furled blew loose again. What with the roaring of the wind, the thundering noise of the flapping of the sails, and the sea boiling, as it were to out-brave the wind by running contrary to it—the scene was

terrific. Fortunately it lulled for a little time, as if the wind had either expended its force in the first gust, or was determined to take a little rest before it renewed its devastations ; however, this pause gave us time to get before the wind, while we made all snug.

So we went on, encountering a succession of gales, principally from the southward and eastward, until we drew near our own shores, when we were favoured with fine westerly winds ; but the crew were so worn out with constant fatigue, that we had not strength to take advantage of this favourable circumstance by setting proportionate sail. The brig had been literally under water for several weeks, and the men during the same time in almost a similar predicament, being dry neither above nor below. Pacing the deck in the early part of a fine moon-light night, and lamenting the miserable plight to which we were reduced,—being compelled to go along under such favorable circumstances, and the land almost in sight, with no other light sail set than a fore-topmast studding-sail,—I resolved in my own mind to make further exertions, and get the fore-top gallant yard up, with the other studding-sails, I went below, intending to turn out for that purpose as soon as the day gleamed. But a circumstance intervened, at that time the farthest from my thoughts, which prevented my putting this resolve into practice.

About four in the morning of the 2nd of December, 1803, the second mate awoke me, saying, there was a large ship close to us—would I wish to speak her ? I followed him up, and saw what I supposed to be

an English frigate; by and by a musket-shot was fired, and I was hailed by a squeaking, drawling voice, with "Haul—up—your—foresail." This untechnical and un-English sound convinced me that I was mistaken, and that the strange sail was an enemy. Resistance being out of the question, I went below, to collect what I had of value; but before I was dressed, an officer came down into my cabin, and desired me very civilly to go with him on board the *Vaillant*, Capt. Etienne, and I immediately accompanied him. The *Vaillant* mounted 30 guns, and had, when she commenced her cruize, 300 men. About twelve hours previously, I had been spoken by the Sir Edward Hamilton, — Shaw, master, a fast-sailing slaver, which had been taken a few hours before me. Some of her crew told Captain Etienne, that if he would only keep his main-topsail to the mast for an hour or two longer, another prize would run into his clutches; he took the advice given him, and I unfortunately ran into the toil.

After being asked a few questions by the Captain, I was shewn into the ward-room, where I found Peter K——, who had been an officer in the Sir Edward Hamilton, and who was destined to be my companion for the ensuing five years. He was *tête-à-tête* with Major F——, giving an account of his great Scottish relatives; to which the Major, who was from the same side of the Tweed, was listening with marked attention. The long list he gave of noble families to which he claimed affinity, brought him into high favour, and obtained for him afterwards many a good dinner.

The Major was attached to the staff of General Baird, which, with the General, had been taken by the *Vaillant* some weeks previously, on their return (I believe) from Egypt. Captain Etienne told the General, that as he had no accommodation in the privateer suitable to his rank, he would allow him and his staff to remain on board the prize, provided he would give him a hostage for guarantee that they should not attempt to retake her; the Major volunteered to be the hostage. However, the ship was retaken by one of our cruisers, and arrived safe in England; while the Major was taken to, and kept safely in France. He often flattered himself, during the cruise, that he should eat his Christmas dinner at home, and could never be brought to think that he was a prisoner of war like ourselves. But, to my knowledge, he dined many Christmas days at Verdun.

At day-light the *Vaillant* was in 75 fathoms water, a few leagues to the westward of the Scilly Islands: at eight, A. M., she brought to an American ship, and lowering the stern-boat, with only the interpreter in her, the stern-teagle gave way, just before she touched the water, and she hung by the fore one. The interpreter called out lustily, "I will be drowned; I will be drowned!" Not one of the Frenchmen attempted to go to his relief; and because the American master made no show of lowering his boat for the purpose, Etienne snatched a musket out of a marine's hands, and let fly at him. Fortunately he missed his aim; an English sailor afterwards jumped down, put a rope round the inter-

preter's body, who was then dragged upon deck, and Etienne's wrath appeased.

The American Master came on board, and by him I had an opportunity of informing my friends where I was. After this, I was sent on board the *Rachel* for my clothes, and in returning was nearly run over by the *Vaillant*. It must have been something of more value than my clothes that would have tempted me, with such a boat's crew, to pay the prize a second visit.

My trunks and writing-desk were examined; in the latter were a number of dollars; but not a single thing was taken from me, except a pair of pistols and a quadrant. Captain Etienne was an honourable man, and used every exertion to prevent plunder. Once, upon a complaint being made by a prisoner, he turned the hands up, and searched their bags, but nothing of consequence was found. The crew were in tolerable order—very different to that of a privateer by which I had been captured during the Revolutionary war. The Captain of the latter was a good sort of man, but there was no subordination on board; the men were singing *caramagnol*, and dancing the whole day through; and both officers and men apparently upon an equality. Fortunately at that time I was detained only one day, the Captain very kindly having put me on board an American, but, sending my trunk from the cabin to the gangway, it was handed down the main hatchway, and handed up again in a twinkling, emptied of every article it contained.*

* See Appendix, No. 1.

On the second day of my capture, a sail was seen on the weather-beam, which, by a sudden shift of wind, was brought right ahead; as we neared her, Captain Etienne kept calling out to the Lieutenant on the forecastle, "A-t-il de canon? A-t-il de canon?" (Has she any guns?) The vessel proved to be an unarmed brig, of about 160 tons; her master, Cheminant, was soon on board, and a prisoner. He was from Newfoundland; of, and bound to, Guernsey. The cabin prisoners slept in double berths, between decks, and Cheminant was appointed to the one unoccupied adjoining mine; I kept possession of the outward one, but had soon reason to repent my choice, for I was scarcely asleep before my companion emptied the contents of his stomach all over me, and I had to look out for a cleaner berth. In the morning I upbraided him, but my anger was soon turned to pity; he apologised, saying he had a wife and family, and had lost his all; he had, therefore, taken himself to the bottle, in lieu of something worse. This vessel made the sixth prize, with which Captain Etienne was contented, and soon afterwards bore up for Bourdeaux, heaving to every night and lowering his topsails on the cap: thus they lay, blow high blow low, till morning, knocking themselves to pieces, for he never reefed them; in order, I presume, to be ready to give chase, or run away, as circumstances should occur.

Captain Etienne behaved very well to us, and kept an excellent table, at which the captured masters were always guests. The dinners were

good, and the breakfasts still better; among the varieties at the latter, a constant dish was geese-hams; biscuit was never seen, unless when asked for. The ship had a regularly built brick oven on the gun deck, just before the main-mast, and two thoroughbred bakers on board, who turned out bread equal to any made on shore. The brandy and wine used to be left on the ward-room table all night, but two or three of the prisoners taking advantage of Captain E——'s kindness, he afterwards ordered the bottles to be put into his cabin, to which the temperate ones had access whenever they pleased. In short, there was nothing wanting to make us comfortable; and if we could have banished from our minds the idea of being prisoners, the cruise would have been a very pleasant one. The only prohibition which was laid upon us was that we should not communicate with our men. There was once a suspicion, that they showed symptoms of rising, and one or two were put in irons; but I never knew how the suspicion arose.

On nearing the mouth of the Garonne, we were met by a light easterly wind, and were three whole days beating up to it, with a beautiful clear sky; and yet not a British cruiser came in sight, nor did we see a vessel of any description. At length we anchored about a mile from the guard-ship, which sent her boats to press the men, if such a harsh term may be employed for merely removing them from one ship to another. The boarding officer asked for the ship's articles, spread them out upon the capstan's head, and picked his men according

to the description therein given; each came at his call, as quietly and as orderly as if he were being regularly mustered. The only words uttered, when the men appeared were, "*Votre sac*," ("Your clothes-bag"); thus all the best men were taken out of the ship, in less time and with less disorder than an English boat's crew could have taken a single man out of an English ship, if that man had been aware of their approach. But "they manage these things better in France." I was not a little surprised at their methodical proceeding, and the tameness with which the men submitted,—so opposite to every thing of the sort that I had seen in our service;—and as I have been a party in out-witting the press, (that anomaly in our free institutions, justified only by its expediency,) and a witness of it in others, I shall hereafter relate a few anecdotes, which will show the striking contrast between this tame submission of the sailors of France to arbitrary power, and the ingenuity of the tars of Great Britain in evading it.*

All the best men having been taken on board the guard-ship, and the Captain gone up to Bourdeaux, the command devolved upon the second Captain, who allowed us the same liberty and the same good cheer as before. Here we lay for a week, with a pilot on board, and a nice breeze blowing right out of the harbour; had there been two or three determined characters among us, such as had been accustomed to cutting vessels out of French ports, they could have managed the *Vaillant* easily. The

* See Appendix 2.

seventh day, in the evening, some craft came down, lined with soldiers, and took us all on board, and the next morning we landed at Bourdeaux. While our luggage was being examined on the quay, a looker-on remarked to the officers, "You may save yourselves the trouble, they have been taken by a privateer;" but his suspicion of our being plundered was ill founded; nothing but arms and nautical instruments had been taken from us: while, as we learned afterwards, some of our countrymen who had been taken by vessels of war had not fared so well.

The luggage being examined, we were marched up under a strong escort to *Fort-du-Ha*, a miserable, filthy prison; but by seeing the gaoler we had an apartment to ourselves, with a fire-place in it, which we found useful, there being no glass in the window. Most of us found friends in the town; Mr. M'Carthy, of the house of M'Carthy, Freres, on whom I had a letter of credit, offered to obtain permission for me to remain in Bourdeaux; but not understanding the language, I preferred sharing the fate of my companions. Captain Etienne paid us one visit, or, I may say, paid the other masters one, for he would not look at me. He had heard of the Rachel's re-capture, and knowing that he gained nothing by me, his civility accordingly terminated. It appeared she had got safe to anchor somewhere on the French coast; but one of our ships having seen her (I think the Elephant), she sent her boats in, and brought her out, although she was then filled with soldiers from the shore; I have heard that her First-lieutenant was killed in the act of boarding.

Not one of the authorities came near us; but on the fifth day a guard came into the prison, and ordered us to pack up instantly, and commence our march to Verdun, a distance of five to six hundred miles. The jailor and his myrmidons tossed all our things out of the room, thinking that in the hurry we should leave something behind; but what we could not carry away we gave to the seamen, whom we left there, sadly cast down at the separation. We were allowed no baggage-cart, and therefore had to hire one for ourselves, for which we paid 40 francs for the first stage (30 miles). There were thirteen of us—five masters, the rest mates—with half a dozen mounted *gendarmes* for our guard. They were a set of surly fellows; and if we ventured beyond reach of their sabres, we were stopped by the cry of "*Halt là, halt là, f——!*" with abundance of other abusive language. At the end of the march, they lodged us in a prison, where we were kept 36 hours—the gaoler and his wife making us as comfortable as circumstances would allow. When we set out again, we found our new conductors a different class of men from the former, and as we proceeded our prospects brightened. The fifth day we arrived at Perigueux. While we were rambling about the town under the charge of a *gendarme*, a messenger came to tell us that the commandant and commissary were waiting for us at the inn, for we had not been compelled to sleep in a prison after the two nights passed at Libourne.

We were agreeably surprised by the pleasing

manner in which we were accosted ; after making an apology for interrupting our walk, they said they called to make arrangements for passing us forward. Finding their behaviour so gentlemanly, we were emboldened to make known all our grievances, which they promised should be redressed ; and they kept their promise to the very letter, without exacting any promise from us. Here we received our first pay, thirty sous each per day, for travelling expenses, and halted one day, styled in French "*jour de repos*" ; and this was the custom in every town we passed through, which had a resident commissary.

The second morning, a baggage cart arrived at the inn door, with only one *gendarme*, with whom we were quite at home. In the middle of the forenoon, he said he would go on before us and order dinner, leaving us to follow at our leisure. After this manner we proceeded the greater part of the journey, having only occasionally an uncivil conductor. One day, when it rained heavily, and the roads being in a very bad condition, we met a countryman on a pony ; I proposed purchasing it of him, and after some bargaining succeeded ; I gave for the pony, saddle and bridle, four louis ; after which, all my companions that could afford it, when opportunity offered, also got mounted. The principal restraint laid upon us was, to defer entering any town where our guards were to be changed, until they were in company with us. Passing through Limoges, we arrived at Gueret, where the *gendarme* discovered he had lost the *feuille-de-route*

(a paper containing our personal descriptions, and pointing out the road we were to take), for which he received a severe rap on the knuckles. This occasioned a delay of four days, as we could not proceed until the document was found, or another procured from the proper office. Going into Mont-Lucon with a worthy, intelligent *gendarme*, he took us to the *municipalité*, and demanded billets for us, which were granted, apparently, as a matter of course: after this, on entering any town, we always enquired for the best inns, and then proceeded to head-quarters for billets on those inns, and generally succeeded in obtaining them. Having passed through Moulins and Luzi, we narrowly escaped getting into a scrape on going into Autun. When we arrived at this town it so happened that we who were on horseback were far a-head of the *gendarme*, who remained with our fellow-prisoners on foot; and he, fearful of our entering the town without him, galloped after us, to the injury of his horse; he came up in a great passion, and the most scurrilous epithets which the French language afforded, flowed in abundance from his loquacious tongue. We were aware of the consequences if he should give us a bad name; and therefore smoothed him down in the best manner we were able,—invited him to supper, and soon appeased his anger by wine. On our way to Dijon, part of the road being bad, I turned off into the fields; afterwards, wishing to regain the road, from which I was separated by a dry ditch and a high copse, I came to a division of the ditch, about eighteen inches wide. I hesitated to cross it, but

my horse showing no disinclination, I left him to himself; the first foot he put upon it, the sod gave way, and down he came on one side of it, and I upon the other; my foot sticking fast in the stirrup, I was dragged to the top of the copse, when my boot came off, and I was liberated. I was not aware that I had sustained any loss, until I came to pay my bill the next morning; I then found myself minus a doubloon, a serious matter in the low state of my funds. Passing through Langres, Neufchateau and Commercy, we came to St. Mihiel, our last stage, where some of the footmen, being almost worn out, hired a *voiture*; and to our great amusement we saw a female postillion, in her jack boots, throw her leg as dexterously over the horse, as would not have disgraced any of her male competitors. This requires both experience and tact, as a wooden iron-bound boot weighs from eighteen to twenty-five pounds.

On the thirty-sixth day, being the 28th of January, 1804, we entered the fortified town of Verdun,* which was destined to be my prison-house for the next four years and a half. The average of our march had been about eighteen miles per day. Our guards gave us up to Courcellas, the commandant of the citadel, where a very particular description of our persons was taken, and here we signed our parole. After this, we had billets given us, K—— and I on a good inn, the *Aigle d'or*, *Place St. Croix*, and were turned at large into the town.

* See Appendix 3.

CHAPTER II.

BEDROOM SCENE.—CONFINEMENT IN THE CITADEL.—STATE OF SOCIETY.—GAMBLING.—NAPOLEON.—DUEL.—CECIL'S ESCAPE.

BEING now stationed where we were likely to remain for some time, my first enquiry was for my passenger P——, who had been put on shore before the *Rachael* was recaptured. I found him in company with Edward Boys (now a commander in the Royal Navy), in a little brazier's shop, kept by a singular old fellow, named Cheyne, who often amused us with his eccentricities. They had met at Orleans on the 7th of January, and marched together to Verdun, where they had just arrived. Their purses being exhausted, and having had no opportunity of replenishing them, they were reduced to their shifts, and were then sitting over a small fire cooking their dinner, of which I was invited to partake; but my stomach not being used to such a poor *soup-maigre* looking repast, I declined the invitation, and proposed that they should dine with me at a *restaurateur's*; this originated a friendship with Boys, which continues to the present time.

The second night, when K—— and I went to the *Aigle-d'or*, the landlady was very indignant, and refused to take us in, telling us to go and ask for a bed where we had eaten our dinner; and perhaps

she was right, for we had not called for any thing in her house. In consequence, high words ensued; K—— being spokesman, told her we were billeted upon her house—that we would have a bed; and that if she did not order us one directly, we would fetch the police. This quieted her, and we were shewn into a room. We had scarcely lain down, when a servant-girl came to tell us we must turn out directly, as a French captain and his lady had just arrived; and that our room being the only single-bedded one in the house they could have, they must have it, and that we must go to another. This was certainly no unreasonable request, and we ought to have consented; but the severe scolding we had just had still vibrated in our ears, and we refused to comply. Another message to the same effect came up, and an answer returned, that as we had possession, we would keep it. By-and-by the captain himself came, and, by way of taking military possession of the room, hung up his hat and sword, and retired, without uttering a word. Then came his lady, her maid, and the chamber-maid, and told us, if we did not turn out immediately, they would turn us upon the floor; and, suiting the action to the word, commenced hostilities, by pulling off the bed-clothes. “Now, *Messieurs*, will you get up?” “*Non, Madame*,” was the reply; and in an instant the three, going on one side, reversed our situation; instead of our lying upon the bed, the bed lay upon us; in fact, we were floored. This was all done with the greatest good-humour, and much to our amusement; and finding the lady in a playful

mood, we protracted the scene. Hitherto we had been passive, but now began to act rather upon the offensive; and the lady, not liking our resistance, or perhaps fancying that we exceeded the laws of honourable warfare, coolly took down her husband's sword, drew it, and pinned us both up in a corner. Finding further resistance vain, we begged for quarter, which was granted, with a smile; the capitulation was amicably arranged, and we marched out with our baggage, leaving the room to the victorious heroine, who had so courageously obtained possession. She saw us next morning, and smiled archly.

The Captain was doubtless aware how tenacious Englishmen are of their habitations, and was apprehensive that, if he had interfered, blows might have ensued, and finally blood would have been shed; but by leaving the management to his wife, this was happily avoided, and the affair pleasantly terminated without loss on either side, save that of some portion of delicacy, a commodity, as far as experience enables me to judge, not in much estimation with the females of France.

K——, through the influence of Major F——, was introduced among the nabobs, and came in for many of the good things that were stirring. My passenger, P——, Boys, Dr. Crigan (late of H. M. S. *Shannon*, now a rector), a *detenu* (term given to those who were detained in France at the time the war broke out), named Wigney, from Brighton, with myself, agreed to mess together, and took the lower part of a house, containing a sitting-room, and two

bed-rooms, which, with the use of the kitchen, kitchen utensils, silver spoons and forks, table-cloth, napkins, &c., cost us eighty livres per month. The time passed pleasantly, but at the end of eight months we broke up the mess, dissatisfied with our way of life.

During this time, I met with Thomas Walbeoff Cecil, and though we were of very different dispositions, we formed a friendship which continued until his death. We took lodgings in the same house, and lived very happily together. One evening, as he was taking a solitary walk upon the *digue*, he picked up a deserted infant, which he brought home and nursed until the morning, when he took it to the Hospital, and the matron was so pleased with his conduct, that she invited him to the christening; and, by the way of doing him honor, it was named after him. He was partial to company, and I often went to bed before he came home. One night, he was later than usual, and being unwell, he came into my room with a rueful countenance, saying, "O, Ellison, give me a share of your bed, for the cat has kittened in mine." "Well, then," I replied, "Go and nurse them, Cecil, as you did the baby; for I cannot sleep two in a bed." I little thought then, how soon I should be compelled to take physic for my squeamishness. A few days afterwards, one of the masters made his escape, the consequence of which was, that all the rest of his cloth, about one hundred and sixty, were shut up in the citadel, where an old monastery became our dormitory. It fell to my lot to be placed in a long corridor,—the passage which connected the two

sides of the building. There was just space for twenty-seven beds, leaving room to walk between those that stood across and those that stood lengthwise, and fifty-four of us were ordered to occupy them. We had the liberty of choosing our bed-fellows, and, fortunately for me, K——was one of the fifty-four; we of course slept together. As it was not punishment sufficient that so many of us should be penned up in so small a compass, large lamps, in addition, were kept burning all night, to prevent any of us stirring without being seen, the expense of which was stopped out of our pay. This was a double cruelty, to stifle us with smoke, and make us pay the cost of the annoyance: we inhaled so much of it, that our morning's spittle was usually black. What with the shouting, the singing, the bewailing, the smoke of the lamps, the smoke of cigars, and the consequent stench of the place, it was rendered almost unbearable. Bitche, the place of my subsequent confinement, called by some "the place of tears," was, with all its horrors, preferable to a great degree; for my mental sufferings were greater here than at any other time or place during my captivity.

At the conclusion of three months, by dint of money, K——and I obtained a small room in the *entresol* (a low story, between the ground floor and the upper one); I could just stand upright with my hat on, under the beams; but it was a palace compared with the place we had left. We hired a stove, and a bed each; had all our things brought up from our lodgings, and in a few days found our-

selves quite at home, our friends often coming to cheer us in our confinement. One dark evening, failing to persuade one of them to remain with me a little longer, I very thoughtlessly ran after him into the town, unnoticed by any of the sentinels; fortunately I was upon good terms with all the *gendarmes*, who did not report my conduct, otherwise I should have stood a fair chance of having an immediate journey elsewhere.

During my confinement in the citadel, early in November, 1805, my friend Cecil had some of his brother midshipmen drinking with him, when one of them put a little image of Bonaparte, heels upwards, into a tumbler, and left it so upon the chimney piece. Tidings of this by some means came to the ears of the police; and just as Cecil was coming down stairs the next day, in his morning dress, a *gendarme* met him, saying, he must go with him immediately to the barracks. He requested time to put his coat and boots on, but was told the order was to bring him directly; and away he went, unconscious of having done wrong. On his arrival there, he saw Lieutenant Demanget, who did not deign to hear any thing he had to say, but cursed the *gendarmes* for not being ready mounted; and off they marched the poor fellow, between two of them, to Metz, a distance of thirty-six miles, the rain descending in torrents during the whole journey; there he was put into a dungeon without, I believe, hearing or knowing what was laid to his charge.

When we had been in the citadel about seven months, it was intimated to us, that any ten who

would become bound each for the other, might go back into the town, provided they would all lodge in one house, and pay a *gendarme* for looking after them, but to this none would accede. Then came another proposal, somewhat modified, that if ten would be bound for each other, they might live separately, on paying six *livres* per month for the extra trouble of the *gendarmes*. This was accepted by a good many, but the General was surprised it was not accepted by all, and his displeasure was made known to those who declined. They returned for answer that they were willing to be responsible for each other, but they had no spare money to pay the *gendarmes*, and rather than incur such an expense, they would remain where they were. Upon this, he turned them out, being obliged to forego the cash. It appeared he had orders from the minister of war to liberate us, but upon what conditions we never learned. This was his first flagrant peculation upon our body. Those that lodged and messed together in tens, lived tolerably well on their pay, about 25s. per month each. The following proclamation was read to us while we were in the citadel.

*L'Inspecteur Général de Gendarmerie, Commandant Supérieur
à Verdun,*

Est chargé par son Gouvernement de faire connaître aux Anglais detenu à Verdun, qu'il a été décrité, que le premier entre eux, qui s'évadra, sera traduit devant une commission militaire, et fusillé, comme ayant violé sa parole.

Ce présent doit être affiché dans les deux langues aux Salles d'Appel.

*The Inspector General of Gendarmerie, Commander-in-Chief
at Verdun.*

Is charged by his Government to make it known to the English detained at Verdun, that the first among them who shall be taken in attempting to escape, shall be tried by a military tribunal, and shot, as having broken his parole.

This proclamation to be stuck up in the Appel Rooms, in both languages.

In a short time afterwards we again came under the displeasure of the General, by some of the masters refusing, or being unable, to pay the tax laid upon them; and he forbade us to sign our names to the *appel*, and disgraced us by making us muster twice a day with the gentlemen's servants, and all the vagabonds, whom, to serve his own purposes, he permitted to remain at the dépôt. In fact, he hated our cloth, because, taking us as a body, we were poor, and he could not squeeze much out of us; it has been said of him, "that he tormented the rich for his profit, and the poor for his pleasure." That some idea may be formed of the infamous, the diabolical character of Wirion, and of his extortions, and how soon the English character is capable of becoming debased in that profligate country, I shall relate a circumstance which happened while I was at Verdun.* I shall also give a more particular account of him; of his successor, Courcelles, and of their understrappers; and shew the striking contrast between these wretches and their villainous proceedings, and that of the upright conduct of the amiable and worthy Colonel le Baron de Beauchène.†

* See Appendix 4.

† See Appendix 5.

After some time, the senior commanding naval officer interfered, and we were again allowed to sign, as before; our passports for going out of the gates, which had been taken from us, were returned, and we enjoyed all the privileges of the *depôt*, which were as great as we could reasonably desire. The country was open to us in every direction, within the range of six miles from the ramparts, and these were about three miles in circumference. While the gates were open we had free egress and ingress, leaving our passports at the *bureau*, and taking them up when we returned; by which means it became known, at the shutting of the gates, if any remained without. We might live in any part of the town we pleased, and had the liberty of passing through the streets at all hours of the night. The orders were, that we should carry a light, but this was often evaded, unless we had to pass a sentinel; and sometimes then, unless it happened to be very late. One night, four or five midshipmen, being what is termed "half-seas over," coming up to a guard-house, and having no light, held a parley whether they should make a circuit, or force a passage; a thoughtless, daring fellow said, "follow softly in my wake, and I will soon clear the way:" he watched his opportunity, sprung upon the sentinel when his back was turned, pinioned him, and cried out, "Run, my boys!" he then gave him a push, and ran also. The sentinel thought it well to pocket the affront, rather than turn out the guard and relate his mishap.

It was an unfortunate circumstance for the

prisoners of war that they were sent to the same dépôt as the *detenus*; for among the latter were marquises, lords, and baronets, honorables, knights, and gentlemen of fortune. Many a poor fellow, like the frog in the fable, ruined himself by striving to appear as big as his neighbour; for in Verdun, as in all other places, each link in the chain of society was endeavouring to be on a par with that immediately above it. Many of the *detenus* kept dashing establishments, having their mistresses dressed in the most expensive style, to the envy and jealousy of the *Bourgeoises* and their daughters, who did not always make a point of shunning their company. A number of boxes were taken for these females in the theatre, and likewise for the English ladies; and there it was that English gentlemen were seen passing from the one to the other, paying their compliments indifferently to all; or, sometimes placed between *à dame comme il faut*, and a *dame comme il en faut*, now turning their heads to, and talking to the one, now to the other. This, no doubt, at first shocked the delicacy of our countrywomen; but travelling takes off the *vulgar prejudices* contracted at English fire-sides; and what we have continually before our eyes, no matter how offensive it may at first appear, will, in the course of time, be viewed, if not with favour, at least with indifference, till at length it loses all its deformity; *il n'y a que le premier pas qui coute*.*

* It is the first step over the bounds of propriety that causes the most painful feeling; that once passed, it decreases at every succeeding one, till at length the once sensitive mind is brought to regard the grossest scenes with a feeling of complacency.

Nor did the shopkeepers and other inhabitants, though outwardly respectable, hesitate to let their lodgings to Englishmen and their mistresses, nor to permit their daughters being seen riding with the latter upon the race-course ; while some winked at, and encouraged assignations made by their lodgers ; and, to finish this picture of demoralization, there were obscene novels, which young female librarians would not scruple to put into the hands of any one, but would even recommend them. Prints of the grossest description ; indelicate and disgusting performances on the stage ; Sabbaths which exceeded every other day in *fêtes* and amusements ; mountebanks performing at the cathedral door, for the diversion of the people coming out from mass ; in short, every thing which could gratify the polluted appetite and corrupt the heart.

The force of evil example soon began to manifest itself among our countrywomen, the wives of the *detenus* and prisoners ; and the characters of many of them, in the course of time, became assimilated to that of the French. Now, if society was in this dreadful state in a provincial town—and we may argue from the less to the greater—what must have been the state of the modern Gomorrah at that time ? Nor is there reason to think there has since been any improvement ; though it is now the fashion for English parents to send their daughters there to be educated. Little, indeed, can be anticipated in a large community, where, in consequence of mothers not nursing their own infants, natural affection is sapped at the root ; and the statistical accounts

evinced, that the majority of the population are either indifferent to, or opposed to Christianity. It would be well for English parents to pause, and ponder well the consequences, before they send their children to France; serious evils must almost inevitably ensue from this practice.

Half a century ago, and less, we were not so fond of the French; we despised their frivolity. Now we are importing their manners, their amusements, and their vices. What would our grandmothers have thought of the waltz, that lascivious dance, in which an experienced waltzer can take, unobserved, greater liberties with his partner in the ball-room, than he would think of taking, or dare to take, if they were alone? Yet, we are not content to follow their evil examples at home, but we must also send our sons and daughters there, to be initiated in them at the fountain head! Tremble, England, for the consequences!

I hesitated, for some time, whether I should sully my pages with these details of profligacy, but "vice, for vice is necessary to be shown, should always disgust." Upon deliberate consideration, I have resolved to publish them, that they, perhaps, may be a means of doing some little good as a way-mark to warn my countrywomen, who are contented with the society, pleasure, and happiness which their own country affords, from venturing into one where vice reigns triumphantly, where nothing intrinsically good is inculcated, and where nothing of genuine utility is to be learned better than at home; and, as they have hitherto been to surrounding nations a

pattern of conjugal fidelity, of domestic solicitude, of constant affection, and of friendship the most conducive to the happiness and comfort of man, I would that they should remain an example of virtue as long as the world remains. I am persuaded that no one who has been brought up in this country, whether male or female, can return from a six months' intercourse with French society, without injury to that delicacy and purity of mind which makes them so conspicuous to all around them.* But to return to my narrative.

Drinking, gambling and debauchery were the order of the day, and those who led the most irregular life were not the least esteemed. The first destroyed the health and ruined the future prospects of its votaries; the second drained their pockets, and consigned them to prisons or to suicide; and the third brutalized them. Confinement, without any prospect of being liberated, and the want of avocation, drove many brave active men to the bottle, which destroyed numbers, and others became complete sots. Mr. C——, a respectable, gentlemanly man, was among the latter; he was continually getting into difficulties, and after all attempts by his countrymen to reclaim him having failed, and much forbearance shewn by Wirion, he was sent to Bitche, where, emptying his wash-bason, he overbalanced himself, fell through the window, and was killed on the spot. One poor fellow, after being given up by his doctor, asked for a glass of grog, which he apparently drank with as

* See Appendix 6.

much relish as ever and instantly died. I once upbraided a master for his idle habits, when he asked what I should have him to do? he said he had no employment, no amusement. He could get drunk twice a day for fourpence, and what could he do better? Another time, passing along the street, I saw a Frenchman talking to him, whom he could not understand, "Tell me," says he, "what this fellow wants." "He wants," I replied, "to be paid for pulling you out of a ditch, into which your horse threw you, and where he found you with your head stuck in the mud." "Tell him," says he, with an oath, "that I will not give him a *sous*; he ought to have let me remain there; I shall never die a better death." This same man being taken suddenly ill in the street, near the lodging of a surgeon, a friend of mine, turned in thither, and while in the act of falling off his chair in an apoplectic fit, he was observed to kick off his shoes. The surgeon bled him immediately, and, after he had brought him round, inquired his reason for doing so. "Why," says he, "I was not going to die with my shoes on!" (a cant phrase applied to persons that are hanged).

In a large saloon at the *Café Thiery*, a set of black-legs from Paris obtained permission of the General to establish a *Rouge et Noir* and a *Roulette* table. For this permission, it was supposed he was paid at the rate of one hundred louis per month, if indeed he were not a partner. But it was made known to the inhabitants, by the following inscription, in large letters, in French, that none but

the prisoners were allowed the privilege of ruining themselves; "This Bank is kept for the English; the French are forbidden to play at it."

This was the only place where men of high rank and men of no rank united indiscriminately; where professional and unprofessional men could greet each other with civility; where noble lords would throw the dice with base (as they were esteemed by some of the professional characters) masters of merchantmen; where men of fame and men *infame* were hand and glove; where, in a well-lighted room, stood a table covered with louis, crowns, and half-crowns; where exciting wines and liquors of every description might be had for asking; where fine, well-dressed, abandoned women were either invited or paid to attend; where an elegant supper was always prepared for those who were inclined to partake of it; where, when an unfortunate fellow had lost his all, he was not turned out as in some other societies, but money was pressed upon him by the bankers, to give him a chance to recover his loss; in short, where there was every thing to stimulate and every thing to incite. When it is considered that this temptation was placed before those who had no employment, no resources within themselves, and who saw no end to their captivity, it is not surprising that many fell victims, but that so few were entangled in the snare.

A young man, named J——, was in the habit of attending the table, and during the time a large legacy came into his possession, which tempted him to play high. One evening, when he was uncom-

monly fortunate, and flushed with success, his ambition tempted him to endeavour to break the bank. Having once swept the table, the bankers enticed him on, by replenishing it in a sparing manner, as if their stock was running low: but treacherous fortune soon deserted him; he lost all he had gained—all he was worth, and a large sum besides, which he had borrowed from the bankers. The consequence was, that Wirion shut him up in the *Tour de Angoulême*, and kept him upon bread and water, thinking this would induce his brother, who was among the *detenus*, and some other of his friends, to discharge the debt; but his project failed.

An unfortunate youth, not twenty years of age, surgeon of a gun-brig that ran ashore off Dunkirk, lost all his money, and accepted from the bankers "*a rouleau*" of fifty louis, which he lost also; he then drew bills upon his agent, and forged the senior officer's signature as the indorser; all of which he lost. He then invited a number of his acquaintances to spend the evening with him, who left him about ten o'clock, and the next morning he was found in bed, a cold corpse. An empty laudanum bottle was found upon his table, labelled, "L——'s cure for diseases;" together with scraps of paper, on which he had been practising the imitation of the signature of Captain B——. I met him in the street about eight hours before he committed the fatal act, when he appeared low-spirited; I asked him if he had lost all his money, "No," says he, "look at that;" pulling out a handful of louis; he then showed me a handsome watch

which he had just bought, and I said, in a jocular manner, "That will be a capital thing for your last *coup*;" this touched him, and we had nearly quarrelled. On parting, he said to Boys, who was with me, "Boys, in a little time you will be rich, and I shall be very poor."

A purser's clerk, having lost his month's pay, requested the loan of a couple of crowns; but the banker, knowing his man, asked what security he could give. The question rather startled him, but, recovering himself, said, "I will give you a piece of one of my ears." "That will do," said the banker, "here's the money—let us have it." The man took out his knife, and in a moment the fleshy part of his ear was lying on the table. This was reported to the senior English officer, who had the clerk sent to Bitche.

My passenger, P—, was a pretty regular attendant, and though he was not in the banker's debt, he was in the tradesmen's. One night he was very fortunate, and, after winning a large *coup*, he gathered up the money, put it very coolly into his pocket, ran out of the bank, knocked up all his creditors, and paid them their demands.

For myself, I occasionally threw down a three-livre piece, but fortunately always lost; finding this to be the case, I discontinued the practice, but was still in the habit of going in and out, without feeling the least temptation to play.

During my confinement in the citadel, I became acquainted with B—, afterwards the famous Admiral of Buenos Ayres. He had plenty of money

with him when he first arrived, all of which he lost, and then borrowed pretty largely from the bankers. I came into the room soon after he had lost his last stake, and saw him sitting on a table at one end of the room, kicking his heels together—the very personification of despondency. He was sent off to Metz prison, where he and Cecil formed a plan of escape; but Cecil obtained permission to return to Verdun before it was ripe for execution. B—— succeeded in the attempt, and reached England in safety. I met him afterwards in Rio Janeiro; and subsequently sat down next door neighbour to him in the vicinity of Buenos Ayres, and once was the depositary of the casket of jewels presented by the Government to his lady. His first exploit was in a large merchant ship, which the Government armed, and sent him against Martin Garcia, a fortified rock, under which his ship grounded; but he succeeded in taking it, after losing his first lieutenant and a number of his men. He had then an addition made to his force of three or four more vessels, and attacked and beat all the vessels of war that the Spaniards in Monte Video could send out against him, while through his prowess that strongly-fortified place was taken. I saw him going to dine with the Government, and to receive their congratulations, dressed in admiral's full uniform, with a large cocked hat, and a gay feather of many colours waving—the honours of the hero.

Some time afterwards he was sent round Cape Horn, to cruise against the old Spaniards; here again he was fortunate, and soon filled his ship

with valuable spoil. Subsequently, a number of merchant vessels were purchased for him and armed against the Brazilians, who were blockading the river Plate, with numerous frigates, sloops, and various descriptions of vessels of war, amounting to twenty-five or thirty sail. These he contrived to annoy in different ways for three years (until peace was made) passing up and down the river at his pleasure, and preventing them doing any further harm than merely keeping up the blockade; which they by no means closely effected. He is now, I believe, reaping the reward of his hard-earned honours; and I shall leave him, and return to the subject whence I digressed.

Being always fearful of contracting idle habits it was my constant custom to rise early in the morning, both in winter and summer, and walk out as soon as the gates were opened. One morning, very opportunely, Napoleon passed my door just as I was going out; I ran after him to the post-house where he changed horses, and as he did not alight, I climbed up on the outside of a window, exactly opposite to his carriage, and had a very good view of him and his Empress Josephine; for some minutes there was nothing to interrupt the sight, till Wirion rode up and poked his head through the carriage window; but as almost every word was accompanied with a bow, I occasionally got a glance over his head. Houselle, the draper, banker, and army contractor, came running along in his night-cap, only half-dressed, vociferating as loud as the shortness of his breath would permit, "*Vive*

Napoleon! Vive l'Empereur!" but he was not joined by a single voice—indeed few of the inhabitants were stirring, and he was too late to pay his respects; for six heavy, cart-like, rope-harnessed, bridleless horses, bore off majesty faster than the contractor could follow.

I have often read that Napoleon was in continual dread of his life; but he then showed no indications of it; there was not a single armed man about his carriage, nor any attendant, save his mameluke, until Wirion rode up; until then, there was nothing to hinder me from addressing their majesties, but timidity, or want of inclination.

The Emperor came through afterwards, when it was duly notified. It was reported that the mayor of the town requested Wirion to shut his prisoners up during the transit; and that he replied, "Do you take care of your citizens, and I will be responsible for the prisoners." As Verdun lay in the direct *route* from Paris to Strasburg, we had an opportunity of seeing, at various times, a great portion of the grand army, as they passed through. I lodged opposite the *Place d'Armes*, where the regiments were drawn up, to give the men their billets, which are not upon the public-houses only, as in England, but also on the private houses; every housekeeper was required to have a bed for that purpose, or to hire one elsewhere, and sometimes they were required to give them victuals. Then I perceived the advantage of an officer having a quick eye. The main street ran along and formed one side of the square, so that, until it was entered,

the square was not perceived; when some of the commanding officers would draw their men up at once, a word of command being scarcely heard, while others were all confusion. Occasionally I have seen the poor fellows come in jaded at four or five o'clock in an afternoon, receive their rations in the street, lay down for a little while, and then continue their march. Other times we had the troops from Spain, passing through in waggons (pressed from the farmers), going post-haste night and day; and in order to push on the drivers, they were attended by *gendarmes*, who kept continually calling out, "*trottez, trottez, donc, f——!*" (why don't you trot!). These troops were jaded more than those on foot. Here we saw the Spanish troops, in their white uniforms, which were afterwards delivered from Napoleon's iron grasp by British vessels, on the coast of Denmark. But the finest looking regiment I ever saw was one of Polish lancers: their uniform was grand and gay, their caps in particular, and the men all good-looking; I was struck with the officers — fine young men, with handsome faces, fair white and red.

The prisoners in general were healthy—there were but few natural deaths, among which were the Marquis and Marchioness of Tweedale, who both died nearly about the same time. On inquiry, there was not a Frenchman to be found that knew how to make leaden coffins; but a *detenu* hearing of it, volunteered, and completed them in a masterly manner, to the surprise of the French plumbers. The bodies were both put into a bomb-proof in the

citadel, and Wirion at first placed a sentinel over them, under a pretence that they might be stolen, for which he endeavoured to exact three livres per day; but afterwards feeling ashamed of the bare-faced imposition, he withdrew the man. Permission could not be obtained to send the bodies to England, Napoleon being determined to keep us, whether alive or dead.

Doctor Jackson, a native of Westmoreland, a fine stout young man, being about to settle on the English coast, in sight of France, thought if he did not see Paris before he commenced practising, he should never see it: he therefore packed up a few changes of linen, and embarked, purposing to be absent only for a few days. He had, however, only just arrived, when the order was issued to detain all Englishmen; and he was marched to the *depôt*. After being confined about two years, he began to despair and droop, often saying, in my hearing, that all his prospects were blighted, and that he should never look up again. This brought on a fever, which terminated fatally in the third year of his captivity, aged 29. He was much respected; being a freemason, his funeral was attended by many of the brotherhood, both English and French.

The lower orders of the French, in and about the town, were subject to intermitting fever, and our medical men found plenty of practice among them. Some of the poor wretches had been afflicted for years; and starvation, or drinking *tisane*, which was tantamount to it, was then prescribed for almost all diseases; so that what little nourishment the poor

squalid wretches could have obtained, they were advised not to take. Our practitioners cured them by a solution of arsenic with wine, and other things, which they supplied without charge: this added wonderfully to their reputation both for skill and humanity. In consequence of the strict blockade, bark could not be obtained, but at a most exorbitant price; therefore arsenic became the regular substitute.

Only two prisoners attempted their escape from Verdun while there was but the Rhine between them and liberty; but after the Confederation, when Baden, Wirtemberg, and Bavaria had to be traversed before an asylum could be found, numbers attempted it. At one time, a proclamation was made, that all taken in the act of escaping should be sent to the galleys; at another, that they should be tried by a court-martial and shot; but all was of no avail. The greater the danger, the more the spirits of the prisoners were aroused to face them. But the account of the murder of Captain Wright, in the Temple, cast a greater gloom for the moment over us than any other thing. I saw one of his last letters,—perhaps the very last he wrote; it was to his first lieutenant Wallace; and I well recollect one expression: recommending the midshipmen that had been taken with him to his protection, he said, "Take care of my little admirals in embryo."

During the summer I was in the habit of bathing; and on returning, one morning, I saw a number of peasants running. I followed them to a retired spot; when I was horrified at finding an English-

man, still warm, but laid out, ready to be put in his coffin. His coat and waistcoat were off, and his shirt laid loose over him. I lifted it up, and saw a very small perforation on the right side, but no blood. On the left, a good sized ball was very discernible, just within the skin, as if that frail barrier had stopped its further career. I took up a hat lying near the body, on the lining of which was written a name that I knew well. I bemoaned the unhappy man's fate; but when I got into the town, I found the owner of the hat still in being. I also knew the deceased when alive, but had no recollection of his features when a corpse; probably I was too agitated to look steadily on his features. The report of the tragical occurrence was as follows.

The deceased, an officer in the navy, had spoken something which was construed into disrespect of his superior, and which an officious, meddling, favour-hunting surgeon reported. The result was a challenge, attended with a threat, that if it was not accepted, means would be taken to deprive him of his rank. The deceased was unwilling to go out on such a trivial matter; but the *esprit de corps* of his brother officers of the same rank was such, that they insisted he should go out to uphold its honour. On the way to the ground, he said it was very hard that a man, for the sake of shewing that he was not devoid of courage, must go and expose his life, or take that of a fellow creature, to whom he had no enmity, merely for having spoken a few unguarded words; when it was well known that he had been

in the battle of Copenhagen, and had fought like a man. But he spoke to the winds, for fight he must; and he fell at the first fire. The principal (a man of good family and influence) and his second, were confined in the citadel for a few days; but through one of those fortuitous events that often happen, they were both called to Paris, and I think soon after sent to England, where, I believe, killing in a duel is, in the eye of the law, accounted murder; and murder it is, in every sense of the word. Notwithstanding, justice winks at it. It is still, cool, deliberate, premeditated murder, for the parties generally sleep upon it one night, and often more. He that said, "thou shalt not kill," said of the manslayer, "if he smite him with an instrument of iron; if he thrust him of hatred, or in enmity smite him with his hand, he is a murderer!"* By the law of Mexico, if a man kills another in a duel, he becomes liable to his debts: if the same law were adopted by more refined nations, with an additional liability to support all who had been dependent on him in the same manner as they had been previously supported, it would be attended with a good effect. Honour, that indescribable thing, would then seek to redress its injuries by other means than the pistol.

This was the only duel that terminated fatally during my detention. Upon the whole, the prisoners lived happily together, wiling away the time in the manner that unoccupied people generally do,

* Numbers xxxv. 16—20, 21.

fulfilling the proverb, "when the d——l finds a man idle, he sets him to work." After having been about two years in Verdun, I became weary of the way of life we led there, and passed most of my time either in my own lodgings or walking out; and began, with greater earnestness, to study the language. When the news came that Sir Home Popham had taken Buenos Ayres, I engaged a Spanish master, having determined, if ever I regained my liberty, to go there; but, as I had left school at an early age, and had been at sea up to the period of my capture—a profession, of all others, that unfits a man for study—I found it a difficult task; however, I persevered, and became sufficiently master of both languages to answer my then and future purposes.

In the summer of 1807, Cecil, a bold, open-hearted, generous, friendly fellow, who had been my chief companion, became unhappy at losing so much of his time. Disease and disappointment sensibly affected his disposition, which was naturally irritable, though at the same time engaging; for, if ever he gave offence by an unguarded word, he was always ready to acknowledge his fault. He carried himself high to those who he thought assumed an unbecoming consequence; and, on the other hand, was kind and condescending to those who met him in a friendly manner; and he had a ready way of conciliating all around him. Often, while musing, he would regret his descent (for he was of a noble family), as giving rise, occasionally, to expectations that he was never likely to realise. His father had been improvident;

and his last words to him were, "Remember, Tom, thou wast born a gentleman." Poor Cecil never forgot this; and it was all his patrimony. Once he said to me, "Ellison, bad as we are off here, very likely it may be the happiest part of our lives;" and, as it regarded himself, he spoke prophetically: "still I am determined," said he, "to remain here no longer than I can, with credit to myself, forfeit my parole;" and immediately he began to devise means to get unsuspectedly into close confinement; when, as far as his honour was concerned, he would be a free man. My principal reason for not joining him, was the fear of our being separated, if the plan did not succeed; because, from Wirion's known hatred to my cloth, I was likely to receive the greatest share of punishment: besides, my mind was not quite made up for the enterprise, and Boys was not prepared; therefore he determined to go alone, an undertaking which none but a first-rate spirit would have had the courage to attempt. However, we both promised to render him all the aid in our power; and forthwith commenced smuggling every thing that was necessary into a wood about two leagues from the *Porte de Paris*, ready for his journey, provided he should be so fortunate as to escape from the citadel. His plan was, by some little misdemeanour to get confined there for a few days,—the common punishment for trifling irregularities. By some accident, his original plan proved abortive; and his next went rather beyond the mark; for, instead of the citadel, he was ordered off, the following morning, to Bitche, in company with

Gordon, Maxwell, and others, who had been previously in confinement, and under that sentence. Boys and I, hearing of the order, waited at the gate, and walked with him to the extent of our limit. On bidding him a melancholy adieu, he said, "Never fear; if any thing like a favourable chance occurs, these fellows shall not take me to Bitché." There we left him, and hastened back to the *Appel*. Early next day the news arrived of their escape, and the *gendarmerie* and peasants were all on the *qui vive* to stop their progress. Boys and I, naturally presuming that he would make the best of his way back to the wood where his stores were deposited, set out thither as soon as the gates opened on the following morning. Judge our pleasing surprise, to find Cecil, Gordon, and Maxwell had gained the rendezvous about half an hour before us. It appeared that at the first house of correspondence, by some fortunate occurrence, only one *gendarme* met them, and he, the better to secure his charge, put them all upon the baggage cart. When ascending a steep hill, with a wood at a short distance, the three that escaped told the other two that they would get off, on a pretence of lightening the horse, and would have a run for it; and they might follow their example, if they chose. At a given point they started, and gained the wood. The *gendarme* fired his pistols, but did not chase them; his horse could not have entered the wood, and, if he had left the cart, he might have lost all the five. He was not like an Englishman in London, who hired two fellows to carry his luggage, whom he could not keep

together; at length one bolted into a narrow passage, and he ran after him; but losing sight of the chase, he returned to look for the other, who had decamped also.

Having had plenty of time to select a good hiding place before the *gendarme* reached the next village to raise the peasantry, and send them in pursuit, they lay still, and remained undiscovered till dark, when they shaped their way back to Verdun in the best manner they could, avoiding the main road; but made very little direct progress. At day-light, there being no wood in view, they concealed themselves among the standing corn, where their sufferings were indescribable from heat and thirst; Maxwell was nearly sinking under it. About four in the afternoon, they were discovered by a peasant; he said he knew who they were, and told them not to be afraid, for he would not betray them. They begged for water. "Lie still," said he, "until it is dark, and then I will bring you both meat and drink." He kept his word, and brought them some bread and wine, which soon revived them. "Now then," said he, "get up, and I will direct you in any way that you choose to go." He accompanied them into the fair track, and observing Maxwell had only one shoe, he gave him one of his own, and bid them adieu. At two, they reached the suburbs of Verdun, forded the river a little below the town, and had scarcely lain down in their hiding-place, when we joined them.

After much congratulation and hearty shaking of

hands, we wrote a list of all they wanted, and hastened back to the *Appel*. Then going round to our friends in whom we could place confidence, we related their adventures, and collected for them about twenty louis. I went to my shoemaker's with the measure of Maxwell's foot, chose a pair of shoes, and told the man to put plenty of nails in them. "O," says he, with a knowing look, "I suppose to run away in." "You have nothing to do with that," I replied, "obey your orders, and I will return in an hour." At the time appointed they were ready, I gave him his price, and nothing more passed. Having obtained all they were in want of, and having provided a stock of eatables and plenty of wine, we hired a vehicle, and, accompanied by four others, rejoined our emancipated countrymen early in the afternoon, the remainder of which was spent in high glee. When the wine began to operate, a proposal was made to drink a bumper to the peasant's health out of his shoe. This was unanimously adopted, and he who drank first did him the greatest honour, tasting the richest flavour of the worthy foot it had once covered. We left them about seven in high spirits, expecting soon to be in the land of liberty; and we by no means depressed, though returning to our place of confinement. We were scarcely out of the wood, when we met Wirion and his wife, but being within the limits, and having sufficient time to enter our prison-house before the shutting of the gates, we had nothing to fear; all that passed was a mutual salute. Some of

the party afterwards blabbed, and the adventure was whispered about, but, fortunately for the parties, it did not reach head quarters.

We were all anxiety for the fugitives, dreading to hear of their recapture, but every day, as it passed without any report of them, strengthened our hopes. In about a month I had the pleasure of hearing from Cecil, at Salzburg, giving me the leading particulars of his journey. A few days after their departure, he and Gordon differed; they were both high spirited, but the latter had not the noble mind of the former. He was of singular habits, very neat in his person, and very consequential; so that he generally went by the name of Lord George. They were by no means of kindred dispositions, and as they could not agree, they separated; but in the act of parting one of them recollected that he owed the other a louis, which he tendered; but the lender, though poor, supposed the borrower still poorer, and thought it dishonourable to accept payment under the then circumstances, and therefore refused it. What was to be done? The one was too lofty to take it back, the other too proud to be under an obligation. The borrower put it upon a stone in the middle of the road, and thus their proud spirits left it; although they had to accomplish a march of hundreds of miles, a great part through an enemy's country, with the dreary prospect of wanting even the common necessities of life—a fair specimen of the folly and weakness of man. Gordon and Maxwell bent their course through Prussia to the Baltic. Cecil continued in the route he first determined on, to Trieste,

but by keeping to the north made a great angle. He passed the Rhine about Worms; then entering the town of Wurzburg, he had the good fortune to obtain a passport to Salzburg, which passport he enclosed to me, thinking it might be servicable if ever I followed his track. Both parties arrived safe in the November following, and met accidentally in London.

The success attending Cecil's attempt was a reproach to my supineness, and an excitation to dare all obstacles. Early the following year, being the fifth of my captivity, K—— told me that he was authorised by a mutual friend to communicate a secret to me; which was, that a plan of escape had been devised for this friend, but that he was in want of some little assistance. As his name has not yet appeared in this narrative, I shall here introduce to the reader Mr. Archibald Barklimore, surgeon, now very comfortably settled in the metropolis. This gentleman was captured early in the war: he was of a cheerful, jocose disposition, and had a talent for learning the language, and imitating the manners of the French. He had all their grimace, their shrugs, their grins, their every motion; in fact, he was to all outward appearance a genuine Frenchman. He was upon a friendly footing with all the officers of the regiment, whose *depôt* was Verdun, as well as with their families, and had the privilege of the *entrée* into the citadel whenever he pleased, night or day. He was their surgeon-in-chief; they preferred his advice to that of their own countrymen. Fortunately, the gentleman that had been responsi-

ble for him was gone home, and by an unaccountable oversight another bondsman was never required : so that he had no restraint further than waiting a feasible opportunity of being off. These officers had fitted him with a complete uniform, sword, &c., obtained for him a *feuille de route* (military passport), and one of them actually went down to the sea coast to prepare his way, but found it next to impossible to engage a boat owing to the extreme watchfulness of the coast guard. On his return, Barklimore taking into consideration the risk he ran of being sent to the galleys, if taken when presenting a false passport, gave up the scheme.

CHAPTER III.

THE AUTHOR'S ESCAPE.—RECAPTURE AND PUNISHMENT.

It was at this time that K—— and myself volunteered to accompany Barklimore in some way less hazardous, for which we began to make preparations. At the first, I viewed the undertaking with a good deal of dread, particularly when, in a morning, I looked out at the window and the weather happened to be wet and cold. This, said I to myself, is a pretty sort of a day for a man to take up his lodging in a wood; and then I would contrast it with my comfortable room, warm fire-side, and good bed. Then there was the risk of ill health, the chance of being shot by a sentinel, or cut down by a *gendarme*; but all these fears vanished as the plan matured, and I found that in this, as in every other case, the anticipation of evil is always much worse to bear than the reality.

Our intention was to make for Trieste. Barklimore made many attempts to extract by acids the endorsement on Cecil's passport, and succeeded in all but one, and that one rendered it useless; still this did not induce us to change our plan. We bought maps for our direction, and marked out our intended rout. We also purchased gimlets, and

small lock saws, together with one fine one, made out of a watch spring, and nicely set in a steel frame, for the purpose of cutting iron bars: these we sewed in the crowns of our hats. After making small knapsacks of strong linen, we covered them with fine oil-cloth, of which we also made capes to cover our shoulders. These, with a spare shirt and provisions for our journey, we deposited in the spot whence Cecil had taken his departure.

And now I shall introduce John Innis, late purser of H. M. S. Ranger; a man who, for sterling worth, unbounded generosity according to his means, and staunchness of friendship, could not be surpassed in the *depôt*; a man who would pinch himself to serve his neighbour; who actually gave half of his goods to the poor; a general favourite with all parties, and whose advice was sought by most who knew him, and they were not a few: careful of every body's interest but his own; would not run away himself, but would aid and abet any one that was disposed to move off in an honourable manner. If my memory is not at fault, he secreted a midshipman in his lodgings for three months, who threw himself upon his generosity, although he did not stand high in his esteem. He was remarkable for the plainness of his dress, and wore a hat that had the appearance of having weathered all the storms that the ship he was taken in had encountered. In the lodging of this worthy fellow we deposited all our things, leaving only empty trunks in the lodgings we purposed to evacuate. I have now on my table a snuff-box, a parting present from

poor Cecil, which Innis (whose remains are now mouldering in the church-yard of Festiniog, North Wales,) delivered into my hands seven years after I bade him adieu in Verdun.

He was the last man we called upon to bid farewell, late on the night that we intended to commence operations in the morning; he had previously begged so hard that we would take a fellow lodger of his (named Robert Alison, a purser in the India service,) with us, that we could not say nay, although it was sadly against our inclination, three being a sufficient number. It was then fixed that in the morning Alison should go out of the *Port de Paris* to avoid suspicion, and K—— and I out of the *Port Chaussée*, and to remain outside an hour after the time for the *Appel*, calculating that for the offence we should be shut up in the Citadel, by which means our fellow-bondsmen would be exonerated.

In the morning K—— came to my lodgings and we lapped the rope that we had previously prepared round our bodies; it was about the thickness of a log-line, or, what will be better understood by landsmen and the fair sex, the thickness of window-blind cord; this we doubled, and marled together, that is, tied it round and round. Thus equipped, with our marching clothes on, with saws and gimlets in our hats, we sallied out, breakfasted at one of the villages, and waited until the time we supposed our guardians would be looking after us. We went carelessly up to the *bureau* and asked for our passports, when, to our great surprise and mortification, instead of being told there was an order to conduct us to the citadel,

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noitre, and found every thing favourable to our plan. There were but a few prisoners then in confinement, and these K—— was to divert, and keep as far from the place of operation as possible. About five I descended the stairs leading from the convent into the adjoining church, and bored holes with the gimlet close together round one of the pannels of the door, and then, with my knife, cut from one to the other, leaving only one space uncut: I then filled the nicks with tallow, and sprinkled ashes over it; the pannel was not thicker than a common door, so that I was not more than half an hour doing the business. One or other of us kept near the top of the stairs the rest of the evening to prevent any stragglers going down. Eight was the set time for going to bed, when we pulled off our coats and waistcoats and lay down, anxiously looking for the hour of ten, for the *gendarmes* to make their appearance, having orders to visit the rooms every two hours: ten came, but no *gendarmes*. In a little while we saw a light glide past the door, which we took for them, and soon after K—— and I crept out to call Alison, who lay in another part of the convent. Then, proceeding softly through the long corridors and down the stairs, I put my hand against the loose panel, thinking the small part of it which I left uncut would break gently off, but to my surprise it made a crack which sounded through the empty buildings like the report of a pistol, but it caused no alarm. I and K—— were through in a moment; but Alison, being a big man, stuck fast in the hole, and cried out lustily as loud as he dare, “Pull, pull!” which we did to the utmost of

our strength, and pulled him through. Then, crossing the church, we climbed up one of the windows by the help of the iron bars, expecting to get through the tracery, but to our disappointment there was not sufficient room. Then, groping about in search of a place of exit, we upset a horse upon which a number of things were piled (the church having been converted into a store-house). This made a thundering noise: the dogs barked, the guard was turned out, all seemed to be in confusion outside, and we remained motionless, expecting every minute to hear the church door open; but, fortunately for us, the *gendarmes* neither entered the church, nor went round into the bed-rooms to see if all were safe.

Soon after all was quiet; we were again on the move, feeling our way with more caution. At last we came to an altar, on the left side of the choir, which, when we had mounted, discovered unto us a ready way of escape, through a partition of the window undefended by bars, and divested of glass; not being more than from six to seven feet above the ground. From this we dropped quietly into the garden of the convent; we had then a wall to surmount, rather higher than the window sill, which was tiled upon the top; by the help of a rail, which made us a good standing, one end being let into the wall, we unroofed it; but, in spite of all our care, being near a sentinel, we made now and then a clink; but he, being set on the other side of the choir, was out of sight, and, as it happened, out of hearing.

As the church clocks were striking one, the last of us was descending into the open citadel, where we found Barklimore laid snugly his whole length along the bottom of the wall. We walked quietly across the green in the direction of the general's house, which was unoccupied, he then living in town, and consequently we did not expect to find a sentinel posted there, but to our astonishment we ran almost against him; he challenged us, but as he gave no alarm, we supposed him to be a green conscript, quite as frightened of us as we were of him. We darted into the general's garden, K—— foremost; he leaped over a wall about three feet high, expecting it to be the same height on the other side, but he found he had to descend about twenty before he reached the bottom. He called as loud as he dare told us to ease ourselves down, and he would endeavour to break our fall; we did so, but the nails in my shoe heels came in contact with his nose; fortunately they did no other injury than making it bleed (which caused the report of one of us being seriously hurt); with this exception we escaped uninjured. We soon came in sight of a sentry-box, with the sentinel leaning against it, apparently asleep. Having passed him, I, being then foremost, got over the rampart, presuming it was a breast-work inside, and was standing upon the cordon, when K——, who had better eyes than I, seeing my situation, said, very collectedly, Ellison wait until I come to you—give me your hand, said he—he pulled me up, and then pointed out the danger. Had he not arrested my progress, I should most likely in one moment have

been dashed to pieces. The night was dark, and being turned out of our road by the first sentinel, and seeing another where we did not expect one, we became rather confused, and unable to find the spot where we had intended to descend, which was but about thirty-five feet high, but where we did descend was at least sixty-five.

Coming to a place where the breastwork was broken down, we agreed to run no further risk, but stripped, and unwound the rope off our bodies, and tied one end to a stone that stood out beyond the others. We had previously cast lots which was to be the last, which K—— drew. Alison being the most fortunate, went first; then Barklimore,—both of whom, though landmen, descended safely; then came my turn, but K—— begged for the preference, to which I conceded. When I began to descend, I found the cord so stretched—by the three who had preceded me all being heavy men, and so smoothed down and slimy that I could not support my weight, and that I must either have my hands cut through or let go my hold,—which latter I did, when I supposed I had descended fifteen to twenty feet. I fell flat upon my back among the rubbish, and heard K—— cry out, “Ellison is killed!” but I soon undeceived him by jumping on my feet.

Finding not much difficulty in getting out of the *fossé*, which was dry, we made the best of our way to our storehouse, K—— and myself walking in much pain. We had not gone far, before I felt something inside my pantaloons, just above and be-

hind the knee, which I could not account for. I said nothing, but felt very uncomfortable, having heard, or read, that people have been severely wounded without knowing it, until the excitement had passed; and, therefore, fancied that the fleshy part of my thigh had been cut off by the fall, and lodged in the place mentioned. I was for some time before I could muster courage to feel what it was,—arguing the matter *pro* and *con* with myself; till at last, thinking that I must eventually know the cause of my fear, and that whether it was for good or for evil, a few minutes sooner or later would make little difference, down went my hand, and to my inexpressible joy, discovered that it was my neck-kерchief and stiffener, which I had put into my bosom in the hurry of dressing, instead of putting them round my neck.

Being arrived at our hiding-place, in the act of stooping to uncover my knapsack, I fainted; but soon recovered. After having eaten and drank, we took a little repose; and, as soon as it was day-light, we penetrated farther into the wood. About five, we heard the gun,—a signal for the peasantry to beat the bushes. About ten, we heard voices, and a rustling among the leaves; but no one came very near us. After all was quiet, and the excitement passed, K—— found both his ancles so strained, that he could scarcely stand,—for he also had let go the rope long before he reached the bottom. Instead of leeches, Barklimore applied his lancet, and bled them in different places: he then examined my

back, and found the lower part much discoloured ; it gave me considerable pain, especially when I stooped or straightened myself.

Here we lay four days,—the first two fine, the last two almost continual rain. The third night, I was better ; and accompanied Barklimore to a rivulet about two miles off, to lay in a fresh stock of water. What we had, being in bladders, had become so offensive, that we could not drink it ; therefore we threw them away, and trusted to our canteens, which held about three quarts. On the fifth night, K——'s ancles being something stronger, we left the wood, and about twelve arrived at the Meuse, in the middle of which was a small island, connected by bridges to a village on each side. We had passed through the one next us, and found all apparently asleep, for we saw no one stirring ; but when we reached the first bridge, the church bell began to toll an alarm. We ran to gain the other, and on drawing nearer it, were met with three or four pistol shots. By this time all the villagers were up, sounding their horns. What was to be done ? we had run into the toil,—the enemy was before and behind,—the river on each side,—and none of us swimmers. We turned off the road, ran along the bank, and, at the extremity of the island, to our great joy, found a boat : we jumped into it, were across in a moment, and very soon out of hearing of our pursuers. At day-light, we found ourselves near a wood, which we entered ; but all the brushwood having been cut down, there was not a hiding-place left, but behind the trunks

of the trees. This we were obliged to put up with; for we durst not go in search of better quarters. It was a trying day for us; but we kept a good look out, ready to manœuvre according to circumstances.

Having remained undisturbed, we set out again at dark, and were progressing tolerably well, marching by night and lying in the woods by day, suffering most from want of water: it was rarely that we could fill our canteens with any that was clear and refreshing; and had to take up our quarters in the woods several times with a very small stock. When we had plenty, we shaved, and made ourselves as decent as circumstances would admit of. We brought with us provisions for eighteen days,—allowing ourselves one inch and a half of thick Boulogne sausage, a quarter of a pound of bread, and two mouthfuls of brandy, per diem; the latter was measured in a shaving-brush case, being the only utensil we had, in addition to the canteens. We found the time, from three in the morning to nine at night, tedious and irksome; after our first nap, we felt cold and shivery, in which state we remained until the burning rays of the sun dispelled the cold, and we became overheated.

By the help of our maps, we kept in a pretty direct course, never entering a house, nor having any communication, save with two individuals. One directed us round the town of Toul, without asking a question; the other overtook us going through a valley between two woods. He accosted us civilly, and asked where we were going? We told him, to the *depôt*, to join our regiment; but he soon gave us

to understand, that he thought we were conscripts who had deserted. We did not undeceive him, knowing that the peasantry, to a man, hated the conscription. He told us not to be afraid of him; that he was only a poor labourer; that if we would go to his cottage, we should have the best that it afforded. We told him that we were in a great hurry, and could not stop. He pressed us in every way; and at last the poor fellow said, "O do come, *et je vous mettrez dans ma chemise.*" When he found he could not prevail, he said, "Well, I will not leave you until I have set you in the right road, for there are a number of turnings and windings in this valley, and you may lose your way." He went with us about three miles; we gave him a drink of brandy; he shook hands with us all round, wished us well out of the country, and bid us good night.

The eleventh day, our hiding-place was a wood on the side of a hill, which was so steep that we durst not lay down, being only a few yards from the edge of a precipice, over which K—— had nearly fallen, it being hidden by brambles. Indeed, if we could have lain down, we should have had an uncomfortable bed, for it rained incessantly all the day. We sat against the roots of the trees, wet, cold, and hungry. The previous night we had passed over very little ground, K——'s ancles failing him; and he was worn as thin as a whipping post. Very unwisely, we had entered into an engagement to sink or swim together. Having passed such a miserable day, we started sooner than usual, though not until it was nearly dark. About half-past ten, we came

to the small town of Charmes, and, presuming that the bad weather would keep the small portion of inhabitants that might not happen to be in their beds (for the French retire early) within doors, we ventured to enter, and soon discovered that we had miscalculated: for we found a number of people stirring; still we thought it more prudent to advance than retreat. On passing a corner, we were hailed by a *gendarme*, (our knapsacks, no doubt, excited his suspicion.) "Where are you going, *Messieurs*?" "To look for a lodging." "Where are your passports?" "In our pockets," we replied, "but you cannot see them in the dark." We were soon in the midst of a crowd, the *gendarme* insisting on our passports. We requested he would shew us a lodging, and then he should see them. According to our desire, he took us into a house, where Barklimore began to joke with him; but it was useless,—the man would see the passports. Then you shall see them, said Barklimore, with all the *sang froid* imaginable; and taking out of his pocket-book some testimonials that he had received from Messrs. Munro, Gregory & Co., he put them into the *gendarme's* hands. He turned the papers in all directions, and said he had never seen such passports. "You have never seen such passports!" said B——, "and you are a *gendarme*?" "Yes." "And you dare stop gentlemen in the street, without being able to read their passports; and are, moreover, so ignorant as not to know that of late all passports have been issued at Paris in a new form? The man stared with astonishment, and we were beginning to flatter ourselves that

Barklimore would out-general the *gendarme*; when in came a brigadier, and very good-humouredly said, "Ah, gentlemen, I am glad to see you; I have been expecting you for above a week;" and then pulling out a paper, he read our names and descriptions. Finding ourselves caught, we made the best of it,—ordered something to eat, and invited the brigadier and *gendarme* to share with us; which they did. The latter told us that he had been in bed; but his wife being poorly, she had requested him to go to the apothecary's; and that, returning, he met with some acquaintances, who kept him in conversation until we came up.

After supper, the officer asked how much money we had? We told him, "Very little." "Well," says he, "although it is a breach of my duty, I shall not deprive you of it; neither shall I search you: you will find the need of it. But my orders are very severe, and I must act in accordance with them; and, for my own safety, lodge you in the town prison. I am extremely sorry to be the instrument; but you know the nature of the service; and will not think I treat you more harshly than my duty requires."

Early next morning, we began to retrace our steps towards Verdun, under a strong escort of *gendarmerie*. At St. Mihiel we rested a day, in the most comfortable prison I ever abode in; and had the whole range of it,—even the privilege of sitting with the jailer and jaileress,—two very good sort of people. Here we met with a pretty, interesting-looking female, formerly of respectability, waiting her

trial for poisoning her husband, the proof of which was clear against her, and for which she suffered a short time afterwards. The wanness of her face depicted her inward pangs: not so her conversation, which was still *à la Française*, light, frivolous, and indelicate,—telling us what she had heard of the English and their *amours*, and what a poor opinion she had of their taste; shewing the ruling passion. Her voice was sweet, but lost its effect in the words she uttered; and whether she was more an object of pity or contempt, it was hard to say. If all the prisons lying in the way of the English had been as comfortable as that of St. Mihil's, much of the dread of running away would have been removed.

On entering the town of Verdun, we found all our friends waiting to receive us; but not a word was permitted to be exchanged. We made, as may readily be imagined, a sorry appearance; our clothes bearing evident signs of what had been the nature of our lodgings, and our linen shewing that it had not lately been in the hands of the laundress. We were paraded through the streets into the citadel, and lodged in the *Tour d'Angouleme*, a small round building with only two apartments, one above the other, with a circular stair outside, leading to the upper one. Barklimore was put into the lower one, the rest above.

A little while after we had been shut up, an officer and three *gendarmes* came to search us. They commenced with Barklimore; then coming up stairs, told Alison to strip to his shirt; twisted his hat and shoes in every direction; then his neck-ker-

chief, coat, waistcoat, pantaloons, and stockings; but found nothing. K—— was next in turn. While his clothes were undergoing a similar examination, I contrived to place myself between Alison and the *gendarmes*, when, putting my hand behind me, I slipped into his hand four louis, which I had had loose in my pocket. When they came to K——'s pantaloons, one of them observed a button above the common size, and, thinking it looked suspicious, he cut into it, and out dropped a double louis,—which brought a grin upon all their countenances, and a few *sacrés* from their tongues. All their knives were instantly in requisition, and the poor buttons were disemboweled in the most cruel and wanton manner: coat buttons, waistcoat buttons, pantaloons buttons,—all were ripped up; their hard hearts spared none, neither large nor small. After supposing they had found all the golden eggs up stairs, they went down to commit the same acts of cruelty upon Barklimore's. But they had not left me so bare as they imagined: I had five double louis sewed inside my flannel waistcoat, and one under the arm of my coat. Still the booty amounted to about sixty louis. They even took our knives, razors (which we begged hard for), pocket handkerchiefs, in short, every thing out of our pockets. A three livre piece dropped out of one of mine, while they were examining them, which I picked up. "Let him keep that," said one of the men, "it is but a trifle." "No," said the officer, "my orders are to take every farthing."

Immediately afterwards we saw Barklimore led

out. We were all conjecture what they were going to do with him ; but seeing him return in a short time, we supposed Demanget had been lecturing him. The sentinel that was placed over us, would not allow any communication. Before dark, the gaoler brought us a loaf of black bread each, and a pitcher of water, saying, he had strict orders not to give us any thing else, not even straw ; but that was no great deprivation, as we had been accustomed to much worse lodgings.

The next morning two *gendarmes* came for us ; and as we were going down the steps which went in front of Barklimore's window, he called out, "Say you know nothing of me ! say you know nothing of me !" We took the hint. We were led to Demanget's office ; he went with us to that part of the rampart whence we had descended, and asked us, was that the spot ? We said, "Yes ;" though we had no means of knowing it, but by the breast-work having fallen. He knew it well enough, the rope having been found there. It was frightful to look down, after having fallen nearly from the top ; it was the very highest part on that side of the citadel, and appeared double the height of the spot where we had intended to descend. We then returned with him, when he took our depositions separately, only one being in the room at a time. When I was called, I met K—— in the lobby, who told me, in a few words, what he had said. Demanget addressed me in a mild, insinuating manner, and the words from his oily mouth flowed so smoothly as almost to throw any one, ignorant of the lieutenant's charac-

ter, off his guard. The following dialogue then ensued:—

“Which of the four, first made the proposal to the others to desert?”

“It had been the theme of our conversation for many months past, and it would be very difficult to tell who it was that first mentioned it.”

“But some one of you must have made the first proposal?”

“Very likely; but it has so long passed that I have forgotten the circumstances.”

“Where did you get your gimlets, saws, and maps?”

“At different shops, under various pretexts.”

“Who cut through the door?”

“I did.”

“And then you got into the church, and thence into the garden?”

“Yes.”

“And then you untiled the wall and got over it?”

“Yes.”

“And then, you found the Doctor?”

“*Non, Monsieur*, we did not find the Doctor until we gained the wood.”

Then Demanget was himself again; and jumping up in a terrible passion, his eyes flaming with rage, said, “Ah, f——, I’ll teach you to lie with impunity! Here, *gendarme*, take away this fellow, and put him in irons, hand and foot.” In going from him, I met Alison, and told him what I had said of Barkli-more.

The examination concluded, we were put into the

lower apartment with Barklimore, who was, and had been all night, in irons. He was in a most distressing plight, being scarcely able to express how he had been tortured by fleas,—so much so, that he hardly expected to survive until morning. He could not defend nor scratch himself, his hands being fettered; and what made it still worse, he had put them lengthwise into the irons, instead of crosswise. Having heard his pitiable tale, we prevailed upon the gaoler (who was an old acquaintance, through selling us wine when we had been previously shut up in the citadel, and who was a tolerably decent fellow) to sell us a besom, and lend us a spade and two or three buckets. We all, save Barklimore, set to work, and carried out all the litter, which had been straw some eight or ten years past. Having swept the place clean, the sentinel accompanied us backwards and forwards to the well, and we gave the floor, guard-bed, and walls a good rinsing, which quieted the enemy for the time we remained there. Then, by dint of large promises—for it was presumed we had no money—we prevailed upon him to bring us some straw; and thus we had a pretty fair lodging-house; a little damp, or so, but that did not affect us.

In the afternoon a guard came to execute Demanget's threat. The officer made a number of apologies for putting me to so much inconvenience, but he must obey orders. A little while afterwards came the jailer to tell us that the General, out of his wondrous clemency, had ordered him to give us every thing that we chose to eat, and were willing to pay for,

but on no account whatever to allow us more than a bottle of small wine each per day, not one drop of brandy, lest we should be riotous — a very unnecessary precaution; for, had we been so inclined, we could have done no harm; the wall of the prison was six feet thick, with only one window secured with strong iron bars, and a sentinel placed before it.

A guard always attended the jailer when he brought our victuals, and he favoured us by setting our hands and feet at liberty, in order that we might eat with more comfort, and exercise our limbs. My hand irons were in the shape of the letter U, with the letter T standing in the centre of it, one wrist being put on each side the T; then the cross of the T, being something shorter than the width of the U, screwed down until the wrists were confined between the bottom of the U and the cross of the T, and when sufficiently low it was locked. The jailer had some feeling, and whenever he was turning the screw he would say, "Now, *Monsieur E*——, do not let me hurt you; tell me when the screw is low enough." I was not backward in taking his advice, and took care to cry out in time: my coat sleeves were long, and he did not take the precaution to turn them up. I, by raising my thumbs, made my wrists thicker; thus I deceived him, and he was no sooner gone than my hands were at liberty. Not so with poor Barklimore; his irons were of a different description—no manœuvring could get them off. He told us the General was present at his examination, and abused him with all the gross expressions that a

low-bred Frenchman's voluble tongue can with so much facility utter.

He was more enraged against Barklimore than any of us, because he was liable to censure for having a prisoner under his charge without any security either by parole or by bondsman. The reason we were so strictly examined was, to obtain proof that he was the *chef de complot* (ringleader), in order that the General might with some show of pretence visit him with a greater degree of punishment; but that was all moonshine, for he punished him first and tried him afterwards; and perhaps his lieutenant felt a little extra soreness on my account, for the prominent part I took in the trick played upon him. The irons Barklimore and I had upon our legs were about eight pounds weight; we could shuffle about a little, advancing two or three inches at a step, which enabled us to get at the window to breathe the fresh air, on the sill of which we could lay our whole length. Occasionally we saw our friends at a distance, but the sentinel would not allow us to speak, and pen, ink, and paper were forbidden.

CHAPTER IV.

JOURNEY TO BITCHE.—TRIAL OF PRISONERS.—GENDARMERIE.—
TREATMENT OF CONSCRIPTS AND PRISONERS.—BITCHE.—
ESCAPES THEREFROM.—ANECDOTES.—PLAN OF ESCAPE FRUSTRATED.

IN the middle of the eighth night we heard voices and the noise of cart wheels; "What's this?" was the simultaneous cry. By-and-by the doors were unlocked, and in marched four *gendarmes* with a lantern; I had scarcely time to put on my irons. "*Allons, Messieurs, en route,*" ("Come along, Gentlemen"), was the only salute. "Where to?" we asked; "What are you going to do with us?" "Ask no questions, but come along directly." "Are you not first going to take off these *betise*?" I asked, looking at the irons. "*Betise*, do you call them? We will inquire about that." Having obtained permission, they set our limbs at liberty. We were then ready, having no toilette to make, at least Barklimore and I. They led us out and placed us in a covered wagon, having four seats, a prisoner and a *gendarme* on each, with the irons dangling *in terrorem* at our sides. In mounting, we saw Demanget skulking on the off side, but he never spoke. We were all conjecture what was to be our fate; we could not tell by what gate we left the town, and the *gendarmes* would not answer a question, but when the day broke they were more communicative, and told

us our destination was Bitche. "Our orders," said they, "are to show you no lenity, but to lodge you in prison wherever we stop; but if you will promise not to take advantage of the kindness we are inclined to shew you, we will give you any liberty you can reasonably require." We accepted their conditions and gave our word that they should have no cause of complaint; they believed us, and we traveled like gentlemen, parading the towns where we stopped, and seeing all the lions, each of us with a liveried servant at his heels. On our way we met fourteen of our countrymen chained together, among whom were some old acquaintances, Messrs. Tuthil, Ashworth, and Brine, marching jovially along, hallooing and singing, with as much apparent joy as if they were on their way homewards. "Where are you going?" we asked. "To Metz." "What for?" "To be tried for setting the *souterain* on fire, and attempting to blow up the magazine." In fact they had been attempting to escape by a passage that led from the *souterain* outside the fort; they had cut through one wooden door, undermined an iron one, and trying to force a third, the noise alarmed a sentinel, and put an end to their career. They underwent a long trial, and were all condemned, some to ten years and others to seven in the galleys. Then the president of the court martial rose and addressed them as follows: "Gentlemen, for your sakes and that of your countrymen I have given you a fair trial, in order to show you that you stand legally condemned; but, as a portion of you are British officers, I, to show the respect I have for

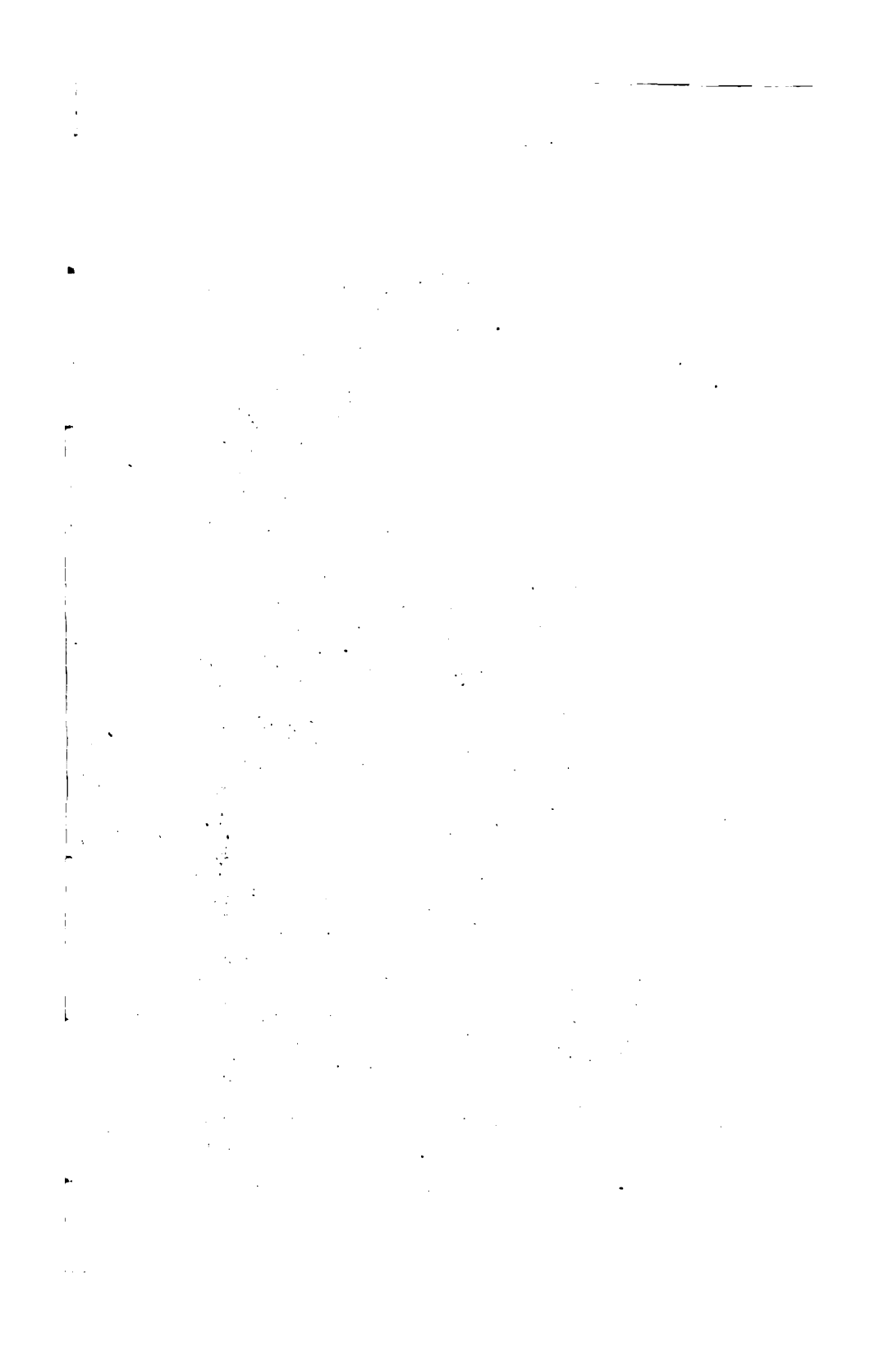
your honourable profession, shall not put the law in force: you are all pardoned, and I trust you will never again be guilty of the same offence; if you are, you must not expect the same lenity."

We arrived at Bitche the third day, distance about 120 miles; had we been conducted according to the regular routine, we should have been eight. We had to pay each *gendarme* six francs and the officer twelve per day, both going and returning, as well as the expense of the wagon. The general way of conducting prisoners was, by what is called the correspondence carried on by the *gendarmerie* from town to town and from village to village in every direction through the country; on the main roads three times a week, and on the others twice. A brigade was stationed at every five or six leagues, consisting of a brigadier and four mounted *gendarmes*. The first that set off go half the distance to what is called the House of Correspondence, where they are met by the next brigade, and so on. They were seldom without prisoners of some sort. It was currently reported that there were always thirty to forty thousand conscripts either in prison, or marching back to their *depôts* after having deserted, or proceeding to places of punishment. It was no uncommon sight to see thirty or forty of them chained together in a line, like so many horses going to a fair, but not quite in so comfortable a manner. He who has not been an inmate of a French prison, can form no adequate idea of what these poor creatures suffered, particularly in the winter season — in cold damp places, often without

fire, and nothing to keep the cold out but the iron bars across the windows, and no covering except a very short allowance of straw. Numbers died under the hard treatment, which was no more regarded than if they had been dogs. Marching from brigade to brigade is nothing compared to lying in a prison, if by a cross road, five days, for two days marching: their usual allowance was three *sous* per day, and a pound of black bread. In this way many of our poor countrymen were passed along, and when they had no money, shared the same fate. Clothes were never allowed on the march; as they landed, so they generally had to travel. The Austrian and Prussian prisoners were treated worse than either the English or the conscripts; and were often stripped when taken. A *gendarme*, under whose charge I was once marching, told me that he had been stationed in Prussia to conduct prisoners to France, and that it was a common practice to shoot all who dropped through fatigue before reaching the French territory; numbers of them passed through Verdun, where the officers were generally invited by the English to a good dinner; and in one instance Lord Y—— sent each of the men thirty *sous*, intelligence of which soon reached Paris, when orders came down to admit no more within the gates; and whenever any of them halted in the suburbs, we were forbidden to go out.

The fortress of Bitche is situated about ten leagues north of Strasburg, in the midst of a valley upon a rock about one thousand feet above the level. It is

ascended on one side by a zig-zag foot-path, and on the other by a carriage-road, winding round, and ascending gradually till both meet at a draw-bridge, that communicates with an inclined plane raised upon arches, leading to the gate at the entrance of the fort, the approaches to which are exposed to a battery of ten pieces of heavy artillery. The entrance is by a tunnel, cut through the rock, 120 feet long, having a massy gate at each end, and one in the centre. The rock has been cut through in two places, as low as the ditch; one extremity called the *grosse tête*, the other the *petite tête*; both connected to the body of the fort by draw-bridges. The whole is capable of mounting about forty pieces of cannon. On the west side, forty or fifty feet lower than the upper part, is a mortar battery; this I traversed in making my escape, but from the darkness of the night did not observe it. In the centre of the fort stands two large barracks, and at the two ends store-houses and magazines. The rock is excavated to a considerable extent, sufficient to contain the whole garrison, provisions, &c., and divided into compartments, connected by narrow passages, secured by doors, some of iron, and some of wood; there is also a subterraneous passage, which communicates with the town. Although this fort is formed of solid rock, cut down perpendicularly, 90 to 150 feet deep, yet it is faced all round with masonry, except a small portion that juts out and runs along, about the centre. The expense of constructing it was so great, that it is said when Louis XIV. was applied to for money



to complete it, he enquired if they were building it of *louis*.

After our friendly *gendarmes* had given us into the safe keeping of Commandant Clement, we were ordered into what was named the little *souterain*, the descent into which was by thirty-one steps; here we found twenty of our fellow-countrymen, chiefly masters of merchant-ships, and midshipmen; and in one near it, called the grand *souterain*, 170 British seamen. We hired bed, bedding, and towels, out of the town, at the rate of six *francs* per month; bought a few cooking utensils, plates, &c., and soon became habituated to our new quarters, which were less objectionable than we were led to expect. Provisions were cheap—butter's meat seven *sous* per pound; good bread, two; a goose, twenty-two; a roasting-pig, eighteen; potatoes, plentiful, and cheap in proportion; most of which things were exposed for sale every morning at the gate. Besides, we had the privilege, in turn, of going to the town market three times a-week in summer, and twice in winter, but always well guarded. The butchers', the bakers', the grocers', and the wine-shop were all near together in the main street, across which, at each extremity of the shops, the *gendarmes* stationed themselves, and waited until our purchases were completed, and then marched us back again. We were regularly mustered three times a-day, and counted down at night. In summer, locked up at eight o'clock in the evening, and unlocked at six in the morning; in winter, at four in the afternoon, and eight in the morning. After

having been here a little time, the Commandant returned our watches and money, less twenty-five *louis*, which had been retained for travelling expenses, *gendarmes'* pay, &c.

Here Barklimore and myself were attacked with intermittent fever, with which I had been attacked the same month the previous year. Then it was that we felt some of the disagreeables and annoyances of our confinement. Often, during the hot stage, we were almost distracted with the noises around us—dancing upon the benches, singing, carousing, &c. It was useless complaining; there was nothing for us but to bear it patiently. Barklimore, owing to a recommendation from some of the military at Verdun, was soon removed up stairs into a room, where, it afterwards appeared, the parties were ready to decamp. A few evenings after he had received the permission, he came down to see me; but so altered in his behaviour, I could not imagine what had caused the change—he might have had St. Vitus' dance, capering about, laughing, and joking—things which of late had been rather unusual with him. "What's the matter with you, Barklimore? tell me." "O, you shall know," he replied; "I will tell you some of these days;" then, shaking hands, he exclaimed, "Good bye," and away he flew, leaving me in amazement. At day-light, next morning, a gun was fired, and when our door was opened, we learned he was off with O'Brien, late a mate in the Hussar frigate (now Capt. R. N.), Hewson (a midshipman), and Battley, an officer in the East India service, now no more. They forced

the lock of their apartment, descended the stairs, passed under the nose of the sentinel, whose box was nearly opposite their door, and descended about fifty yards from him.

I think, (with the exception of four sailors, that went down the petty, cutting away the iron bars that opposed them, going through the draught, and undermining a door, which opened them a way out at the bottom of the fort,) this was the first successful escape; many had attempted, and many had suffered. I shall here relate a few instances.

A carpenter of one of H. M. S., having escaped from some of the other *depôts*, was attempting to swim across the Rhine with a little boy (his son) upon his back; he had gained an island in the middle of the river, where he was taken, conducted to Bitche, and put into the *grand souterrain*. He had not been long there, before his active mind set him to work to make his way through a subterraneous passage which he supposed led from the *souterrain* into the ditch of the fort; after having been at work a number of nights, having opened two wooden doors, and undermined one or two iron ones, he found there was only another to obstruct him, and made preparations for his march. It was presumed afterwards, that the progress of every night's work was reported to the Commandant in the morning; for at that time every fifth man was suspected of being a spy. At length the awful night came that the last door was to be passed. The Commandant (not Clement) and his *gendarmes*, with the General and his veterans, stationed themselves near

to it ; they waited quietly until three prisoners had gained the outside, then, in the most dastardly, cruel manner, they fired, cut at them with their sabres, and stabbed them with their bayonets ; one very fortunately jumped back again. The corpse of the poor carpenter and his companion were exposed in the fort on the following day, but so hacked and disfigured that nobody could know them. His son, afterwards, was one of four venturous little boys who descended one of the angles of the citadel of Verdun, without a rope : they were taken about five leagues distant, brought back, and whipped for their temerity. Here I must do the French Government the justice to state, that both officers were reprimanded for their murderous act ; and that the reprimand was stuck up in the fort.

In one of the caverns was a well, 300 feet deep. The seamen, in gangs of fifteen, took it in turn, every alternate day, to draw water, which was emptied into a trough that conveyed it to another well, out of which it was pumped to the surface. An Italian, having his plan arranged, accompanied one of the gangs, unnoticed by the *gendarmes*, which always attended, and hid himself in the place ; but was soon missed, and among other places the cavern was examined. He, hearing the *gendarmes* coming, slid down to the bottom of the well, and they did not take the trouble to draw up the bucket. When they were gone, he swarmed up, cut a piece off from the upper part of the rope, opened it, knotted the yarns, and made himself a small one, by which he descended, the night following, from the air-hole. He

had nearly gained the coast, by the help of a false passport which he had bought from a fellow-prisoner, when a *gendarme*, examining it narrowly, discovered the forgery, and lodged him in prison, whence he was sent off to Metz to be tried; on being asked where he obtained his passport, he said, from two Irishmen who had entered the French service some months previously, thinking they would be too far out of the way to be brought back to confront him. But the French were too particular respecting passports to let the poor fellow off so easily. They sent for the men, who knew nothing of the transaction, and the man betrayed his countryman. Both were condemned to the galleys; the latter for six years, the former for five.

Lieutenant Essel, R.N., and five others, being confined in the dungeon in the *Grosse Tête*, contrived, after much labour, to get one of the iron bars of their grating loose, by which means they liberated themselves. Having previously made a rope of their linen and whatever else they could muster, they made one end fast to another of the iron bars, which caused the rope to lie across the passage between their prison and the wall. Unfortunately, at the moment they were all in the embrasure, a sergeant, coming round to relieve the sentinels, fell over it; when they, in their fear, went down the rope in such quick succession, that it snapped. The lieutenant was dead ere he reached the bottom, having as was supposed, fractured his skull, by striking against the rock which jutted out beyond the facing. None could move off the spot but a midshipman,

who was brought back to the fort next morning, reported to have given himself up. Although the wall, at the place where they fell, was about 90 feet high, there were no limbs broken, except an arm. One strained both ankles; another, from a concussion of the brain, had his reason shaken; the other two were more or less bruised. I shall now return to my narrative.

After a six weeks' probation, we obtained permission from the Commandant to live above-ground, in a room of one of the barracks, where there were eight beds; the same which our fortunate countrymen, Messrs. O'Brien and Co., had evacuated, when they bade adieu to sentinels, *souterains*, dungeons, and barrack-rooms. But in consequence of their leaving without permission, a padlock, well secured, was put upon the outside of the door; a sentinel placed where they had descended, and other precautions taken, that made it, in our opinion, madness to think of following their steps until favoured by dark nights and severe weather; until which time we were constantly scheming how to effect a second escape.

I have heard it said that Wirion once remarked, that the *detenus* were the sweepings of England, and that the masters of merchant ships and the midshipmen were the sweepings of the sweepings. Then let the reader suppose that the inhabitants of the fortress of Bitche were the sweepings of these sweepings, and he may form some idea of the character of its inhabitants. I do not mean to imply that they were all bad—there were some excellent

ones, save their being determined prison breakers. Still it was the place where were congregated the dissolute, the abandoned, the profligate, the drunken, the reckless, the debtor; the refuse of the other *depôts*. We had the misfortune to be quartered in the same room with a man in whom all these characteristics met, except that of drunkenness—a man of gentlemanly manners, and of the most insinuating address; so much so, that during the time he had permission to go occasionally into the town, he obtained all his supplies *gratis*; and when that permission was withdrawn, he obtained the same from the woman that kept the canteen.

Notwithstanding, it was the best *depôt* in France for the seaman; they were allowed as much firewood as they could burn, a pound of bread, half a pound of beef, six *sous* every five days, and occasionally some vegetables. Their great bane was *snique*, a cheap spirit, said to be made from potatoes; yet although they were very drunken, and the *soute-rain* damp, there was but little sickness and few deaths. One man literally sold the shirt off his back for spirits, and left himself in nature's dress. This same fellow, a stout Guernsey smuggler, came up into our room one day to inform us, as a great secret, that he had contrived a way of escape; and as soon as all should be made ready, he would acquaint us, that we might take advantage of it. In a few days afterwards he came up again, with a thick piece of wood in his hand, saying, "Here is a heaver which will twist h— out by the roots; are you ready?" We replied in

the affirmative, and asked to see the rope. "Here it is," said he, showing about twenty feet, which he had under his jacket. We laughed at the fellow, and following him down stairs, found his secret, like a crier's announcement, known to all. There was a grand muster round the place that shall be nameless, the iron bars out of the air-hole of which he purposed to twist. It was an amusing sight to see the anxious faces, every one of them intending to move off; one midshipman, in particular, with his pockets crammed with linen and bread, fixed his shoulder against the corner of the barrack opposite, and never moved a foot, appearing determined not to be left behind. Then to see the change in their countenances, when it was buzzed about that the man had not a quarter rope enough, and how they slunk away one after another, chagrined at the disappointment, was pitiable.

The seamen that were industrious waited upon the officers. One of them, named Barnes, an active, lively fellow, had been made prisoner during the Duke of York's expedition. He, with ten or twelve more, in attempting to escape, either accidentally or designedly killed a *gendarme*, and were soon after retaken; but as no positive proof could be brought against them to affect their lives, they were sent to the galleys, (something similar, I believe, to our hulks,) where they lay upon bare boards, heavily ironed, and badly fed. Barnes being clever at his trade, (I think that of a sailmaker,) was allowed to work at it, and earned as much by his extra labour as kept him tolerably well; and not only so, it served

as a recreation of which the other poor fellows were deprived, not being equally clever. Their work was not so oppressive as their treatment was hard. Chained to the benches for a great portion of their time, without employment, or any thing to relieve the mind from dwelling on their painful lot, they pined away. But his buoyant and active spirit supported him throughout the term of his punishment. He was marching through the country to be set at liberty, when the war of 1802 broke out; and he was ordered to Bitche, where I left him, and where, most probably, he was detained until the end of the war.

When the *depôt* was first established, distinction of rank or character was unknown; all were confined together in the *grand souterrain*. Then, indeed, it deserved the name of the "Place of Tears;" for, by what I heard of it, it was a pandemonium. If the sailors, and those confined with them, had been tameable animals, and would have studied their own welfare, they might have been comfortable; but they were indomitable, being a terror to their guards, who dreaded coming in contact with them. If their liberty had depended upon overpowering the 17 *gendarmes* and 100 veterans (which composed the garrison), they would soon have liberated themselves. I shall here relate one of their feats, as it was generally reported, in order to elucidate their character.

Among the prisoners there was an Englishman detained, suspected of having been a spy, bearing a colonel's commission in the Russian service. Ho

was a great favourite with the sailors; and having committed some offence, was being conducted to the *cachôt*, when they liberated him. The whole garrison was then turned out, which the men observing, ran below, and arming themselves, some with billets of wood, and others with pieces of the guard bed, which they tore up for the purpose, came up again and bade defiance to their guard. He that assumed the leadership said to the others, "Let us not be the attacking party; let us wait till we see blood drawn from any of us; and then we will fall upon them, and murder the whole." The Commandant and General, seeing their attitude so imposing, and their determination so visible, gave up the point; and the men returned to their usual obedience, which, at the best, was little more than a state of mutiny.

The standing order was, that all lights should be put out at eight o'clock; but when there was any new arrival, any rejoicing night, or any *snique* stirring, the order became a dead letter. When it was first issued, the *gendarmes* would venture down to put them out; but often, as they entered the *souterain*, away flew hats and shoes at their lantern, and, when that was demolished, any thing that could be laid hold of flew after them, which caused a hasty retreat. They met with no other reception if ever they went down to suppress their rows. They were horrified at a regular stand-up fight, and were anxious to separate the combatants, fearing they might kill each other. At length the *gendarmes* had such a dread of going among them, that they had to be accompanied by the veterans; and

the Commandant, finding the inutility of interfering, told his men to leave them to them-selves, and, if they chose to kill each other, they were at liberty to do so: for his part, he would listen to no more complaints, nor give the injured redress; and that henceforward they must govern themselves. They took him at his word; and when thefts were committed, or any crime that was thought worthy of public inquiry, a court-martial was held, and the accused brought before his accuser, when, if found guilty, he was sentenced to so many stripes, which were immediately inflicted, with such severity as would have surprised those who set their faces against corporal punishment under any circumstances. Here were seamen flogging their fellow-seamen; and for what reason? Because they could devise no other punishment equally effective to keep each other's vices in some sort of check. After the punishment had been administered, the cat was given into the custody of the *brigadier* of the fort. And in future, when they refused to put the lights out, the *gendarmes* on guard put their feet through the glass in the skylight, and quenched their disorderly spirits by letting the cool air down upon them. After this treatment had had the desired effect, the windows were repaired, and the expense stopped out of their pay.

Commandant Clement was a worthy, indulgent officer; he had too much of the milk of human kindness in him, to punish those under his charge as they really deserved. He was unpleasantly situated; he could show no favour but what tended to facili-

tate our escape, which we were never backward to take advantage of the first opportunity; and yet his generous mind could not bear to keep us underground, seeing we were no otherwise deserving of punishment than for attempting to escape from a confinement not recognized by the law of nations. I have often witnessed his great forbearance, and that of his *gendarmes*, and have as often thought that if the cases had been reversed, that an English soldier would have used his bayonet, where a French soldier only shrugged up his shoulders and looked on with calmness. I shall relate a few instances.

One evening, at lock-up time, a stout Irish lad, being drunk, refused to go below, and, on the *gendarmes* endeavouring to force him, he knocked them down on each side of him, using both hands simultaneously, with all the unconcern imaginable. The guard was turned out, and the Commandant ran up almost breathless. On seeing the cause of the disturbance, he sent away the soldiers, desired the prisoners to coax the man below, and he would punish him in the morning, when recovered from his inebriety.

A midshipman of long standing, who had been in the *souterrain* three years, was permitted, on account of his good behaviour, without solicitation, to reside above stairs. Being overjoyed at his agreeable change of residence, he, the very first night, drank until he became outrageous. In his delirium, he opened the window, and asked the sentinel to let him down among his old companions. The sentinel reasoned with him; told him it was impossible, for he had

not the keys. "I'll see into that," said the midshipman; and jumping out of the window, disarmed him. This caused a pretty confusion in the garrison, and provoked the good Commandant exceedingly. He put the man into the *cachôt*, and vowed he would send him to Metz to be tried for his life. But in a few days, upon the prisoner sending a petition, expressing his unfeigned sorrow for his ingratitude, the vow was revoked, and he escaped with the customary punishment of remaining where he was for a month.

A *gendarme*, while in the performance of his duty, was resisted by a sailor; upon which, the man struck him with the scabbard of his sword. This offended the tar; and snatching it out of his hands, he threw it over the rampart. "There," says he, "you may now go and fetch it up again."

During my confinement, there was only one disturbance that ended fatally; owing to a worthless character being ordered into the *cachôt*. A midshipman, whose morals he had corrupted, and who called him his friend, assisted him to oppose the *gendarmes*; when one of them, a humane man, drew his sword, and, to avoid hurting him, took it by the middle, and made a blow at the midshipman with the hilt; on which he, in order to ward it off, held up his arm, and the point accidentally caught his wrist and divided an artery. He was sent to the town hospital; a mortification ensued, and he was a corpse the second day afterwards.

An athletic Irishman had been the bully of the fort for years, and carried himself so high that he

was almost unbearable: his fellow-prisoners, as it were, by common consent, conceded to him the mastery. At length he outstripped all bounds, and committed an act that the Commandant could not suffer to pass unnoticed. When it was inquired into, the fellow had the address to throw the blame upon a brawny Scotch lad, who had just arrived; and he was condemned to the *cachôt*. He vowed vengeance, if he lived to come up again. I was by at the time he was liberated; and though he had been a month in that wet, horrible, wretched place, he looked as fresh as if recently come from country lodgings. Turning the corner of the barrack, his eye caught the bully; he flew at him, and brought him down at the first blow. Then was the coward displayed; turning upon his back, after the manner of a cowardly dog when attacked by a well-bred one, and holding up his hands, he cried out, "*O gentlemen, gentlemen*, don't kill me; flog me to death, but don't kill me!" His fellow-sailors took him at his word, handed him below, summoned a court-martial at the instant, and gave him a fair trial. Being convicted, he was sentenced to receive as many lashes as, without vital injury, he should be found capable of enduring; and they were inflicted immediately, in a manner commensurate to his deserts. Then, at his own request, he was sent down to the hospital, whence he entered into the French service, being ashamed to meet again his fellow-prisoners. Thus ended this man's reign, a specimen of all bullies.*

* See Appendix 7.

As the winter approached, we commenced making preparations for a second attempt. Under pretext of wanting shirts, trowsers, &c., we bought, at various times, coarse linen, which bringing into the fort by a few yards at a time, passed unobserved, and which the parties concerned made up during the night into ropes. One of our guards was a tailor, whom I was in the habit of employing, and who, by his manner, appeared a fit subject to be trusted with a secret. I therefore ventured to sound him, if he would, for a sum of money, aid a party to escape? He listened to the proposal; but, like a prudent man, before determining, he consulted his wife, wives, in most cases, being good advisers. She answered the question herself; and, after giving me a severe lecture, ended by saying, "I shall not betray you this time; but if I hear of your tampering again with my husband, beware!" The passage into the room where she lived led through another in which was a lock-up place for wood. Coming out one day, the key of this place attracted my attention, and I was tempted to put it into my pocket. Some time elapsed ere I had an opportunity of trying if it would fit the lock upon the room door in which I was confined. In the interim, the good dame went for a piece of wood, and, unluckily, the door happened to be locked, and the key being gone, suspicion fell upon me. Finding it would not fit, I was looking out for an opportunity to replace it, when she saw me, and poured forth a volley of abuse that might have been heard farther than would have been safe. I hastened up stairs

to still that little member which no man has ever tamed, and which I vainly attempted, by endeavouring to persuade her that she was accusing an innocent man: however, she was not to be pacified. I then threw the key upon the floor, and passed the transaction off as a joke. Notwithstanding the *brigadier* of the fort was by at the time, I was not ever aware that it caused suspicion.

Finding no prospect of help from without, we were thrown upon our own resources, and therefore put our best wits in requisition. It is a true saying, that no man knows what is in him, until something happens to bring it out. When the screw of want, necessity, or desire is applied to the mind, its pressure squeezes out whatever particles of value may have previously lain hidden. The barrack in which we were confined had two fronts, with a wall running lengthwise through the centre, the staircases on opposite sides communicating by doors, which were fastened up. The side on which we lived had been so well guarded by sentinels, since the escape of O'Brien, that we deemed it impracticable to elude their vigilance. But as they were not set on the other side until eight o'clock at night, we saw a fair prospect of liberating ourselves before that hour. There being fourteen in the room, our party could not complete the whole of the arrangements unobserved by the others; therefore, when all was nearly in readiness, we informed them, when all, except two, agreed to join us; one, named Mason, was he that sprained both ankles when Lieutenant

Essel was killed, and still remained a cripple; the other lay ill of fever.

As soon as it was dark, on the 20th of November, having made all necessary arrangements, we commenced operations by forcing back the bolt of the inner lock, which we accomplished without much trouble; then we attempted to cut round the clamp by which the clasp was secured outside; but the door being of well-seasoned oak, our knives could make little or no impression, although we had previously bored it. Finding this to be the case, we put a stiff piece of iron within and across the key-hole of the box-lock, to which we fastened the end of a strong cord. All getting hold of it, and making various hubbubs to drown the noise the door might make, for five *gendarmes* lived in the room under us, we gave a sudden pull, and open it flew. The way being clear, a working party ascended the stairs, while those in the room kept up a moderate noise. After a trying and fruitless attempt, it was found that our gimlet was not large enough to complete the business before the hour of setting the sentinels; therefore, it was deemed most prudent to desist. Then came the greater difficulty, how to fasten ourselves up again. But the time for extinguishing the lights having arrived, we turned in, some to devise the means, some to sleep, and others to lie awake, brooding over the disappointment, and anticipating a removal to the dungeon, which appeared almost inevitable.

We were not restricted to any hour of rising;

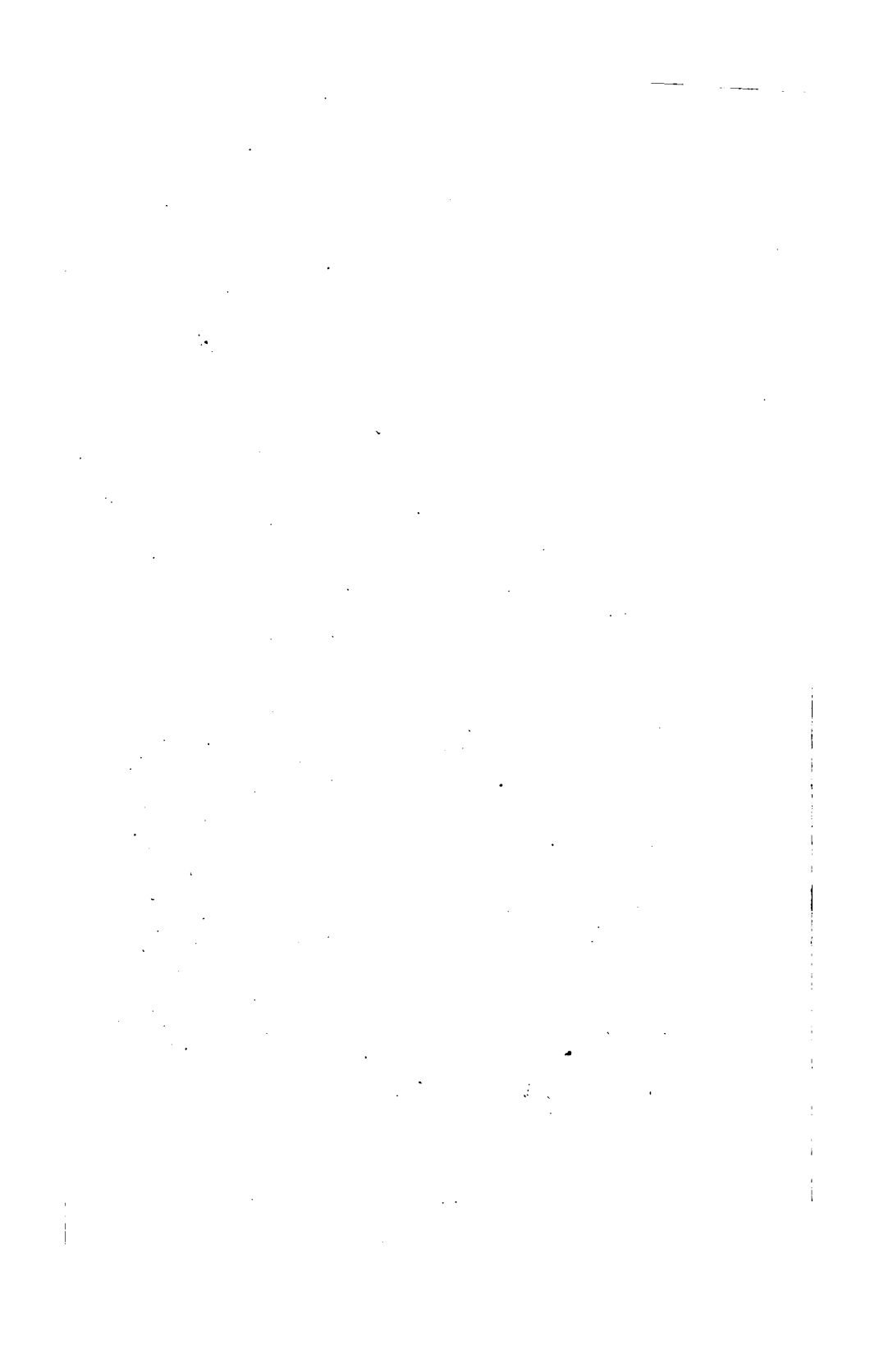
and I, from the want of better employment, generally turned out early, made the fire, swept the room, and prepared for breakfast, so that our stirring betimes the next morning was not observed; and, about six, we put the scheme in execution that had been devised in the night. By filling the outside of the holes we had bored with tallow, covering it with ashes; boring three holes where the nails of the clamp had previously been; reeving a strong piece of twine through them, fastening the ends neatly to the holes in the clamp; then, shutting the door, we pulled them tight, and kept the clamp in its place by wedging the twine fast in the holes. There was a perpetual almanack stuck upon the inside of the door, which we removed, and stuck upon that part on which we had been operating. Not being able to devise any scheme to re-lock the door, the bolt remained as it was; and we, with no little anxiety, waited the result, all lying still in bed, save the operatives. By and by we heard the *gendarme's* heavy foot upon the stairs, with the rattling of the keys that were to put our handywork to the proof. Then it was that we felt that sort of sensation between hope and fear that is difficult to describe. The staircase was narrow, with only a small window, which was never cleaned; consequently, at eight o'clock of a foggy November morning, he could not see the difference between a nail-head and a piece of twine. He first tried the box lock, and finding he could not unlock it, he turned the key, as is often done, the other way, and round it went readily; then turning it back again, he took

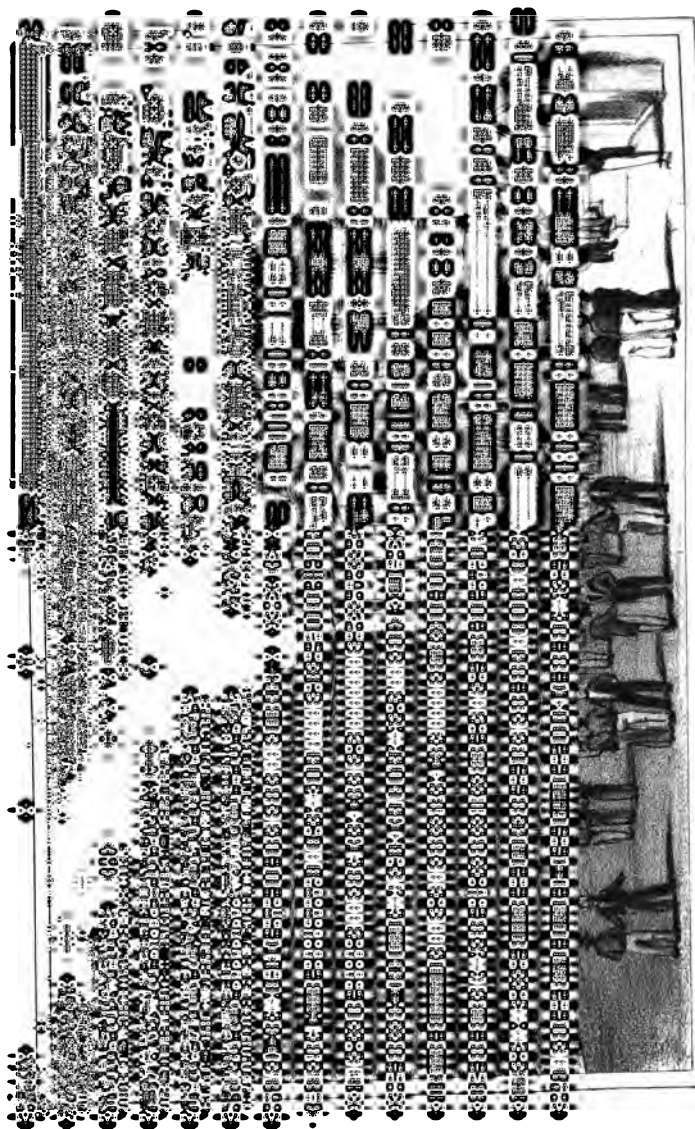
the key out, unlocked the padlock, and bang came the heavy clasp against the door; the twine held, and the *gendarme* retired as usual. I followed him, having the materials ready in my pocket, and ran up the stairs on the opposite side, while another went up inside to fill the holes we had bored with tallow, and hide all the marks with a good coating of ashes. Although I had to pass and repass a room inhabited by *gendarmes*, no notice was taken of me, as some English officers lived over their heads.

It was eleven o'clock ere we had an opportunity of nailing the clamp; which having accomplished, we had little to fear, except the blabbing of some of our companions. We had now clearly proved that nothing was wanting to liberate us from the barrack but a larger gimlet; how to obtain it puzzled us. There was none to our knowledge in the fort, and to buy one in town was deemed too imprudent. Day after day went by, leaving us in the same critical state; during which time I had a letter from Boys, at Valenciennes, bringing the intelligence that he was going to be married, with the arrangements he had made for the ceremony. By this he meant to imply that he was upon the move. But, as when I took leave of him at Verdun he had not made up his mind to decamp, the metaphor was either not sufficiently pointed, or my head was too obtuse to comprehend it; therefore, presuming that the plain reading was the correct one, I endeavoured, in my best manner, to point out his folly, and persuade him from it; and, in a postscript,

added, that I had had a new coat made, but that I could not wear it for want of the right sort of buttons.

An English gentleman, named Dale, who had been retaken after his escape from Verdun two or three years previously, having regained his character, and having friends at court, was living on parole in the town, and was allowed to range about at pleasure. Some of us had known him by sight at the former place, but were not aware that he knew any of us; however, we thought, under present circumstances, we might with safety entrust him with our secret. How we contrived to obtain an interview I have forgotten, but he met our wishes in the handsomest manner, and smuggled us a gimlet into the fort, that was the very thing for our purpose. All was now in readiness, and we only waited a dark, stormy night. In the meantime, we were planning to make our retreat as easy as possible, and, for our descent, chose the embrasure that lay the furthest off from the tract of our guardians, overlooking, in an unaccountable manner, a certain convenience at the next one. Under pretence of trying our strength with a large stone, which was suitable for attaching the end of our rope to, we played with it without exciting suspicion, until we placed it in a convenient situation for that purpose.





Ackermanns 617th Street

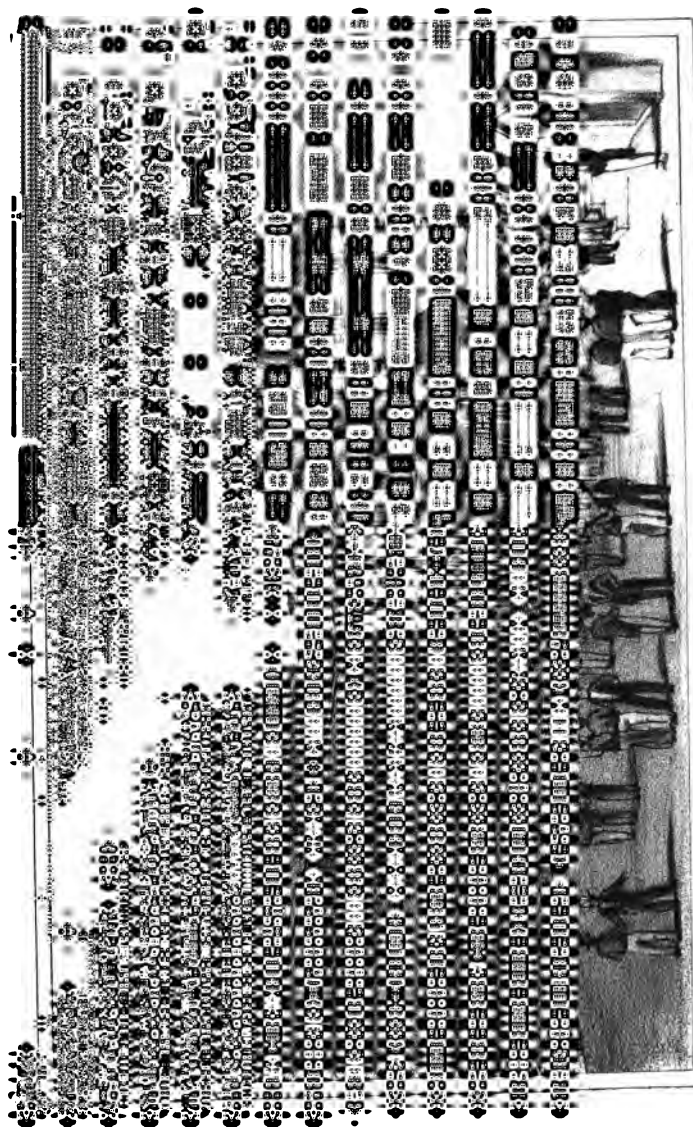
CONTRACT MADE THE THREE MONTHS OF JULY 1888.

Manufactured by the Primmer, &c

(White line the track of the Primmer)

FOR THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

The eighth of the three men came up to our hand-
 ling haul, where he was to leave. To the surprise
 of all were collected on the shore, we, who were
 just saying good-bye to the natives on the
 shores on both sides, and to express the word
 in case of accident, with an axe that
 lay on the ground, we cut the firewood,
 and the natives, who were on the shore, or
 the planks were cut off. The third man
 of the two saw the firewood, and only
 took to the water, and after he reached
 the shore, he judged our work would be good.
 and the room was cut off. The firewood
 the *terme* had cut off at a quarter
 of seven, our passage was cut off. The firewood
 then to the two who were on the shore,
 and to move on our
 work, which had been
 and carrying the
 of the stairs, we
 at the yard, where
 in a very critical situation.
 a room inhabited by five natives, and
 we ascertained the coast was cut off.



Prisoners of the South

THE PRISONERS OF THE SOUTH.

Prisoners of the Prisoners, &c

White line the track of the Prisoners

THEORY OF THE α - β TRANSITION IN BLENDED

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CHAPTER V.

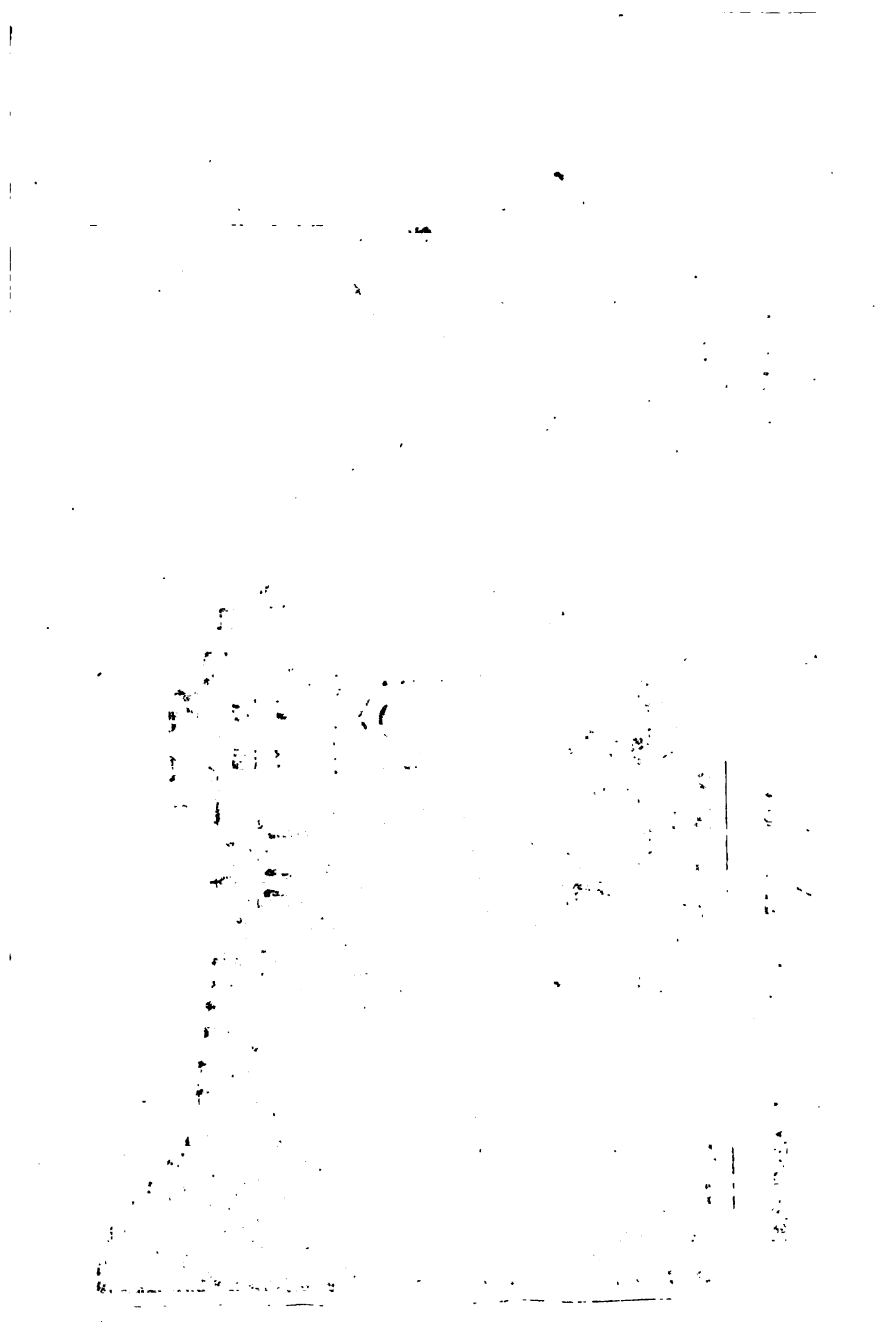
AUTHOR'S ESCAPE—RE-CAPTURE.—RE-ENTRY INTO BITCHE.

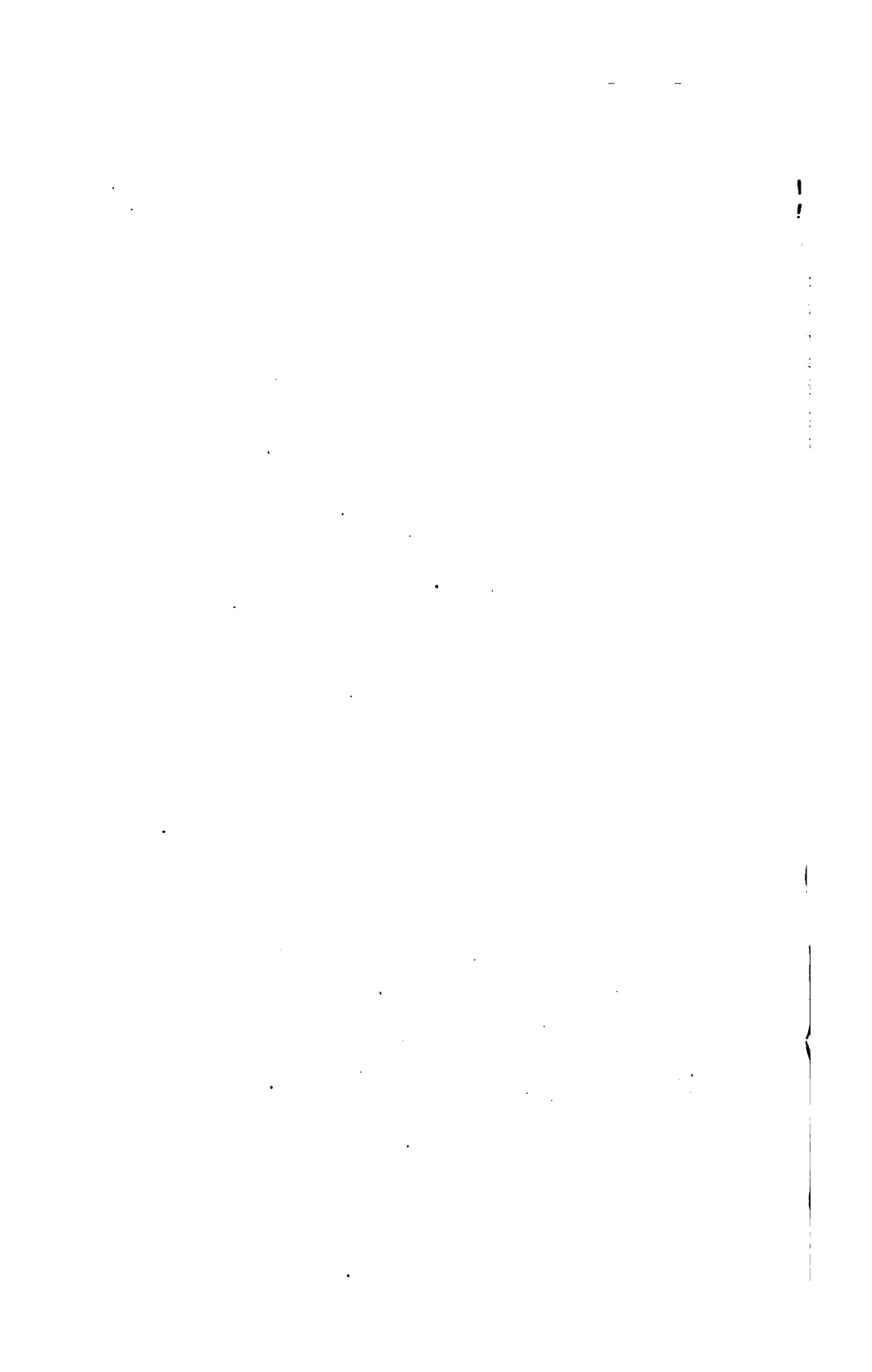
THE eighth of December was a day to our mind,—blowing hard, with sleet and snow. In the evening, when all were collecting for muster, we, who were about saying good bye, stationed ourselves on the stairs on both sides of the barrack, to pass the word along in case of alarm, while one, with an axe that usually lay on the stair-head to split firewood, started all the nails at the bottom of the door, or rather the planks which stopped the communication between the two staircases: this done, we had only one plank to cut across. As soon after being locked up as we judged our guardians would be housed, we opened the room-door with as much facility as the *gendarme* had closed it, and at a quarter past seven our passage was clear. After bidding adieu to the two who were on the Doctor's list, we began to move off one at a time, according to our turns, which had been previously determined by lot, the first carrying the rope. On arriving at the bottom of the stairs, we heard several people moving about the yard, which caused us to make a short halt in a very critical situation, close to the door of a room inhabited by five *gendarmes*. The instant we ascertained the coast was clear, we darted across,

fastened the end of the rope to the stone, and threw the rest over the wall.

Two or three were in the embrasure ready to descend: I was in the act of getting in, my body inside and my legs hanging down,—another was lying at my feet,—when two veterans came up to the next embrasure, and stood talking for some minutes,—minutes of anxiety inexpressible. Fortunately they did not see us; and immediately their backs were turned, we began to descend, many of us with so much rapidity as to cause a dreadful laceration of the hands, the descent being about ninety feet, and we had thoughtlessly marled the rope with hard twine. After all had reached the bottom, I cannot say safely, for if we had had to descend the other rampart, many of our companions must have been left behind, their hands being disabled; but the draw-bridge being still down, we crossed it, and quickly forming ourselves into three parties, we bade a hasty adieu to each other,—commencing a dreary journey beset with enemies, in which we had to combat the raging of the elements and the resentment of man,—the wind howling in our ears, the sleet beating in our faces, and the blood trickling from our finger ends. In the hurry of separating I found myself in a party of five.

We had scarcely cleared the outskirts of the town when the gun was fired. We made for the first wood, and followed such roads as presented themselves until about five o'clock, when, being fatigued and uncertain whether we were advancing or retrograding, we sat down. At day-light a scene pre-





sented itself that beggared description. I was the only one that had the use of my fingers, having escaped with merely two large blisters, one on the inside of my fore finger, the other on the inside of the middle one, both on the right hand: but my poor companions were in a dreadful state; some of their fingers were stripped to the bone, and none of them had scarcely any whole skin remaining on their hands! Here was a situation to be in—no plasters, no bandages, no comforts of any sort, save a bladder of brandy that I had secured—exposed to the elements, with no covering but the leafless trees and the canopy of heaven! My task was an arduous one, for I had to do almost everything for them; and began by cutting off the laps of their shirts, and binding up their fingers, which I did as well as my materials would permit, having neither needles, nor thread, nor pins, nor any thing, save the linen, to keep the cold from their wounds; in fact, we were starving both within and without. K—— had charge of a ham, which he was carrying down the wall in his teeth, but unfortunately lost it, and we found ourselves with only a piece of a loaf and the brandy. I had a new pair of shoes and a pair of warm stockings in my pockets, which I put on, expecting they would have warmed my feet; but in that I was sadly deceived, for they became much colder afterwards than they were before, and were so benumbed that I was almost unconscious, during the whole day, if I had feet at all. I never since suffered any thing like it however wet or cold the weather. In the middle

of the day the sun came out, which, by melting the snow on the trees over our heads, did not add to our comfort.

At the edge of dark, when we were about quitting our retreat, a curious scene took place. Some of us found great difficulty to rise, we were so benumbed; we stretched out first one limb, then another, until we were able to set our bodies in motion, and after we had so done, it was some time before the circulation of the blood was restored. Leaving the wood, we saw a cottage, and hunger being importunate, we went up to it. A man was standing at the door, who told us he had nothing for himself but potatoes. We asked him the road to Strasburg, which he pointed out, and telling us we had chosen bad weather for our journey, bade us good night. The road we were on was bad—in many places knee-deep in mud—poor K—— often calling out, “O Ellison, put up my shoe-heel;” and I, exerting my patience, as often put it up; until at last I inadvertently used one of my wounded fingers, which tore off the blister; and then I could not help showing some of the infirmity of my disposition. We passed a number of foundries, which illuminated our way; and about eleven o'clock came to the small town of Niederbrun, which we at first took for a straggling village. While considering how to proceed, one of our companions was seized suddenly with violent pain, and lay motionless in the middle of the road. What was to be done? if we had left him there, the consequence would have been certain death; for it had then began to freeze most keenly. It was agreed

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that two of us should go into the town to reconnoitre. Dacres and I volunteered, and found all quiet; returning, we went up to a window in which was a light, and where we saw a tailor at work: he being the only person visible, we ventured to knock; he came to us; but not understanding a word of French, and we not much of his provincial dialect, were not able to obtain any information. He pointed out to us a wine-house. "Are there any *gendarmes*?" we asked. "*Nichts the gendarmes, nichts the gendarmes,*" was his reply. We bade him good night, but staid a little to watch his motions. After seeing him resume his work, we returned and found our companion something better. We promised, if he would exert himself, we would stop at the first lonely wine-house we came to. He arose; and when we arrived opposite the house which the tailor had shown us, we held a consultation if it would be safe to enter, and concluded it would not. After walking about two miles farther, we came to a solitary house; and seeing a light still burning, went in, and found the landlord a civil fellow, understanding French. He asked no questions; and, at our request, brought us some supper. When he observed me cutting the meat for the others, he asked, "What is the matter with your hands?" We answered, that we were conscripts, escaped from one of the Flemish fortresses, and had maimed them descending the walls. Although we were nearly famished when we entered the house, the heat of the stove made the room so oppressively hot, that it turned us all sick, and

destroyed our appetites. He was sorry for our situation, and told us we were seven leagues from the Rhine. This surprised us, to find that, after walking a night and a half, we had only shortened our distance nine miles. He directed us to a neighbouring village, where, he said, we were sure to find a faithful guide. Seeing that he took such an interest in our welfare, we asked if he could not provide us one. He replied, "There is one belonging to the village; I will go and see if he be at home." He soon returned with a smart-looking young man, who said, if we would walk at a quick pace, he would have us across the Rhine before daylight. After making a bargain with him, and paying our worthy landlord, we started. The idea of being so soon out of Napoleon's grasp inspired us all with renewed vigour, especially the invalid, and we marched with spirit. In a short time we passed round the ramparts of Haguenau. Our guide then left the road, going through woods and across marshes. The moon now rose beautifully bright, and the frost had been so intense, that we walked, where the water was shallow, over the ice. Occasionally I served out a little brandy; and although heated with walking, my hands became so benumbed during the operation, that I could scarcely tie the bladder up again. Proceeding onward, we came to a small rivulet, where K——, miscalculating the width, and losing sight of the French proverb, "*Il faut retirer pour mieux sortir*," made a spring, and reached the opposite side; but the weight of his body being behind the perpendicular of his heels, he could not

keep his standing, and leaped backwards up to the middle in water. He was soon in a dreadful state, his wounded hands smarting with cold, and his pantaloons frozen stiff as boards.

As the day approached, the sky became overcast; a cold easterly wind sprung up, which we felt as if it went through us; our guide discovered that he had missed his way; and the bleak, dreary scene around us was altogether dispiriting. There was no wood in sight; and if there had been, the cold was so intense that we could not have borne it. At a little distance was a village, upon approaching which, we came to a barn, where two men were thrashing by candle-light. We offered them a crown each, and they promised to conceal us until night. Then mounting upon the straw, we covered ourselves all over, and regained some little heat. Our guide became troublesome, wanting his pay. We told him he had not fulfilled his contract, and therefore ought not to expect it. Finding we could not pacify him, we promised to double the sum as soon as he should put us into a boat. With this he appeared contented, and we lay unmolested until about half-past three; when we were discovered by a man and a woman, who caught hold of us, and said we were thieves. We replied, that we were honest men. "Then," said they, "you shall not be molested; therefore, make no resistance; it will be vain, as the whole village is roused. Come with us into the adjoining house." We did so, and there found the mayor and a *posse* of villagers. We went to the opposite side of the room, and had

no sooner faced about, than the good woman pointed with her finger to another door. We took the hint, and bolted.

They chased us for a little distance, but we soon lost sight of our pursuers. A little before dark we entered a wood, which our fear caused us to penetrate so far that we had great difficulty to find our way out again. I had run with my shoes in my hand, by which means I bruised one of my feet and scratched the ankle, which afterwards laid me up. Having regained the road, almost famishing for lack of food, and perishing with cold, we proceeded at the best pace we were able; and had not gone far ere we found ourselves so close to a man on horseback that we could not escape him. He passed us a few yards, and, returning, entered into conversation. K—— seeing that he was armed, went up to him, and said, “You are a *gendarme*.” “No,” said the man, “I am not; I am a *douanier*” (custom-house officer). K—— said, “I do not believe it; you are a *gendarme*; and I will tell you plainly that we are Englishmen; and if you attempt to obstruct, or betray us, we will murder you.” The man again protested he was a *douanier*. “Then, can you get us across the Rhine?” we asked. “Yes, if you will remunerate me according to the risk; for I am,” said he, “a poor man, with a wife and a large family, and a little ready money will be a great help.” “What is your demand?” “Fifteen *louis*.” “That is too much; we will give you ten.” “I will not undertake the business for any thing less, seeing I run the risk of losing my situation,

and being sent to the army. Give me only my price, and I will brave the danger, and have you over in half an hour." The man acted his part so well, and made so hard a bargain, that we began to waver. The proposal was almost irresistible in our painful state; we therefore held a parley, and put it to the vote, when K——, Dacres, and B—— were for it; and away they marched alongside of the man, some of them with their hands upon the horse. In a little time we crossed a bridge, and coming to a house near to it, the fellow called out, "*Tuez moi ces coquins ci*" (kill me these rascals); and, drawing his sword, made a cut at K——; then, from behind the house, started out twenty or thirty armed men, some mounted, some on foot, and told us to surrender. A—d—n and myself, having been rather more suspicious than our companions, had kept a little behind, and ran back in different directions. I passed the end of the bridge, and heard my pursuers, horse and foot, scamper over it; by-and-by the horns were sounding in every direction. I kept on a narrow path that led me on to a common, upon which I rambled about for several hours, and then found myself close to the place where we had been attacked. I again took the narrow path, recollecting that I had seen a small bridge on my right. I went over it, and soon found myself on the borders of the Rhine, the current making a tremendous noise. I proceeded along its banks until I came to a lone house with a light in the window: I was going softly up to observe who was inside, when I was set upon by two dogs: I ran, and directly

afterwards came to a place where two boats were chained, and was in the act of stooping to cast one of them loose, when two men, who had been lying in ambush, suddenly sprang up, collared me, and asked where I was going? I replied, across the river, and if they would assist me I would give them three *louis*. They said it was too late that night; they would take me to my companions, and we might cross together in the morning. Whilst this was passing, three *gendarmes* came up, who marched me off to a village where I found the male inhabitants armed with pitchforks, staves, &c., keeping guard over the prison in which were secured my unfortunate companions, all the *gendarmes* having been away in search of A—d—n and myself. In about two hours the former was brought in; he had lain in a ditch upon the ice until he could scarcely move, and was taken as soon as he crawled out. Being all secured, we were left in charge of the jailer, the peasantry still keeping guard outside.

Although the *gendarmes* had made a great flourish with their sabres, none of the party were hurt. K— eluded the cut made at him by slipping under the horse's head. The jailer was tolerably kind; gave us some clean straw, and something to eat and drink. At day-light the *brigadier* and his wife paid us a visit, and she, with that benevolence which distinguishes the sex in

“ Whatever clime the sun's bright circle warms,”

dressed all our wounds, bemoaning most piteously our hard fate. Soon after, a cart, filled with straw,

came to the prison door, and we were placed thereon, the good woman lending us a blanket to keep us warm. After many thanks we bade her adieu, her worthy husband and two *gendarmes* accompanying us: he went with us merely to see that we were well treated. Going along, we remarked that the peasantry appeared to be little better than slaves to the *gendarmerie*. He said, "it was the case, and that it ought to be so, in order to keep the country quiet. They knew no better, and, therefore, did not feel their situation." Arriving at the correspondence house, he kindly recommended us to his brother officer, but he would not accept any thing; neither could we prevail on him to dine with us; therefore, bidding a cordial adieu, we parted.

Our new guardian was quite as obliging as the former. Finding that there was not a horse and cart in the village, he yoked his own, and walked with us. He was a respectable old man, who had seen better days. He told us, on the way, that he dare not take us to an inn at Haguenau, it being a garrison town; but he would give us such a recommendation as would insure us a lodging in one at Niederbrun. If a prisoner once obtained the favourable opinion of a brigadier, and was passed on with a good recommendation, having a little money, the chance was much in his favour of being well treated the whole *route*, with the exception of the road from Verdun to Bitche, which had been so often traversed by bad subjects, that there was not a *gendarme* stationed on it that would give the least credence to an Englishman's word.

Arriving at Haguenau, our worthy guard, though

he durst not take us to an inn, made interest with the jailor for us to sit in his apartment, and then went to the hospital and brought a surgeon to dress my companions' wounds. He pronounced them fast approaching to mortification; and said, that if they had been exposed to the weather much longer, they would certainly have lost the use of their hands. He also dressed my foot, which had then become so inflamed that I could scarcely put it to the ground. Our worthy brigadier having supped with us, took his leave. We presented him with twelve francs, and each of his men with six. The jailor made us as comfortable as he could, and we passed a tolerable night.

The following day we were conducted to Niederbrun, and taken to the very house which the deceitful tailor had recommended, and where he said there were "*nichts the gendarmes*," though, as it turned out, our guardians lodged in the very house. Here we had good beds, and took possession of them early in the evening, expecting to have had a good night's rest (our guardians lying by us on the floor), but we were disappointed: sleep fled from our eyes; whether from being so long unused to a soft feather bed, or through the uneasiness of our wounds, I cannot tell; but after some time we agreed to get up and order supper, which made the people of the house and our guards think we were mad. After having eaten and drank, we lay down upon the floor and slept tolerably well. In the morning, the cart was at the door. We paid the *gendarmes* six francs each, for guarding us at the inn, and in the afternoon we again entered the fortress of Bitchè.

CHAPTER VI.

JOURNEY TO METZ.—TRIAL OF GENDARME.—MARCH BACK
TO BITCHE.

WHILE the *gendarmes* were waiting to deliver us up in form, the Commandant and brigadier being both in town, I said, in a careless manner, to the one who had charge of our valuables (all the loose ones having been taken from us), "Now you have got us safe here, you may as well return my watch; it will be some little company when we are shut up in the *cachôt*;" and the good-natured fellow handed it out forthwith. We then went into the room from which we had escaped, and were all standing round the fire, when the Commandant marched in, and with a stern look said, "I am astonished, gentlemen, that you have the assurance to enter again this room, where my kindness had previously suffered you to dwell, and whence, taking advantage of my lenity, you escaped, and broke your parole." We replied, we were sensible of his kindness, and equally so that he did not consider us under parole. "True," said he, "but after giving you permission to live above-ground, I thought it some little tie upon your honour;"—looking round, he saw me smile—"your laughing," said he, "shall be of short duration; the ordinary punishment is one month in the *cachôt*,

but yours shall be six." After ordering us down into the *petit souterrain*, he took leave of us by saying, "*J'ai été jusqu'ici une agneau, mais pour l'avenir je serai un véritable tigre*," ("I have been hitherto a lamb; but for the future I will be as cruel as a tiger.")

An English surgeon, paid by the British Government, was sent to this *dépôt*, in order to attend the prisoners; a room in the fort was set apart for an hospital, which he visited every morning; and it must have been something urgent that brought him up a second time. The bad cases were generally sent to the one in town. It was three o'clock when we entered the fort, and by accident this gentleman was there; but, it being his dinner hour, our wounds had to wait his pleasure until the next morning. The *souterrain* was damp and cold; the side against which was the head of the guard-bed, was covered with ice, the moisture which oozed through the rock having frozen. Owing to the cold, our wounds became more painful; my foot had swelled to double its size; and not approving of the manner we had been treated, determined us to send for the surgeon of the town hospital, who, for a small fee, offered to obtain permission from the Commandant to take us down to it; which permission was immediately granted, provided the English surgeon would say it was requisite. Unfortunately, the two surgeons were not upon good terms, the former not allowing the latter to interfere with his practice, nor to enter where he had the management. Therefore, we supposed, through a little pique, to prevent the

French surgeon gaining a few *francs*, five of us were kept in misery. Had we gone to the hospital, we should have been warm and comfortable, and our wounds would have healed in half the time; besides the facility it would have afforded us for another escape, which was our primary reason for making the application, that being always the principal object of our thoughts; for we had now realized by experience, that the oftener danger is faced, the less it becomes the object of fear.

Three of our companions had been no more fortunate than ourselves; but the others succeeded, and arrived safely in England, viz. Christopher Tuthil, midshipman; — Ashworth, ditto; — Porteuse, surgeon, R. N.; and George Brine, merchant service.

At the expiration of three days, our worthy Commandant gave us permission to go up into the hospital-room, where we were some little more comfortable, but not much, for during the day the door was continually open, and the room filled with idlers that did not belong to it, who, in conjunction with two drunken vagabonds that the surgeon permitted to remain there (though nothing ailed them), always took possession of the fire. Here we had for a companion a living skeleton, a master in the merchant service, who stood about six feet two inches high; he told us, that when he was captured he was so corpulent he could not stoop to buckle his shoes; that the fatigue of marching, the sufferings he had endured in the different prisons, and the diseases consequent thereon, had reduced him to his present

state. He was then suffering under some internal complaint, and often disturbed our sleep by crying out in his pain, "Like knives, like knives!"

One evening, after we had been about a month in the hospital, the Commandant came in, and sitting down by the fire, asked how we were, and if we were able to walk to Metz (ninety miles). I—taking the bandages off—replied, "No, Sir; it is impossible; look at my foot," (which was still much inflamed.) "Well, then," he answered, "you must ride; my orders are peremptory, and to Metz you must go, in order to be examined touching the *gendarme* who was upon guard when you escaped; and you must be ready in the morning by six o'clock." Four of us who had escaped, and the two we had left in the room, were selected for the purpose. My companions' hands were far from being healed; and it was with the greatest difficulty that I could walk at all. In the morning, we were led down to the town, and there delivered to the *gendarmes* belonging to it; and a cart being in readiness, we were handcuffed, two and two, and put into it—the two innocents being alike punished with the guilty. Our first night's lodging was in a newly-built dungeon, the dampness of which gave all of us severe colds.

The fourth day we arrived at Metz, and to our usual quarters—a bad prison, noted by our countrymen who had passed that way as being the worst, for a large town, of any they had ever abode in, although the capital of the department. But money works wonders; the governess put us into one of

the best apartments, a tolerably warm room, having a fire-place; she sold us as much wood as we wished, and, for a pretty good premium, allowed us beds. Thus we were comfortable, and being our own masters, we could regulate the heat; and, by paying attention to our wounds, they were nearly healed during the seven days we remained there. In the day, we had the run of the prison, and the privilege of visiting the governess and her daughter; the latter was a respectable, smart-looking girl, and took pleasure in obtaining for us what we requested. I asked her to lend me a book, which she did—but such a vile one as I did not expect to find, no, not even in a French prison!

Buché, the very *gendarme* whom I had been tampering with, was he who happened to be on guard at the time that we escaped, but I did not know it; and was then in prison with us, strict orders having been given to prevent communication: however, he found an opportunity, and desired us to say that we left the fort an hour sooner than we did. He told us, he had been off his post, and that a veteran informed of him (these two corps having been sworn enemies). Previously to the trial coming on, we were conducted to the municipality by a file of soldiers, which, after our depositions had been taken, conducted us back again. The next day, we were fetched as before, to attend the court-martial, which was composed of men of all ranks, from a general down to a sergeant, both inclusive. We were questioned individually by the President, who began with me, by saying, “Will you tell me (though

I am certain you will not), did the *gendarme* on guard know you were going?" I told him, "I did not know what *gendarme* was on guard." After a few more questions, he turned to the others, and after hearing them, the prisoners were called—there being another besides Buché suspected, because a veteran had informed, that he saw him, the night we escaped, take brandy to one of our countrymen on the opposite side of the barrack: his trial was short, and he was dismissed with the following reprimand:—"You are an officer, and ought to be ashamed of yourself, in condescending to be a servant to an English prisoner." Not so with Buché; he was severely handled. The only excuse he could make for being off his post was, that the night was so intensely cold that he went for a few minutes into the guard-house, to warm himself. He cried bitterly, told how many years he had been in the service, that he had a wife and three children, and that if they broke him, they must all starve. Being found guilty, the President addressed him with so much gesticulation and vehemence, that I began to be alarmed for the man, fearing that if he were not condemned to be shot, he would not escape a few years at the galleys. I therefore stood up, and assured the President, that neither myself nor any of the party knew who was on guard, it being a matter that did not concern us, all our operations having been carried on both out of the sight and hearing of the sentinel. But he quickly put an end to my speech, by telling me, in pretty plain language, that he did not believe me. "You Englishmen," said

he, "will say any thing to screen a man who has rendered you a service." Now, what does the reader think was the enormous punishment for a sentinel quitting his post merely because the night was cold? Tell it not, for the honour of French discipline—*fifteen days' imprisonment*! although he had been previously suspected and punished for aiding the prisoners. It was he who allowed Tuthil, Ashworth, and others to sleep in the *souterrain* the night of an abortive attempt to escape; and he was ordered to Metz, as their accuser, at the time that we met the party going thither.—My sentence was incomparably more severe, though I had not been tried. "*Quant à vous, Monsieur*, (said the President, addressing himself to me,) *vous n'échapperez plus; je vous ferai renfermez à la clef pour toujours*;" (As for you, Sir, you shall never escape again; I shall give orders that henceforward you shall be kept locked up.)

Next morning a couple of *gendarmes* paid us a visit, with handcuffs and a chain, to conduct us back to Bitché. "Is the cart ready?" we asked. They replied, "We had no orders to bring one." "Then we must remain until you get orders, for we are not able to walk." "That being the case," said they, "you must go to the hospital; for you cannot stay longer in the prison, having been put under our charge." Finding that feint would not do, we said we were ready; and after being handcuffed two and two, and all six chained together, we left the prison. Going through the town, scarcely a person turned his head to look after us, the sight was so common.

At first we found it rather an unpleasant mode of travelling, more especially when the roads were bad ; but when we had more evenly paired ourselves, and had been a little broken in, we did not feel it so unpleasant as we anticipated, except for one disagreeable, which was, that where one had to go, the other must of necessity follow.

Not finding our guardians very civil, nor ourselves in a very good humour, we upbraided them for treating us like convicts ; knowing that they had no worse punishment in store, except a beating, with which they occasionally threatened us. The second day we arrived at Sarr-Louis, a *depôt* for English prisoners, and where the second-rate bad characters were sent, or such as Wirion did not like, or those who were *supposed* to have aided their compatriots to escape, of which, living under the same roof was sometimes deemed sufficient evidence, although they might not have been acquainted. The person suspected had no opportunity of proving his innocence, but was taken out of his bed in the middle of the night, and marched off. The Christmas evening that I was confined in the citadel of Verdun, and all were making merry, the inhabitants of one room made an extraordinary noise, being all drunk, except one poor fellow, who was lying sick in bed. The *gendarmes* came, and knocked, and kicked, and bawled to gain admittance (the door having been previously bolted), but all in vain : there was no admittance, except on business. At last, the poor fellow, dreading some evil consequence, arose and unbolted it. The *gendarmes* asked if it were he who had bolted it ;

and not understanding a word of French, he very naturally presumed that they wanted to know if it were he who had unbolted it, and he said "*Oui*." He was taken immediately to the town prison; and although the English senior officer and others interfered, declaring the man's innocence, he was sent off to Metz two days afterwards, and kept close prisoner for six months.

Here I was visited by a number of old acquaintances; among the rest, my mate, who was looking considerably better than his master; clean, nicely dressed, and having a respectable John Bull appearance. From him I obtained a gimlet, which I secreted about my person, preparatory to a future attempt. Two or three midshipmen, of reprobate and fearless character, confined in the citadel, asked permission to see one of our party. On being refused, they knocked their room window out, determined, if they could not get into the prison as a favour, they would as a punishment; and by this means they gained admittance. Then, as usual in such cases, if the parties had any money, they soon lost the little sense that remained with them. After all had retired to their straw in different apartments, the jailer, previously to locking the doors, came round with a lantern to see that all were safe. On entering the place where the drunken party were, one of them threw his shoe at it, and knocked the light out. He, in a passion, cried out for his *maitre de langue* (the appellation he gave his sword), and making a cut in the dark, split the knee-pan of one of the party, and then put them all down into

the *cachôt*; where they remained through a cold, frosty night, without any covering. Two days afterwards the wounded one fell off the guard bed, broke his arm, and was crippled for life.

The next day being a day of repose, two midshipmen and a French soldier, whom we had found in confinement, told me, in confidence, that they had discovered a ready way of escape, which they were going to put in execution that night; and if I would join them, they should be glad; but I declined the offer, being without money, and not liking the company. The prison was entered by two doors, having a wide passage between them. They had frequently observed, that when the jailer entered, he left the key of the outer one in the door, and put that of the inner one into his pocket. Their plan was, to follow him unobserved into the passage when he left the prison, and there wait his return, and while he was inside, to let themselves out. But it happened that evening that he left both keys in the doors, and the men were gone nearly an hour before they were missed. Four days afterwards I saw the two midshipmen brought into Bitche, coupled by the neck with a double chain.

We left Sarr-Louis in the same style we entered it, and at the half-way house met six of our countrymen; after changing guards and irons, we proceeded to Sarrguemines. Here was a prison—a prison to be dreaded—the fear of a two months' confinement in which would make petty thieves pause before they stole pocket-handkerchiefs, &c. It was in the opposite extreme to our prisons, where a mistaken

philanthropy has caused a set of vagabonds to be better housed, better fed, and better clothed than tens of thousands of their honest and industrious countrymen.* The court-yard was about twenty feet square, so situated that the sun never shone thereon but when at its meridian. Three dungeons on the same level opened into it, in which were confined a number of squalid, wretched criminals, of both sexes. Above these was a room with a guard-bed on each side, and a fixture in the wall which I shall not name. This room was set apart for travellers like ourselves; and after they had once received their allowance of bread and water, they were no more trouble to the jailer. The prison was filthy beyond description, and the smell intolerable; in fact,

"It was a dungeon horrible on all sides round."

The jailer was the counterpart of the jail. We said something, on going in, which offended him,—consequently he would neither give us the allowance of straw to which we were entitled, nor sell us meat or drink. He brought us a pitcher of water, and three loaves of black bread, which, with some dirty straw, worn down by constant use to the substance of chaff, was all the comfort we had to look to for the coming night. When day appeared, we, for the first time, were glad to hear the clanking of the chain and handcuffs, a signal that the door was about being unlocked. It was a gloomy, cold morning, and raining heavily. We begged of the jailer to sell us a glass of brandy—for we were

* See Appendix 8.

starving, having been exposed all night to the draught of the window, which had neither glass nor shutter—but in vain; however, the *gendarmes* promised we should have some at the next village; accordingly, at the first bush (sign) we came to, we made for the house; but they prevented our entering, by placing their horses between us and the door. We reminded them of their promise, and complained of the hardship, telling them how badly we had been treated by the jailer. They said it was our own fault, that we deserved it; and that if we did not proceed, they would beat us with the flat of their sabres. Owing to the great fall of rain, many parts of the road were flooded, yet we had to march through it, with empty stomachs, upwards of four leagues, the water streaming from our finger ends. Going to the half-way house, down a narrow lane, almost knee-deep in water, the bottom being ice, we requested them either to keep back a little, or else to take off our chains, as we were fearful the horses would fall upon us; but we might as well have spoken to the winds, and were again threatened with the flat of the sabre.

On arriving at the house, and being delivered up to other guardians, the brigadier assumed quite a different character—from a tiger, he became a lamb. We asked him the reason of his uncommon severity. He said that many of his companions had been broken, and himself nearly ruined, by our countrymen; that he could not favour any of us without risking his situation; and as he could not tell who were trustworthy, and who were not, he had deter-

mined to treat all alike. Finding his reasoning correct, we became good friends: and after making our insides equally wet with the out, eating a ravenous breakfast, and laying in a good stock of brandy, we went through the remainder of the march with glee.

Arrived at the last brigade, as completely drenched as any poor fellows could be—for there had been no cessation of rain—we, in order to escape lying in our wet clothes, offered the brigadier to whom we were delivered, a *louis*, if he would take us forward that night, Bitche being only three leagues distant, but he durst not; consequently we had to lodge in the same newly-built dungeon that we had slept in the first night after our departure. Happily we found, as we had oftentimes before, a good friend in the jailer's wife, a most compassionate, kind-hearted woman. As soon as it was dark she made her husband fetch us up stairs, where we found a good fire, and the best she had to eat. We begged hard to be allowed to remain there all night; but that was too great a favour to be granted; however, she gave us plenty of straw, lent us a couple of blankets, and took our clothes up to dry. Soon after I lay down, I felt such a reviving glow upon my bed of straw as might have put a feather one to the blush. No one, who has not experienced the misery of lying among dirty straw, can conceive the luxury of lying in that which is fresh and clean; and it would perhaps be a difficult thing to make those believe, who have been delicately brought up, that a good night's rest may be com-

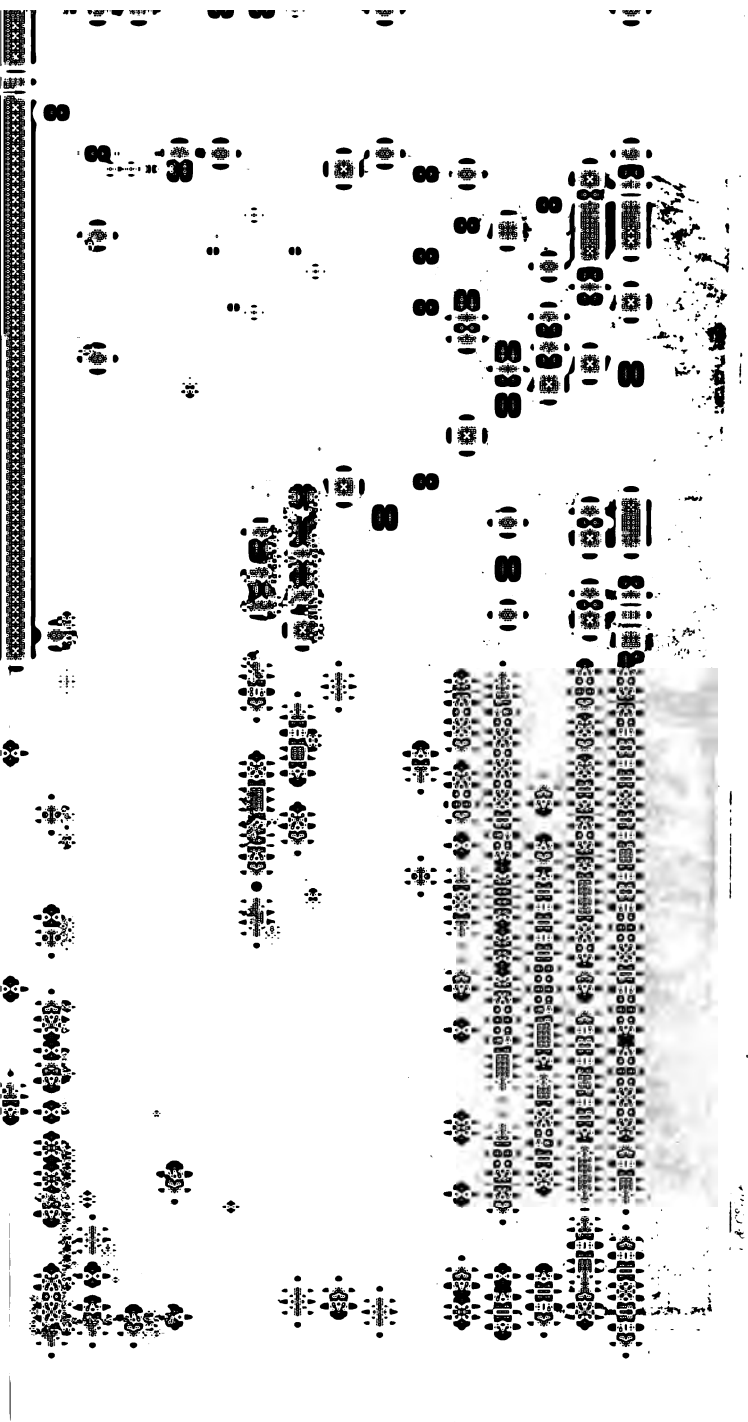
patible with a bed of straw, aye, even in a dungeon !

In the morning, after remunerating our hostess, we set out as usual, and at twelve o'clock, after an absence of seventeen days, entered Bitche in marching order, handcuffed and chained, as sound in body and mind as if we had been only on a journey of pleasure, and quite ready for a new expedition.

After the evening muster, while we were ruminating whether we should be ordered to sleep above or below ground, the *brigadier* came up and settled the business, by saying it was the Commandant's orders that the whole of our party who had escaped should be put into the *cachôt* that night, unless any of us should think our health was not sufficiently established to bear the punishment. Six volunteered immediately;—"As we must suffer," said they, "the sooner it is over the better." I excused myself by saying that my foot was still tender, as did also Alison, on account of his hands, which were in a sling; calculating, that if we went down a few days after the others, when their month was completed, we should all be liberated together. They, therefore, descended to their watery abode, and I ascended to my former quarters, the hospital.

The day following, I went with the servant who took them their victuals, to ask how they liked their new abode, and to have a laugh at them. They were all in good spirits. I was prevented seeing the interior of the *cachôt*, by the water flowing out of it across the passage. The fear of wetting my foot, which

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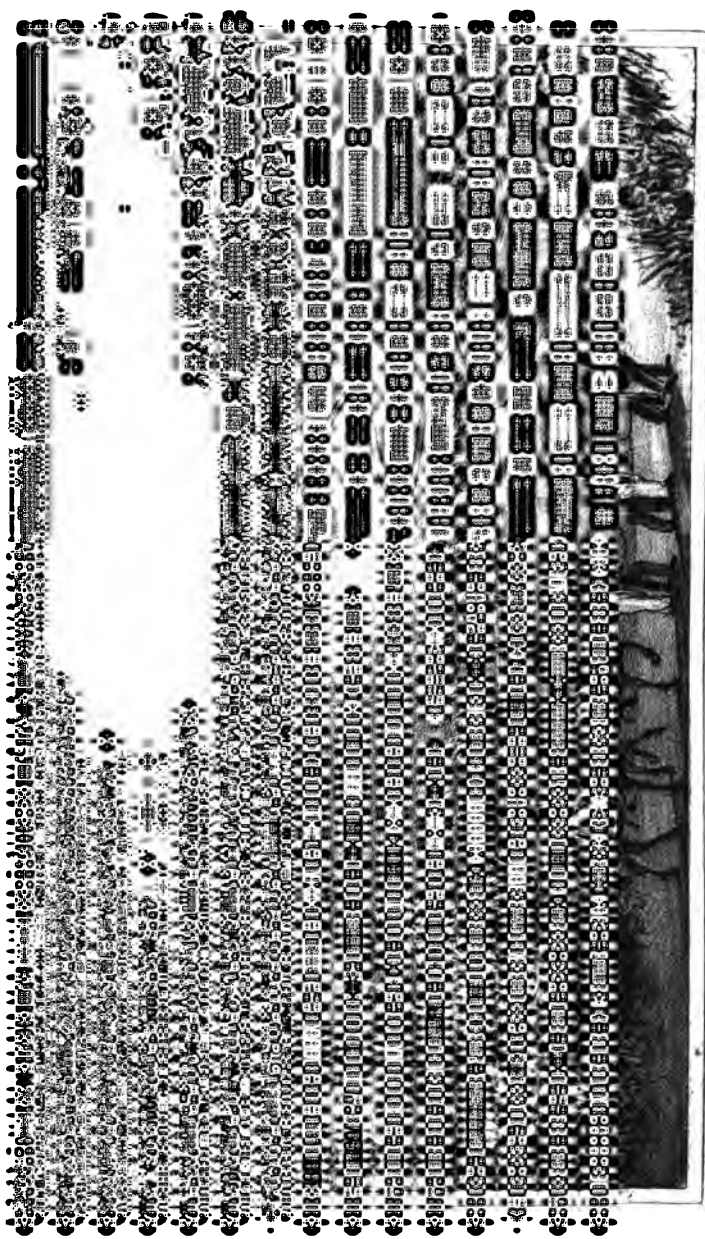
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Hermann & Co's Lith. Strand.

A VIEW OF BETHLEHEM.
(With the Prisoners, as they returned from Melis.)

felt the worse for my late journey, and supposing that I should have an opportunity of seeing enough of it, restrained my curiosity. Having always paid particular court to the *brigadier*, who was a good-natured fellow, void of cruelty, I requested him to intercede for my companions, pointing out that it was impossible for them to exist in a place, where, if they put their foot down from the guard-bed, it would be up to the ankle in water. "True," said he, "but what has brought them there; is it not their own fault? There is no placing confidence in any of you, yourself in particular, for I know you have money, and suspect you are the ringleader; however, I will do what I can."

Going that day into Madame Buche's room with a letter for the *brigadier* to take to the post-office,—for there he generally sat,—I found her in a very communicative humour, highly pleased with the result of the trial at Metz, and with me for defending her husband. She told me that one of my letters had been opened; and if I wished them in future to go safely, I must get some other person to direct and deliver them. She also told me all she knew of the precautions taken within the fort, where and when the sentinels were posted, and, if any change took place, promised to inform me, though I did not give her the least hint that I meditated any future attempt.

Some days previously, Lieutenant Stewart, R.N., after being wrecked on the coast, had arrived at Bitche, suspected, it was said, of being a spy. Immediately on his arrival, he took upon himself the

internal regulation of the *depôt*, and saw that every man received what was allowed him, both by the English and French governments. The naval officers had great influence in all the *depôts*, much more so than those of the army, which was rather singular, the French being a military nation. But even Wirion was once heard to say, that the British navy was the first service in the world.

This worthy lieutenant at once espoused our cause, and set about it like a Briton; for in three days the Commandant, who was always inclined to the side of mercy, gave an order for our companions to be removed above-ground; though he knew by experience, wet as the dungeon was, it was not so prejudicial to health as was reported. I have observed some of the seamen come up, after a thirty days' confinement, looking much better than when they went down. This may appear paradoxical, but it is nevertheless true. There must have been some counteracting influence, which more than neutralised the dampness of the dungeon, the descent to which numbered upwards of thirty steps, having little light, or circulation of air therein, and never free from water.

The same day, Alison and I joined them. Our place of confinement was a room, about twenty-five feet by ten, having a guard-bed running the whole length. [It was in the same building as the *cachôt*, a small, isolated prison in the *Grosse Tête*, strong as iron, stone, and wood could make it.] The passage to the room was guarded by two doors, and the entrance into it by other two, the wall being about four

feet thick, and the window in the room well secured by iron bars. In this small space ten of us were kept closely locked up, the two who had escaped from Sarr-Louis being confined with us ; and unfortunately, to our great annoyance, one of them was very ill of dysentery. We were forced, in self-defence, to be our own day-men, that is, to take upon ourselves the employment of those who are in this country usually denominated night-men. But even this circumstance, bad as it was, contributed mainly to our escape, by giving us an opportunity of reconnoitring the outside of the building, and seeing how the land lay. We soon discovered that some washerwomen were in the habit of drying their clothes in the story above us, for which purpose the window was left open ; and what appeared the most inviting, it had no iron bars to prevent the flight of those who had ingenuity sufficient to take advantage of the temptation. Still, to extricate ourselves by that way, four objects appeared almost insurmountable :

First, getting to the window ; second, descending from the roof in which the window was placed, and which projected two feet beyond the wall, having a tin spout running along the extremity—would the latter bear our weight without making a noise ? third, eluding the sentinel, who had orders to pace round and round the building ; and fourth, descending so quietly as not to awaken the jailer, who slept nearly under us, and whose window was only the breadth of itself from the perpendicular we should have to descend. Then, in the event of overcoming these difficulties, all beyond the fort was *terra in-*

cognita. The number of the walls, their heights, the nature of the ditches, whether wet or dry, whether with or without an egress; or whether there were sentinels outside, was all a mystery which we could not penetrate. None of us had seen that side of the fort. K—— had once asked permission to go on a feigned errand into the town, which was granted, and the brigadier accompanied him. Coming back, K—— said in a careless manner, "Let us lengthen our walk by taking the cart-road." But the Brigadier answered him very dryly, saying, "No, no, my friend, I am not quite so green as you take me to be." It is true, W—— had been once over, but from a different part of the fort, and he could give us no information upon which we could rely. During our morning's avocation, we attempted several times to get to windward of the sentinel (who always attended us on this occasion), and have a peep over the wall; but he was too sharp for us—we never accomplished it. Still

"The brave and prudent conquer difficulties
By daring to attempt them: base men shrink,
And make th' impossibility they fear."

Having made up our minds to brave all perceptible and imperceptible dangers, in order to provide ourselves with a rope, we petitioned the Commandant to be allowed bed and bedding; this, in accordance with his usual mild government, was readily granted. The fourth day, the two strangers were taken back to Sarr-Louis, when we began to make preparation for a third attempt. Sheets, blankets, shirts, trowsers, towels—in short every

thing convertible, was cut into shreds, and worked up into a rope. Our friends, accompanied by a guard, were permitted to visit us twice a day, when our victuals were brought in ; and, as a matter of course, took advantage of their privilege, by rendering us all the assistance they could. Needles and thread were smuggled in abundance, and linen of different sorts, under various pretexts, was brought in openly. In a few days more, we so ingratiated ourselves with the jailer, that the muscles of his heart so far relaxed as to allow us occasionally an hour's walk in the passage ; this was a fortunate circumstance ; it gave us an opportunity of throwing the rope over one of the doors to try its strength, by which means we discovered that the part made of blanket would not bear our weight. This was a great disappointment ; we had not only lost our time, but also the opportunity afforded us of obtaining something better in its stead. However, we unmade the whole, and, cutting the blanket into narrower shreds, put it inside the linen, for the purpose of making the rope thicker, as the best way of preserving our hands. During all this time, our friend Moyses, then an inmate of one of the rooms (now a resident at Tooting), was hunting about for the sinews of war. I had money at Verdun, but there were then no means by which I could have it remitted. K—— and I had only four double *louis* between us. We had agreed, if we should accomplish our plan, to make three parties of two each. One party was well known as having plenty of cash ; but they neither offered to lend, nor would they

give us small change for our larger pieces. They were anxious to make the attempt immediately ; but I, having the master-instrument, the gimlet, obliged them to wait my pleasure. The lieutenant before-mentioned offered his assistance ; but he, like ourselves, had no money by him at the time ; he spoke to the surgeon, and, by way of pressing the matter, said it was for a friend who was about taking his departure. " If it be for that purpose," said the surgeon, " I cannot let you have it, lest it should come to the ears of the Commandant." We were now becoming very uneasy, fearing our intentions should get wind, so many necessarily being in the secret. And we had reason to think that an old lady in town, who acted occasionally as a bankress, had some suspicion. Among other things, she had discounted a bill for Dacres some time before his last escape ; and having obtained permission to pay him a visit, she asked for further security in case the bill should not be honoured. He, sailor like, told her to write whatever she pleased, and he would sign it. I happened to be in her debt three *livres*, and told her, if she would give me change for a double *louis*, I would pay her. She replied, " I have not so much about me, but I will go and seek it, lest you should be off again, leaving me so much *minus*."

At length, after much exertion, Moyes mustered fifteen *louis*, which, after paying my debts, left K—— and myself twenty-one to start with. Our plan, when ripe for execution, was nearly frustrated by a trivial and unlooked-for event. The old woman from whom Dacres had hired his bed, to our great

amazement, came to change his dirty sheets, which at that time were coiled snugly away under the beds in the shape of a rope. When he, with admirable presence of mind, pretended to be tipsy, snatched the clean sheets out of her hands, and, throwing them down, said, "I am paying you for another bed in the *souterrain*, and I shall keep both pairs, and you may come and change them next week. Then throwing his arms round the old woman's neck, he handled her so roughly that she cried out, and was glad to make her escape.

The clean sheets soon shared the fate of the dirty ones, and made a great addition to our rope, making it one hundred and forty feet long, which we judged amply sufficient. We took the precaution of covering the upper end with strips of an old brown coat, because our previous escape had been discovered by the whiteness of it, which had caught the sergeant's eye, going round to post the sentinels; and profiting by past experience, sewed the whole closely, instead of marling it. I had told Moyses that I had sent to Verdun for a snuff-box for the brigadier, which I requested him, when it came, to present in my name; and had also given him an order to receive what money I had lying there, and with what might be left, after paying himself, to treat all friends with a good dinner on receipt of the letter announcing our arrival in Austria. But, by mere inadvertency, I quite forgot to beg him to pay for the sheets, which I have often regretted.

The 12th of February being a squally, windy, dark day, suitable for our purpose, found us ready

to take advantage of it. At breakfast time we asked Barnes, then in our service, to bring us as many beefsteaks and as much bread as he thought would pass unnoticed. This, with about three quarts of brandy, which we had already secured in bladders, was to be all our store. At noon we looked an adieu to our friends, being so closely watched by our guardians that we neither dare speak it, nor shake hands, sorry that we had not a more fit opportunity to thank them for the risk they had run to serve us.

In the afternoon every thing was arranged. To prevent confusion, we cast lots who was to be the happy man to lead, and who was to follow in succession. We hailed a prisoner, who was confined in a place under us, to take no notice if he heard any noise, as we intended to be off in the night. About six the jailer came up, being his usual time, to see that all was safe. It was Saturday night, and we told him we were going to make merry, according to a custom in our own country, and which we had great pleasure in keeping up, though so far distant from it; and as he had had a good deal of trouble, and had treated us civilly, there were six *francs* for him, if he were inclined to do so likewise. He took them very good-humouredly, and bade us good night.

CHAPTER VII.

ESCAPE FROM THE GROSSE-TÊTE.—CROSS THE RHINE.

IMMEDIATELY after all was quiet, we commenced operations by sticking a mattress against the window, to prevent any light being seen from without; then piling the rest of the mattresses one upon another, we began, with an old poker that we found in the place, to break down the ceiling, the dust of which almost smothered us. Instead of laths, we found oak battens, of two and a half inches, running from beam to beam, the beams being about eighteen inches square. Having cut through the battens, we were enabled, by the help of a small table, put upon the mattresses, to reach the floor of the next story, which was also of oak, and about three inches thick. One of the knots was so hard, that it twisted the gimlet. About ten, we heard the jailer unlock the outer door, which had a petrifying effect, and for a moment all were still as death. Happily, it was a false alarm; he had been in town, and was going to bed. After giving him a reasonable time to compose himself, we recommenced, and found it a most arduous task, having to make four cuts, the planks being mortised. Every thing proceeded smoothly until we were within a few inches of completion, when the saw broke.

"What is to be done now?" was the general cry. For the moment, disappointment overcame us, and we all sat down in despair. The pleasing hope of liberty had vanished like a dream, while the gloomy dungeon and endless captivity stared us in the face.

On a sudden, A—d—n sprung upon his feet. "Where are the pieces?" he cried; "I am not going to give it up in this way." With the help of his knife, a piece of wood, and some twine, he contrived a handle for the larger piece, which, to our great joy, answered the purpose. Hope at once succeeded to despair, and gave us fresh spirit. At three in the morning, after nine hours of toilsome labour, the last stroke was given, and the way made clear.

The most affecting part of the concern had now arrived, that was the bidding adieu to our two companions, Alison, and Thomas Simpson, late gunner of the Hussar, who had shared the dangers of our last expedition, and whose hands had suffered the most, being still unhealed. It was painful to us; but what must it have been to them? The parting scene concluded, we scrambled through the hole, following up the enterprise, which prudence seemed to forbid, and which experience could not flatter with success. From information subsequently received, when the Commandant entered the room the next morning, upon seeing the hole in the ceiling, he lifted up his hands and exclaimed "The d—— himself could not prevent the escape of Englishmen."

Arrived in the upper room, we had a view of the

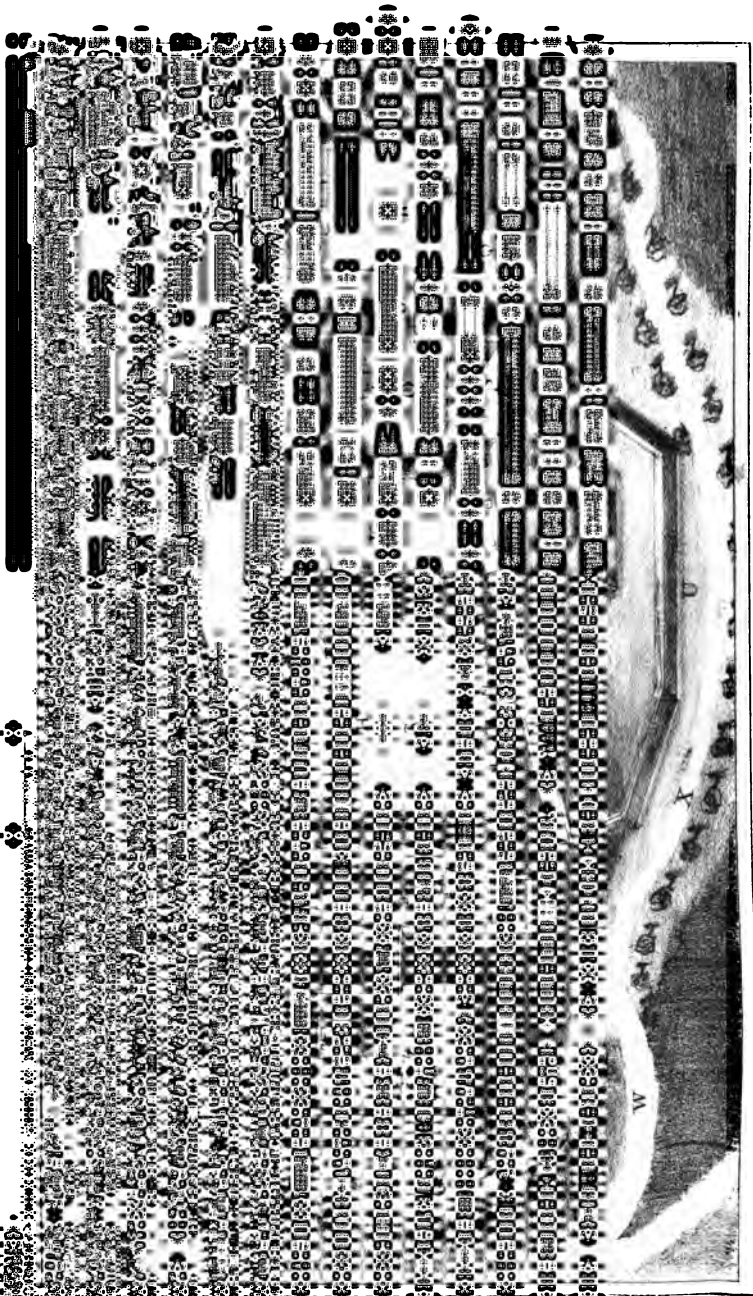
two sides of the building. It was a dark, wild morning, blowing hard and squally; still, by a break in the clouds, we saw the sentry snug in his box, separated from the place of our intended descent by the width of the building. No time was to be lost.—The first that went down carried the rope, with two pieces of iron to stick in the walls, by which to fasten it; and although he was the heaviest amongst us, the spout stood firm, not making the least noise. All followed in quick succession, according to lot. It was arranged, that when the last had landed, one of the unfortunates should, to prevent speedy discovery, cast off the end of the rope, and that the last down should throw it over the wall. Thus, in the course of a few minutes, we found ourselves landed at the bottom of the second rampart, which we supposed seventy to eighty feet high; the first one forty to forty-five; and congratulated each other on being clear of the fort, without one hair of our head being hurt.

But, alas! how short is human foresight, and how short-lived are the generality of human joys! We had only proceeded forty or fifty yards, when, to our great amazement, we came to another rampart, for which we were entirely unprepared, not having any suspicion of it, we had left the first piece of rope behind. Here W—— appeared to have had his eyes suddenly opened; he, who had previously forgotten that there were three ramparts, now burst into tears—as if he had foreseen what was going to befall him—and said, “This is the very place where Wheelan broke his thigh!” (the name of the

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... saying, "Here goes
... "Do not be a fool,
... in my pocket.
... I have two, I sprang up again,
... each other, and to the rope; then,
... in the wall, and stepping one end
... bottom safely, dropping only ten
... W— : he fell! at

“The Old Mill” by J. M. W. Turner, 1844. Oil on canvas.

Turner, J. M. W. “The Old Mill” 1844.

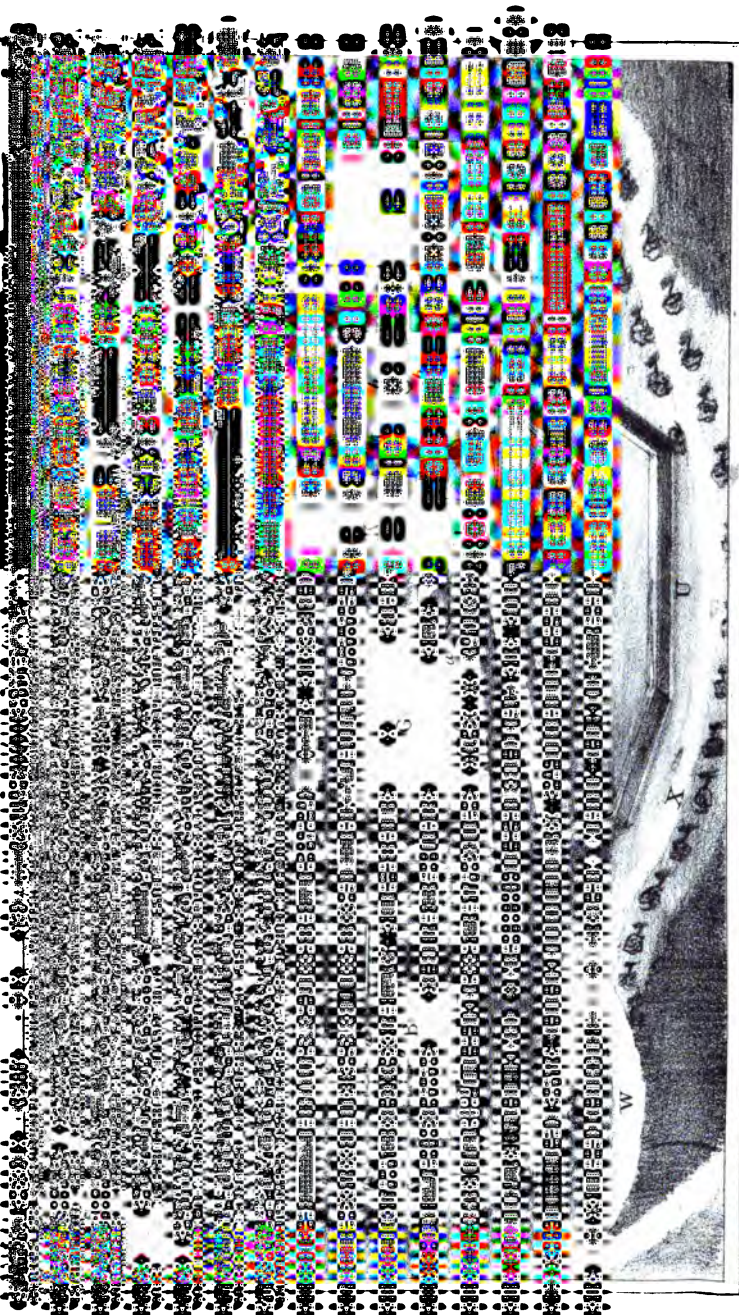


person with whom he had once before escaped, and who met with the accident.) Still he could give no account of the height of it. The rest were cool and collected; yet, strange as it may appear, it did not enter into one of our heads to try to break the rope—perhaps it was a fortunate circumstance; the noise might have alarmed the sentinels; but we lifted the lightest one, to cut it as high up as he could, whereby we obtained about nine feet, which, to have fastened to the wall, would have taken up the greater part. Still, having arrived thus far in safety, we were determined to proceed, *coute qui coute*, and, at the risque of all consequences, take a leap in the dark; judging, from the height that we had descended, it could not be very high.

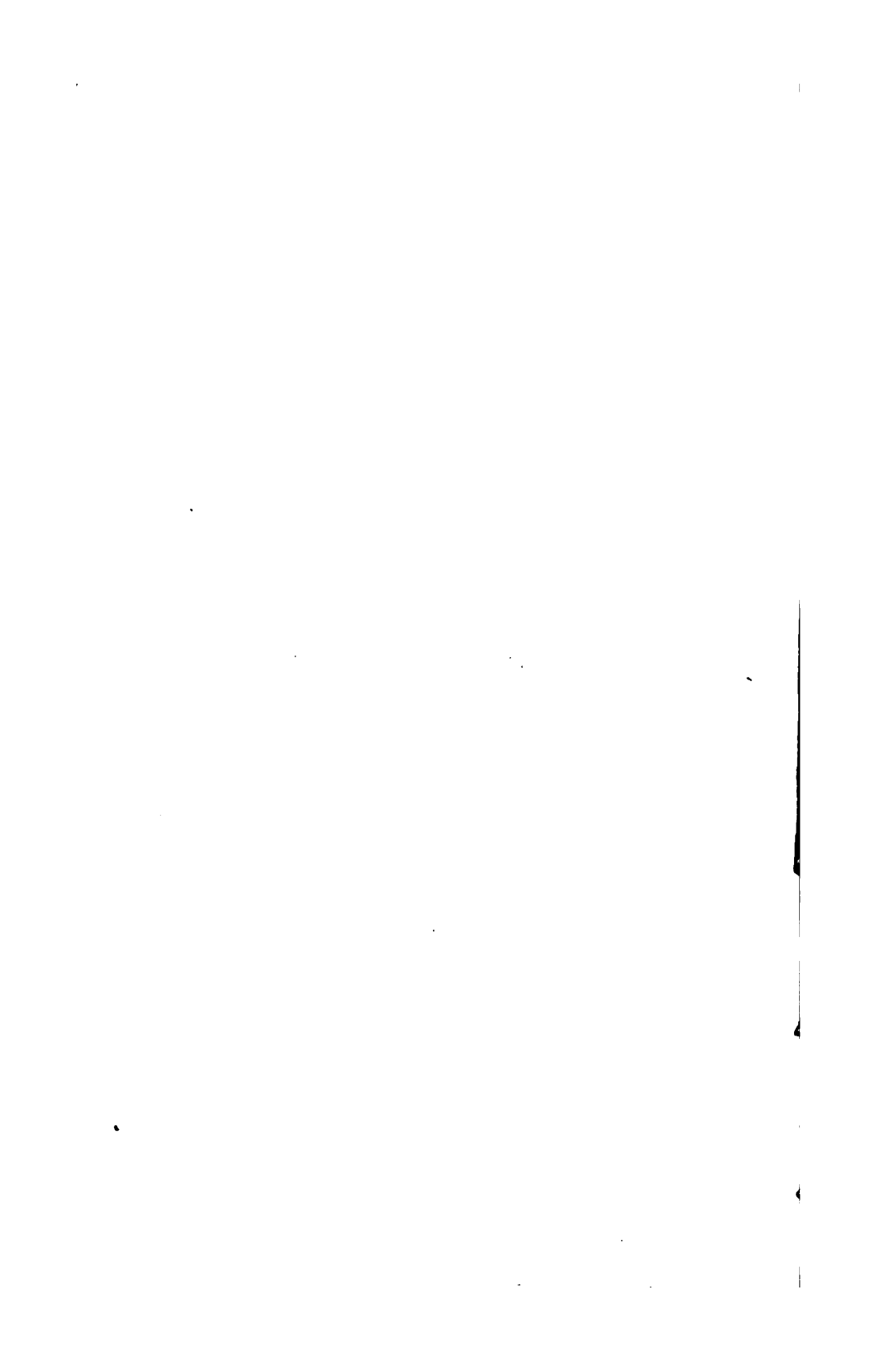
Upon a consultation, it was resolved that the two last should hold the rope for the others; and, provided the latter should reach the bottom in safety, they should catch the former. After three had safely been landed, K—— begged of me, I being next in turn, to hold the rope for him; pleading his general bad fortune. I did not hesitate, being assured that he would break my fall, though, by so doing, he should cripple himself. After he was down, I was in the act of dropping, and saying, “Here goes, W——, when the latter said, “Do not be a fool, Ellison; I have a good handkerchief in my pocket;” and, recollecting that I had two, I sprang up again, tied the three to each other, and to the rope; then, sticking my knife in the wall, and fastening one end to it, I reached the bottom safely, dropping only ten or twelve feet. Not so poor W——: he fell! a

“The Great Wall of China”

“The Great Wall of China”



“The Great Wall of China”



thrilling sound caught our ears, like the bursting of a soft rope, proclaiming a fractured limb—it was his leg, broken at the calf!

He begged that we would carry him up to the fort-gate; little thinking, poor fellow! in his pain, that complying with his request would place us again in jeopardy. We were then in the situation of soldiers on the field of battle, who have not a moment to mourn their fallen companions, but must push on or be vanquished. We could do no more than place him in an easy position. He put out his hand, and said, “Adieu!”

How it happened, we had not time to ask. K—— asserted that the rope did not break; for he took particular notice that it did not fall with him. On looking round, I was surprised to find two of the party gone; but much more so when K—— informed me that they endeavoured to persuade him and Dacres to go also; saying, they were safe, and why should they risque waiting for the other two?

Dacres, having now lost his companion, K—— and I could not in pity leave him by himself; therefore told him he should share our fate, be it what it might. He acted a most disinterested part, and it was some time before he would accept our proposal; saying, that although his companion had been unfortunate, and that he had to march by himself, it was the fortune of war, and no reason why he should intrude upon us; that two was a safer number than three; that he had very little money, and that instead of being any help, he

should be an incumbrance. We would hear of no refusal, and, fortunately for all three, he acceded to our proposal.

We were then in the ditch, which we ran along until we came to a flight of steps which led to the glaciis : arrived at the top, the whole country was open before us, and we took directly into the mountains, where, meeting with a narrow path, we followed it. At day-break, there being no wood in sight, we scrambled up the side of a steep hill, to look out; and seeing one at a little distance, we descended, crossed a road, and in a few minutes, without being observed, were safely lodged. Immediately afterwards we heard the signal-gun, and judged ourselves about five miles from the fort. Our retreat happened to be a very small wood, lying between two roads. We saw people pass and repass the whole day, and once were alarmed by a mounted countryman passing within a dozen yards of us; however, we lay undisturbed, and as soon as it was dark, proceeded onwards.

In about three hours we came to a village, which, by the number of lights, appeared a large one. We attempted to get round it, but the night being very dark, Dacres fell into a quarry, from which he had scarcely extricated himself, when he fell down a declivity into a road; the noise caused a dog to bark, which brought a man out of a house near to us, and we were fearful that we should lose him : fortunately he ran the same way that we did, and as soon as we thought ourselves out of the man's hearing, we called, and, to our great joy, he answered. Finding

further attempts to round it would be attended with danger, we thought it better to wait until midnight; which we did, in an old roofless building; it then began to rain heavily, which made the time irksome. When all was quiet and the lights were out, we entered the village, taking the middle of the road, knee deep in mud. There were houses on both sides; and, as is usual in France, the manure was put in front of the doors: between the heaps is the carriage road, which, in winter time, is a continual puddle. We had not advanced far when a cur began to bark, which brought a man out: this was a signal for retreating; he blew his horn, and we ran for it. We had no choice of roads, and sooner than return the way we came, we struck off upon a swampy common, and soon arrived at a large river; we followed its course until we came to a thick wood, which we entered; and, as the rain was still coming down heavily, and it was so dark that we could not tell which way we were going, we thought it best to take up our quarters until daylight.

During the next forenoon we skirted the wood, on the look-out for a lone house, which, in that country, is not often to be found; fortunately we saw one which stood about half-a-quarter of a mile from a village. Then, re-entering the wood, we lay still until the edge of dark, when we made boldly up to it, not fearing to be overcome by the inmates of a single dwelling. We passed a man in the courtyard dressing a pig, and on entering the house asked a person, the only one we saw inside, if we

could have some wine, he answered civilly, we could: "But," says he, "you are from Bitche — I heard the gun yesterday morning." And, turning to Dacres, said, "I know your face well;" and mentioned the house where he had seen him. We did not deny it, and he cheered us up by saying, "Do not be afraid, I will not betray you; follow me up stairs, lest any of the forest guards should come in." He appeared so frank and open, that we put ourselves entirely under his protection. All that his house afforded he brought out, and partook with us himself, and presently we were joined by the butcher, who told us he belonged to the village we had entered the night before, but as every one was in bed, and the night bad and dark, no one felt inclined to chase us. After having eaten and drank heartily, we asked the landlord if he could not furnish us with a guide: he said his own servant should go if he were willing; he called him, and upon being offered six crowns, he cheerfully consented. As soon as he was ready, after having obtained a good stock of provisions, we bade the company good night, gave the master a *louis*, and parted, mutually pleased with each other.

We had not proceeded far before Dacres, in consequence of having drank some cider, was seized with violent spasms, that continued for four hours, during which period he could not walk above a hundred yards at once without lying down. When he began to mend, we quickened our pace, in order to make up for lost time. Being on a common, raining hard, and very dark, we suspected our guide

had lost himself, but at length we came up to a light, and entered upon a tolerably good road. As morning approached, we were anxious to know if he was certain of finding a wood; he replied, "Yes, a very good one;" and we were soon convinced he knew where he was, for he took us into one thickly set with firs, in which we found shelter under a cliff. In the course of the day we were disturbed by a number of goats with bells round their necks, but on being frightened away, they came no more near us. This was a capital lodging place, in which we had a good day's rest.

In the evening we moved forward, ascending a steep, rocky, dangerous road. At twelve came on a dreadful thunder storm, with the usual attendants, vivid lightning, and rain like the bursting of a water-spout. We took refuge under a high impending cliff, where the reverberating sound of the rattling thunder was frightfully grand; (we were then among the Vosges, a chain of mountains running parallel with the Rhine, distant three or four leagues;) it soon passed over, and we continued our march; but our guide, wanting our excitement, becoming weary, we had often to stop with him, and it was broad daylight before we reached a wood, upon the side of a high mountain all but perpendicular. On entering it we could find no cover, the brushwood having been cut down, and the trees standing at a great distance apart. We had therefore to scramble to the summit, which required a gigantic effort; and when we had attained it, to our very great disappointment, we found our situation in no wise im-

proved, but, on the contrary, we could not find a spot which did not exhibit recent marks of the woodsmen.

While searching for a safe retreat, K—— was taken exceedingly ill; a burning fever seized him in a moment. "I feel," said he, "as if I was all on fire." The exertion ascending the mountain was more than his constitution could bear. Poor fellow! his form was not of the right sort to endure more than the common hardships of life; it wanted compactness; he had too much of his own weight to carry. Still he was well made, good looking, and of a robust appearance; but he stood nearly six feet high. I have often seen him take a common chair between his teeth and throw it over his head; but this was when he had plenty to eat and little to do. It is the strong, sturdy man, who carries his bone and nerve in little compass, that is most generally endowed with the power to stand constant and extraordinary fatigue.

We could do nothing more for him than to sit by and keep him company, though at a great apparent risk, hearing voices all around us. In a little while we saw two woodsmen approaching: what could we do? To leave him in the deplorable situation he was in we could not, and therefore lay still, braving consequences. On coming up they saluted us, and addressed our guide, who, we suppose, told them what we were, but they spoke a dialect which we could not understand. They told us, through him, that we were in a very bad, cold place, and offered to make us a fire; we thanked them, but declined their offer, alleging that we were afraid of

the forest guards. They replied, we might make ourselves quite easy upon that head, for there were none in the neighbourhood, neither were there any *gendarmes*. After some little time they persuaded us to go with them to a place where we should be more comfortable; and led us under a high cliff, that overhung so much, that all underneath was dry. We then gave them money to go and purchase something for K——; they soon returned with what they called soup, which had only one good quality, that of being hot; however, it was of great service to him. They also brought a jug of tolerably good wine, together with some bread, of which Dacres and I made a hearty meal. They showed us much sympathy, and were pleased that they could render us any service, asserting that we had nothing to fear, either from *gendarmes* or guards, and persisted in making a fire, which we found comfortable and cheering. One of them said that he was going to see a relative about three leagues off, who lived directly in our way, and that if we would accept of his company, he would see us out of the mountains.

K——, through the kindness of these poor fellows, being pretty well recovered, we gladly accepted the proposal. After paying them as much as our funds would allow, we set off about three in the afternoon, and passed by a slip or cradle, made of thick planks, many hundred feet long, pretty nearly perpendicular, by which they slid the trees, after having taken off the boughs, into the valley. This man led us straight as the crow flies. We were more than an hour

ascending the last mountain; and a jading ascent it was to all three, for Dacres and I had to assist K—. On reaching the bottom on the other side, we were in the valley through which runs the Rhine. At nine, being arrived at the edge of the village where the relative lived, we halted, and our guides entered in order to procure some refreshment, of which we stood much in need. They soon returned with a third man, who advised us to come into the village and remain there until midnight, as we should be necessitated to pass through another very large one, and we should run great risk if we attempted it sooner. We took his advice, and after having eaten and drank our fill, he shewed us into a hay loft, where we had a three hours' good nap. The same man awoke us, and offered for six francs to take us through the said village, which we cheerfully gave him. About one o'clock we entered it, and found the report he had given correct. We crept silently and softly along, not daring to utter a word, until we saw a light which we knew to be the guard house; here we hesitated—we stopped; seeing our danger, we could not help fearing the consequence of braving it. "There is no other way," whispered the guide; and we pushed on, feeling as if the success of the enterprise depended upon it.

This was one of the most anxious moments of our journey—the village being about half a mile long, intersected by two rivers connected by bridges, and being on the border of the Rhine, we had a very poor prospect of arriving at the extremity unmo-

lest; but to our great joy all were asleep—not even a dog was heard to move his tongue.

Our guide then left us in charge of the former one, and we marched along a good road at a rapid pace, until we judged ourselves near the great river, when it was thought advisable to enter a wood which seemed to offer a good cover. It did not deceive us; but it happened to be a swamp. At daylight, amidst a drenching rain, we sought about for a better berth; but not being able to find a dry one, we cut down as many young trees, and broke as many branches off the older ones as served to make us a bed sufficiently high to clear the water: then, sending our guide to look out for a boatman, we lay down. Having been so long accustomed to wet jackets, we felt little inconvenience: my companions were immediately snoring in happy unison; but I, being a little more thoughtful, and perhaps not feeling so much fatigued, saw the imprudence, in our dangerous situation, of all going to sleep; yet I felt quite as much inclined as they, being painfully sleepy, and although the rain was coming down as before, felt warm, and—if in such a plight I may use the expression—comfortable.

At mid-day our guide returned, accompanied with a little villainous-looking fellow, whose visage indicated any thing but being trustworthy; but he would have nothing to say to us until we paid off our guide. This was sadly against our will, as he was engaged to see us into a boat; and having come so far, it was more his interest to see us safe than

the man's he had just brought, and consequently we should have felt ourselves safer; yet, having no alternative but the risk of the latter raising the country, we submitted.

Having bid adieu to our faithful guide, our new one—by the way, we supposed, of enhancing the risk he had undertaken—tried his utmost to alarm us. "You are in a bad place," said he (though we were about the middle of the wood); "you must not stay here; come along with me;" and he led us to the edge of it, facing the road, where every horseman we saw pass, according to him, was either *gendarme*, *douanier*, or something more terrible. Thus he worked up our feelings till dark, when he took us to his own house, situated in a small village. His wife no sooner saw us than she began to cry and roar loud enough to alarm the neighbourhood, asking him if he was going to ruin her?—if he had forgotten her brother, then in Strasburg gaol for a similar thing?—if that was all the regard he had for her? with other moving things to shake the little fellow's determination: fearing it might, we slipped a six-franc piece into her hand, which had the magical effect of drying up her tears in an instant, and making her our friend.

Being thus happily reconciled to the undertaking, she took us up to a cock-loft, desiring us neither to speak nor move lest we should be heard. In a little time she brought us a dish of boiled calavances and some stewed prunes, which, with the addition of plenty of wine, made the best meal we had partaken of since our departure. After supper she made us

up a bed of clean straw ; on it we slept soundly, rose in good spirits quite refreshed, and prepared to meet what lay before us.

While we were dressing, the man came to tell us he was ready to go in search of a boat ; but he would not stir a foot until he had received twelve crowns. I, being the principal cash-holder, remonstrated against paying beforehand, but being in a minority I consented, and he set off.

In the afternoon he returned, bringing with him a boatman, who offered to take us across for a similar sum that we had given the other man, but, like him, would have the money first. Then my companions were made sensible of the impolicy of paying beforehand,—there being a probability of our being passed from one to another until we had not a crown left. Still, as we had begun, we thought it best to go through with it, therefore paid him.

Having received it, he said “Come along.” We objected, thinking it not safe to move by day-light. He told us there was no danger, and off he set, leaving us to follow, which we did, but not with very pleasant feelings. Crossing the country, we saw a number of people, which kept us in a constant state of alarm ; but we passed unnoticed, and a little after dark entered the man’s dwelling, where his wife received us in a most affable manner, and gave us of her best.

At four the man awoke us, saying he was ready to take us across. After paying the wife, and expressing gratitude for her civility, we set out, threading a number of narrow winding paths until we

came to an old barn, into the door of which he thrust us, saying "Wait there until I return." His manner was so short and singular, that we could not help distrusting him: still we waited patiently until the dawn of day, when, fancying we had seen the last of him, and, thinking if we could find the way back to his house he durst not, after taking our money, betray us, fortunately, we did so, and had no sooner entered than he joined us, and upbraided us for our suspicion. He then led us about two miles through a wood which bordered the Rhine. Arriving at the edge, we waited for a few minutes, when, hearing a whistle, we sallied out, and saw a man paddling a machine made of five boards. He had been watching, unobserved, until the *douaniers* had unlocked it, and as soon as their backs were turned brought it away.

We were about jumping into this thing, but were arrested by a fresh demand of four crowns, which we did not hesitate to pay. Overjoyed at the prospect of being so soon out of the immediate gripe of the French, we should have given all our money rather than have missed the opportunity. We were soon in the middle of the river, and behind an island which hid us from the view of our old enemies; and shortly afterwards leaped ashore in Baden, about five leagues below Strasburg,—being the seventh day after leaving Bitche, though the direct distance was only twelve leagues.

CHAPTER VIII.

MARCH THROUGH BADEN, WURTEMBERG, AND BAVARIA.—EXAMINATION ON THE BAVARIAN FRONTIER.—ARRIVAL AT SALTZBURG.

THE boatman took us to a small house, where we breakfasted; and after having brushed ourselves up, with only seven *louis* in our pockets, we commenced a march through an enemy's country (reckoning the turnings and windings we should have to make) of four hundred miles. After having walked for several hours, we asked a shepherd how far we were from the Rhine. He replied, "One league." Mortified at the information, we had nearly quarrelled; one saying, "If you had gone the way I pointed out, all would have been right;" another, "We should have turned at such a place;" the third, "I told you from the first that we were going wrong." Unfortunately, we had forgotten the names of all the intermediate towns between the Rhine and Ulm, that being the direction we proposed to take. When we asked for that place, few knew the name; and those who did, could not tell in what direction it lay. At length we hit upon a direct *route*. Passing through the Black Forest, we entered a small wine-house, and were startled at seeing a number of carbines hanging up, from which we judged it was the residence of the forest guards. Fearing it would

look suspicious if we made an immediate retreat, we asked for some wine; and looking round while the woman's back was turned, our eyes were attracted by a paper stuck against the wall, which was an order from Napoleon to the *Badenois* to take up all vagrants, and every description of persons travelling without passports. This hurried our departure; we swallowed the wine, and made a hasty retreat.

At seven we entered a small village, and knocked at a cottage-door, which was opened by a Frenchman. We asked him if he could give us a lodging; he answered, very civilly, that he could not, but he would take us to a house where we should be accommodated. He declined our invitation to supper, but promised to come after and take some wine, which he did, and, without asking any questions, took us for Frenchmen. He was the very man for us; we had nothing to do but to listen. He told us all his concerns; that he was a near relative to the Prince of Ponto Corvo, from whom he had just received a letter, to say that there was a lucrative situation waiting his acceptance in Paris; and that in a few days he should set out for that capital. He left us at ten, saying he would come next morning and see us off. We then retired, expecting to have a good night's rest; but what a disappointment! We were put between two feather beds, the heat of which almost overcame us; and when we threw the upper one off our shoulders, we were freezing at one extremity and perspiring at the other; and what with the heat of the one above, and the softness of the one below us, we scarcely closed our eyes, and

looked for day with as much anxiety as we had hitherto looked for night.

In the morning the Frenchman came according to his promise, and saw us out of the village, when we told him what we were, and asked his advice as to our future proceeding. His opinion was, that we should be safer passing as Englishmen than Frenchmen, as his countrymen were generally hated in Germany. "You have little to fear," said he, "in Baden; but whatever you do, keep off the main roads in Wurtemberg, or you will most assuredly be stopped by the *landwehr*, who, like the *gendarmarie* in France, detain every traveller who falls in their way without a passport." After parting with him, we pushed on until we judged ourselves drawing near the frontier, when we entered a house where a number of peasants, in their best clothes, were making merry, it being Sunday. After taking something to eat, we entered into conversation with one of them, who agreed, for a trifle, to conduct us across the country out of Baden. He asked us no questions; and we were so little inquisitive, that we entered the territory of Wurtemberg without knowing it. After accompanying us about six miles, he took us into the house of a friend of his, a good-natured, jocose, worthy fellow, with whom we were soon at home. He brought out plenty of wine, and made us drink freely. In a little time we requested him to point out our way onward; but he, not understanding us clearly, went out, and brought back with him a little French lad, who addressed us in a lively manner, asking what

he could do to serve us. We told him we belonged to the *commissariate* department, were going to join the army at Ulm, and, as we travelled on foot, we wished to know the shortest way across the country. "If that be the case," said the little fellow, "I will take you to the mayor of the village, whose duty it is to furnish you with a guide, and any thing else you may stand in need of." This rather startled us. We told him we did not wish to trouble the mayor; that we could, with a proper direction, find the way ourselves. He ran out and fetched a map; we took down the names of the villages that lay in our *route*, taking care to keep a good distance from the great military road, which was continually traversed by Frenchmen, of whom we were more afraid than of the Wurtembergers; besides, we knew that we were only a few days' march in advance of the army that was going to attack Austria.

At the close of the day we bade our friends adieu, and slept at a village about two leagues further. In the morning we proceeded across the country without meeting with any difficulties, and at night had the good fortune to put up at a house, the master of which was a fine, open-hearted Frenchman. We soon ventured to trust him with our secret. He told us we had done right in passing as his countrymen, for the inhabitants would be civil to us through fear. Whether he was right or wrong I cannot tell; but we generally met with civility, and were never asked what we were, or where we came from. Here we had our shirts washed and dried ready for morning, which was our first and last shift on the jour-

ney. On parting, he gave us certificates similar to those which the mechanics of that country carry when they go about in search of employment. These we had no faith in, and soon threw them away; but that did not detract from his kindness. We thanked him; and after procuring a peasant to show us the way round a neighbouring town, set out.

Our guide expected to find a narrow lane, by which we should be enabled to avoid it, but, to his surprise and our disappointment, the entrance into it had been built up, and we were necessitated to scramble over a high wall, almost under, and exposed to, the windows of that side of the town; fortunately it was raining hard, and no one noticed us. Next day we had a heavy fall of snow, which rather retarded our progress. Coming in sight of Eingen, we again hired a guide to see us round it, and soon after crossed the Danube, over an old wooden bridge not more than twenty-five yards long. The following day we came to the river Iller, and walked along the banks until we drew near to Biberach, a small fortified town, which we saw no probability of rounding, as we had a high mountain on one side of us, and the river on the other. However we walked on, asking every peasant we met if there were no way of avoiding the town; they all said there was none until we came close up to the gate, and then we should find one. We were startled at the information, but having no choice, pushed on. Drawing near it, and seeing no turning, we began to feel as men impelled to run into danger with their eyes open, not having the power to avoid it; still, go we must, and go we

did, with trembling; and, to our great joy, in drawing near the gate we came to a narrow carriage road which led round the ramparts.

But our joy was of short duration: turning a corner, a small guard-house looking building presented itself, with a window staring us in the face; a man, seeing us, came out, and posted himself in the middle of the road. "This," we said to each other, "is our last day's march; this fellow is sure to stop us, but let us show a good face, and go boldly on." We did so, and walking in a careless, fear-nothing sort of a manner, passed close under his nose; we looked at him and he at us, but not a word passed; had we then followed the impulse of the moment, we should have run for it. In a little time we came to a bridge, unguarded, which we passed, and were not a little delighted to find ourselves on the left side of the Iller. Then, coming to the junction of two roads, we saw by a finger-post that one led to Augsburg, the other to Memmingen; we chose at a venture the latter, and entered the first most inviting house we came to in search of refreshment.

While dinner was preparing, I was endeavouring to put on a new pair of shoes which I had carried in my pocket, my old ones being worn out. Whether my feet were swelled, or whether the shoes were originally too little, I could not tell; all I knew was, that I could not get my feet into them; but necessity being the mother of invention, it struck me that by putting the shoes in water the leather would yield to my foot, and afterwards make a close fit. This I immediately did, and let them soak until I had dined;

the plan succeeded admirably, and when there chanced to be a fair day, and they were inclined to grow stiff, I invariably went into the water and gave them a fresh soaking.

Poor K——'s stamina was now showing evident signs of being unable to carry him through. His body, which a few weeks before was erect, good looking, and robust, was now dwindled to the appearance of a very scarecrow—mere skin and bone; his coat hanging loose about him, having lost the substance that before kept it in form; his hat, through exposure to almost constant rain, hanging about his ears; his frame, bent double, leaning upon a staff, gave him the appearance of any thing but what he was when he left the fort. His sufferings were extreme, his complaints and moans piteous—so much so, that, to be out of hearing of the distressing sounds, Dacres and I generally kept a good way before him. Often, at the edge of dark, when we drew near a village, his haggard eyes would brighten up and he would say, "Now we have made an excellent day's march, we must take up our lodging here;" and as often were we under the painful necessity of saying, "No, we must go on another stage." Then would his eyes resume their former languor, and we, as usual, kept on before him. Happily, his sleep and appetite never forsook him; he always rallied in a morning, otherwise we must have left him to his fate, for our funds would not admit of any resting days.

At three o'clock we left the house where we had dined; at seven, knocked at the door of a cottage,

where, for the first time, we were refused a lodging, the woman alleging, and perhaps truly, that if any of the *landwoher* came in, and found her harbouring travellers without passports, they would take her to prison. Passing on a little farther, we entered a small pothouse, the landlord of which looked very earnestly at us, but asked no questions. He told us to take a seat, and that he would lodge us. There were a number of people in the house, who, we could understand, took us for Frenchmen. I lay down upon a form near the stove, and slept for a few minutes; when I awoke, I was sick, my appetite gone, and I felt fit for nothing; the close heat of the place had quite overcome me. However, it was a warning, never, after a long march, to do the like again. I found pacing about the room for a little while a better antidote for weariness than either sitting or lying.

After we had breakfasted the next morning, we wanted change for a double *louis*, which the landlord not having, a German sitting by said he would change it, and, unbuckling a leathern belt that he had round his waist, showed such an abundance of gold and silver as made our poverty covet a similar girdle. After counting out the change, he asked which way we were going; we replied, to Memmingen. "Then," said he, "I will accompany you, for I also am going thither." We immediately set out, and had to brave a fearful morning. The snow was descending in large flakes; a cold, bleak, east wind met us, which soon made our ears, noses, and finger-ends to tingle.

The skin of the German's face could not withstand it; the parts that should have protected his cheek bones gave way before the piercing blast, and opened a passage, through which the blood trickled during the whole day. The prospect that lay before us was chilling, being dreariness itself. We fancied our sufferings from cold this day exceeded those of any former one; but they could not have been so in reality, as we kept the interior warm, for the German would not pass a single public-house without taking brandy, and urging us to follow his example. He was a generous fellow, and felt chagrined because we would not allow him to be paymaster. If it had been a moderate day, we should all have been tipsy. Indeed, we stood in need of something extra, for we had to be our own pioneers, no one having preceded us: in the clearest part of the road the snow was deep, sometimes up to the knees, and occasionally we were puzzled to make a passage through the drift.

Our companion never expressed the least desire to know what we were; but finding him of an affable, friendly disposition, we thought we might safely trust him, especially as he trusted himself and his valuable belt with three such suspicious, vagrant-looking characters, of whom he knew nothing. We told him we were Englishmen, escaped from a French prison; but we failed to convince him, until he took us into a post-house, the master of which he knew, and who spoke French. Then he would take no denial, but we must accompany him to his house at Kempten. The landlord ad-

vised us not to go there, as all the passes in the Tyrol would be stopped by the snow ; and also warned us from entering Memmingen—into which town our companion proposed taking us—as he had himself been often asked for his passport, though living so near. Knowing that we had to pass the frontier of Wurtemberg this day, we had often asked our companion what difficulties we should have to encounter ; to which he replied, either none at all, or made so light of them, that we supposed we should not meet with any. But on approaching a long covered bridge by which we had again to pass the Iller, we saw by his manner that he had some misgiving ; he hesitated awhile ; then, brandishing his stick, he said “ Come along ; they shall not take you without a struggle.” Not observing any barrier on the side we were on, we entered into what appeared a long tunnel. Arriving at the end without seeing any person, he desired us to turn to our right and follow each other in succession, letting a few minutes expire between each. I went first, and had no sooner turned off the bridge than, to my utter amazement, I was close upon a barrier. Seeing no one, I pushed on ; gladly would I have run, but durst not, neither did I venture to look behind me for some minutes, when I saw them all in safety, the German bringing up the rear. We supposed the extreme cold had favoured us, by keeping round the fire those that ought to have prevented our passing. A league further brought us within a few hundred yards of the gates of Memmingen. The road leading to it, contrasted with the dreary

scene we had passed, seemed all alive. And here we experienced the most painful sensation of the day—the parting with our friendly companion, who used all his rhetoric to persuade us to enter the town with him. He said he would leave us in a house without the gate, while he went in to make arrangements; that he would then return and take us in with him, and be answerable for our safety; that he knew a resident who had been often in England, and understood the language; and that if we would only consent, he would insure us passports. We told him our reasons in the best manner we could, but were not able to drive from his mind the suspicion that it was want of confidence. We were fearful lest he should think us ungrateful; still, having a natural dread of being again surrounded with walls, and a number of people passing, we hastily shook his hand and tore ourselves from him: then, crossing the country for a few miles, we stopped, just before dark, at a small public-house, where we found a cheerful, laughing hostess, whose kindness and good-humour made us soon forget the fatigues of the day. On taking our leave in the morning, she hoped we would call on our return. We then told her what we were, and said, although we had been much pleased with her company, and obliged for her kindness, we hoped circumstances would not cause her to think us unpolite, when we assured her, if we did call again, it would be by force, not through choice.

Landsberg was the next fortified town that opposed our progress; we approached as near as we

durst, and had a very good view of it; then, turning off the road, we followed the course of the river Lech, going over the fields so deeply covered with snow, that we feared occasionally being buried in it. After four or five miles of severe toil, we came to a long wooden bridge, a great part of which had been recently washed away. A number of people were at work repairing it; but seeing no one that we thought likely to obstruct our passage, we walked very unconcernedly along it, there being planks laid in different places from pile to pile: not one of the men spoke, and we passed almost disregarded. Unfortunately we had made so great an angle, that it was late in the afternoon before we regained the road; after which we met with no interruption, save the increasing debility of poor K—— (who was only kept upon his legs by resolution and stimulants), until we approached near to Munich, the capital of Bavaria, where we began anxiously to inquire how we might avoid it: all were agreed that there was no other way but going through the suburbs. Entering into a house to procure something to eat, we sat down by a decent-looking man, enjoying himself (it being Sunday) in company with his wife and child. We soon became sociable, and asked him if he would partake of what was before us, which he did. In a little time we began upon the topic that was uppermost—how to get round the city unobserved. He said they had walked out that morning from Munich, and were then about returning; and if we would accompany them, he would show us through the suburbs. We gladly accepted

his offer, more particularly as he gave us to understand we should not run much risk. As we proceeded we saw abundance of partridges running about the cottages like tame fowls, and had more time to observe them than was agreeable, the wife and child walking so very slowly. When we drew near to the gate he left them, and we marched up within a hundred yards of it with feelings any thing but enviable, not having the confidence in our guide which his conduct merited. We turned sharp round to our right, and passed sentinel after sentinel, every thing favouring us; the snow was descending, the day drawing to a close, and, as far as we saw, there were no police on the move. Having crossed three long bridges, and run the gauntlet for about two miles, we left the houses behind us; then paying off our guide, and thanking him for his kindness, we pushed on, and night closed upon us in the midst of a plain covered with snow, and not a house in sight.

Here our wandering became doubly irksome by K——'s legs failing, so far as to be scarcely able to sustain the weight of his body. For five or six wearisome miles we had to support him, one on each side, until, to our great joy, we perceived a light, and, entering a village, found comfortable lodgings. After having rubbed his legs and feet well with soft soap and brandy, and giving him something warm, we put him in bed, where he soon fell asleep. Dacres and I had been in the habit of rubbing our own almost every night, which never swelled to inconvenience us: whether or not that

prevented them, I cannot tell. Poor K—— was always too much fatigued to do any thing more than eat his supper.

Next day he was very stiff, and walked worse than ever; in fact, his system was almost worn out. It was painful to force him along; but what could be done? two or three days more would see us either in safety or in a Bavarian prison; our liberty was at stake, and our funds fast decreasing. We led and coaxed him along until two, P.M.; and as it had rained incessantly all day, we took up our quarters, and let him rest until next morning, when he was some little recruited. All was still right about him; he had no ailment beyond sheer, downright fatigue.

After taking our accustomed morning's allowance, a glass of brandy and a piece of bread, we again set out, K—— walking much better than on the previous day. At ten we came in sight of Wasserburg, the last fortified town in the Bavarian dominions that we had to skirt, and which cost us much more trouble than any that we had before passed; but the knowledge that there was no other to interrupt our progress gave us fresh spirits. Coming within three miles of it, we turned off the road to a swampy marsh, where we sunk up to the ankles, and often to the knees, in snow, water, and mud, at almost every step. Twice was K—— bog-foundered, and twice we had to pull him out; and ill as he was, we could scarcely help smiling to see the way he floundered. "This," said he, "will most certainly be my last day's journey, for I am sure I shall have my legs broken before I get across this place." He

was an unfortunate fellow ; if there was a hole, he was sure to get into it. After hours of toil, we reached the further end of the low ground, when a difficulty of an opposite character presented itself to our unfortunate companion, in the shape of a very high hill, which he ascended with great pain. Having reached the summit, we came to a large deserted convent, which we passed through without scarcely turning our eyes to regard the venerable ruin ; then descending a very high flight of steps, we regained the plain near to the river Inn, following the course of which, in a little while we came up to three poor, miserable-looking men, loading a boat with faggots. This was most opportune : we asked them to put us across, which they did in a minute, for the small sum of three farthings each ; and as we could be generous at a trifling expense, we doubled it, and, for our liberality, received their good wishes and thanks. K—— was now nearly exhausted, and well he might be, for the exertion had been painfully severe ; however, it was not long before we regained the road, after six hours of incessant toil. Hungry and weary, we turned into the first house, quite prepared to devour any thing that might be set before us.

K——, after having been seated a little time, and growing stiff as he cooled, in order to prevail upon us to remain there all night, put in requisition all his eloquence ; and truly he spoke most piteously, when describing his feelings, and his inability to proceed. Under ordinary circumstances, he would have gained his point ; but in our then situation

there was so much at stake, that we could not pay that attention to his moving appeal which the case required. Having been told that there was a post-house about seven miles distant, situated on the border of the kingdom, we were determined to let nothing prevent us from sleeping there that could by possibility be overcome, in order that we might have the whole of the next day to elude the Bavarian outposts. Therefore, after having dined, and given him about an hour and a half to rest, we, in our turn, tried our power of persuasion to encourage him to make a last effort, cheering him up by saying that in twenty-four hours more we should, in all probability, be in safety, when we would stay by him until he was recruited. He made the effort, and had only proceeded a few yards, when he dropped, nature being exhausted. "Now," said he, "you may either stay by me, or leave me, for I am unable to move another step. A sledge coming by at the moment, we asked the driver if he would give an unfortunate, worn-out fellow a ride. He replied, "I will give you all one." We lifted him upon it, sat down beside him, and at eight o'clock arrived at the post-house.

The landlord received us in a civil manner, without asking a question. He showed much feeling to K——, administering to his wants as far as his house afforded, and then showed him to a pretty good bed. After which, Dacres and I commenced pumping our host, to find out how the frontier was guarded, and if there was much difficulty in eluding

the police. From all we could gather from him, it would be a desperate undertaking. Finding him communicative and obliging, and having in numerous instances experienced that we gained friends wherever we made ourselves known, we thought it would be the safer plan to do the same in this instance; therefore told him at once what we were, and asked his advice, which would be the best manner of passing the barrier. He recommended our taking one of his vehicles, to put a bold face upon the matter, and it was more than probable that we should be allowed to pass. Having concluded to follow his advice, we went to bed, rose early in the morning, gave ourselves an extra polish, stepped into the body of a carriage placed upon a sledge, and off we drove, with hearts not quite so much at ease as our superior mode of travelling indicated.

We soon entered a small town, which caused us much uneasiness, but, as we passed on, our fears subsided, and we were anticipating the delight of soon being in the Austrian territory, when the chaise stopped. One of us called out to the driver, "Why do you stop?" "The Police-office, Sir." What our feelings were then I cannot describe. We had only a moment to summon up our courage, and exhort each other to assume an air of unconcern, when the door was opened, and our passports demanded in an authoritative manner that did not tend to cheer our courage. We replied that we had none. "Then," said the man gruffly, "you must alight," which we did, and were shown into a large room

where three genteel-looking men were sitting, one of whom spoke French, and the following dialogue ensued:—

“Your passports, gentlemen?”

“We have not any.”

“How then did you get here?”

“As you see.”

“What are you?”

“Americans, coming from Barcelona. In consequence of the commotions in Spain, all our country vessels had left, and we had no other way of reaching home, but by Trieste, where we are going.”

“Had you never any passports?”

“We had in France; but as we were crossing the Rhine, we threw them into it, presuming they were no longer of use.”

“But how did you get here?”

“Very well; when we happened to be questioned at a barrier, we replied we were Americans, and no more was said.”

“Well, it is the most astonishing thing I ever knew, to travel thus far without passports. Did you come through Munich?”

“Yes.”

“And saw the Director of Police?”

“Yes.”

“What did he say to you?”

“Nothing, besides asking a few common-place questions.”

“How did it happen that he did not give you passports?”

“We did not ask them, not thinking them requisite.”

"I am astonished ! Have you any thing to shew that you are Americans ?"

[Here we produced a fabricated letter, which we had the precaution to write at Bitche, dated New York, and directed to Barcelona, requesting us to return home by the very first opportunity ; this we put into his hand with much *nonchalance*. He looked it over, and said, "I do not understand English." It was then read in French to him, and his particular attention was called to the words "Barcelona" on the outside, and "New York" on the inside, upon which he made no remark.]

"Have you travelled post all the way through Bavaria ?"

"Yes ; all the way."

"Where are your turnpike tickets ?" This was a poser ; but one of us quickly answered,

"Not expecting that they would ever be inquired for, we invariably tore them and threw them out at the window."

"I am astonished ! lost in amazement ! that you could not only get here without a passport, but that you were suffered to leave Munich without one." Then, after consulting with the other two, and making a short calculation with his pen, he said, "However, believing you to be what you represent yourselves, we shall not detain you ; but as you have been so improvident as to destroy your turnpike-tickets, you will have to pay the whole over again (about 25s.) ; and take my word for it, that, although we let you pass our barrier, the Austrians will not let you enter theirs." We thanked him for

his politeness, and expressed much sorrow at his information, saying it would be a grievous disappointment, as we had no other way of regaining our native country. Then, paying the money, we made one of our best bows and retired, elated with joy so contrary to expectation, that we could scarcely contain ourselves.

It was well for us that not a muscle of our faces, nor a limb of our bodies shewed emotion or agitation, neither did our tongues once falter; also that K— was so far recovered as to speak with energy. Their reason for not detaining us must remain a mystery. The improbable tale of crossing the Rhine; of going through Munich, so far out of the direct way, whence we pretended to have come; the entering in and going out of that city *en poste* without a passport; the destroying our turnpike-tickets; our weather-beaten countenances; our hats, our linen, our clothes, our shoes—in fact, our *tout ensemble* was that of vagrants—and yet that they should have let us pass, is one of those things which sometimes happens that cannot be accounted for; and which gives encouragement in desperate cases to persevere even against hope.

It may be thought that we acted imprudently in thus openly exposing ourselves to such a scrutiny; and perhaps we might have condemned ourselves for taking the landlord's advice, if we had been unsuccessful. But we were not so. In every undertaking it is the success that stamps the achievement with *éclat*, not the means by which it is achieved; that is only canvassed in case of failure; for "it has always

been the practice of mankind to judge of actions by the event."

Proceeding onwards, talking over and congratulating ourselves on the success of our stratagem—supposing that we had overcome all obstacles—we were again alarmed by another stoppage; but this was soon removed, no other demand being made than for the turnpike-ticket, *which, in this instance, had not been torn*. A few minutes after, we passed, on the right hand side of the road, the Bavarian Arms painted on a large board, and a few yards further, on the left, the Austrian Arms, painted in like manner; we saw no natural boundary.

On arriving at the guard-house we jumped out of the carriage and declared ourselves Englishmen, come to seek the protection of the Austrian government, which we knew to be on friendly terms with our own. The officer received us politely; said he would not throw any obstacle in our way; but that it was his duty to send a guard on with us to Traunstein, a small town, all the houses of which are built of wood. Here we were examined, our names taken down, and our guards relieved by others. And here we paid off our postillion, who burst into a fit of laughter on being told how we had deceived the Bavarian police; he seemed, by his outward manner, to enjoy the imposition practised on his countrymen, even more than we did ourselves.

At eight P. M., after a toilsome and harassing march of twenty-two days, through by-ways and hedges, beset by enemies on every side, exposed to the inclemency of a severe winter, and all the painful

consequences attendant on light purses, our guards delivered us up at the police-office at Saltzburg, where we were soon ushered into the presence of the Director, a worthy, affable old gentleman. After asking a number of questions, and being satisfied that we were what we represented ourselves, he sent an officer with us to an inn, desiring us to keep quiet, not to go out, nor tell any one what we were, and he would send for us the following morning. On entering the inn, to our great astonishment, we saw our two fellow-prisoners who had deserted us at Bitche. They had obtained passports at Wurtzburg, and travelled post most of the way ; yet had only arrived the night before.

The Director sent for us according to his promise ; and, after paying the bill for lodging and breakfast, which took our last sixpence, we went to his office, where he told us he did not think it advisable to give us passports as Englishmen, for two reasons : first, because every thing was not arranged between Austria and Great Britain ; and second, because the French were daily expected to pay them another visit ; and if it should be discovered that he had been aiding Englishmen to escape, it might be attended with unpleasant consequences ; but he would give us passports as Americans, which should be ready in the afternoon.

CHAPTER IX.

OBTAIN PASSPORTS FOR TRIESTE.—DEPARTURE FROM SALZBURG.
TREATMENT OF AUSTRIAN DESERTERS.—IMPRISONED AT LAY-
BACH.—ARRIVAL AT TRIESTE—AT MALTA.

DACRES and I then went round to some of the principal merchants in the place, to try if we could obtain money for a bill on England. This we found more difficult to accomplish than breaking out of prison. Our spirits were once elated by a clerk telling us he was sure his master would grant our request, if we would call again presently: we did so; but instead of giving us a few pounds in exchange for a bill, as we were led to expect, he, to our great mortification, threw us a florin upon the counter, which we—no little piqued at being taken for beggars—threw back again. After asking several more, one told us in plain French that he was sure there was not a man in Salzburg would take our bill for a farthing.

I then endeavoured to sell my watch, with the chain, seal, and key, all of gold. The watchmakers took out the works, which they valued at nothing, and weighing the cases, none of them offered more than four pounds. This, for the present, I determined not to take, trusting that something better might, in the course of the day, turn up.

In the mean time K——, who had been left at the inn, had entered into conversation with an Austrian General of Engineers, and finding that he took much interest in what he said, turned it to advantage,—a thing in which he was generally *au fait*. He told a “moving tale,” described the dangers attendant on our escape; that we had descended walls frightful to behold—as witness his hands—at the risk of being killed by falling, or by a ball from the sentinels’ muskets; that we had left one of our party in the ditch with his leg broken; that we had subjected ourselves, if taken, to irons, to dungeons, and even to the galleys; that by day we had lain in the woods in France till almost frozen; that we had stolen through Baden, Wurtemberg, and Bavaria like felons, fearful of encountering the face of man; the trouble it had cost us to compass the towns that lay in our route; that he himself had been by fatigue worn down to the miserable object he now appeared; that after surmounting all obstacles we found ourselves penniless in a strange, though friendly land (giving him a hint, at the same time, of the respectability of his family, no bad travelling passport); that one of his party had just gone out to sell a watch, upon which he set great value, because it had been handed down in the family from generation to generation from the time of the Conquest or before, and that we had no other way of raising the wind. The General replied, that it was a great pity that we should, after all our sufferings, be reduced to such a dilemma. “I venerate Englishmen,” said he, “and if to-day I can render them a service, it

will afford me pleasure ; my funds, I am sorry to say, are not abundant ; I, as a good subject ought to do, have expended much of my fortune in raising troops for the defence of my country ; we are again on the eve of war, and though justice and honour favour our cause, I look forward to the issue of the contest with anxiety : we may be conquered, but it will not be by bravery—we can be overcome only by numbers or stratagem ; and if my country should fall, I shall reserve a pistol for myself, for General —— shall never be the slave of Frenchmen.”

He then went out, saying he would return immediately ; and soon after Dacres and I had entered the inn, he came ;—luckily he expressed no desire to see the ancient relic, for there would have been a discrepancy between it and K——’s tale ;—and offered us sixty-five florins (about seven pounds sterling), making a number of apologies for the smallness of the sum. We told him we could not think of accepting his generous offer unless he would inform us how to repay it in England, or give us the name of a house in Trieste, where we could lodge the amount. He hesitated for some time, until seeing us determined, he told us the name of a person in the latter place who would receive it for him ; and, after wishing us safely among our friends, left us.

We allowed K—— to keep forty florins, and went with him to take a place in the diligence, which was to set out the following night for Trieste ; and after having written to our friends at Bitche, under cover to a lady at Verdun, giving them, for their instruction, a particular account of all our proceedings,

we went to the police-office, where we found our passports ready. The worthy Director, in handing them to us, asked the state of our pockets? Dacres and I replied, that we had plenty of money for seven days, the time we gave ourselves to reach Trieste. He said it was not possible for us to accomplish it on foot in the time; he had never known an instance of it; whenever it was performed in ten days it was reckoned a harassing march. He showed us a map of the country; pointed out the stupendous mountains that we should have to cross; the difficulties and dangers of some of the passes; and last, though not the least, the great distance, being two hundred and eighty miles; and he advised us to consider seriously before we undertook the journey, for he was certain we should be disappointed. We told him how much we felt obliged for his advice, and the interest he took in our welfare; but that all the obstacles he had placed before us had not shaken our resolution. Seeing our determination, he offered us a few florins, which we, being persuaded we had money enough to see us to Trieste, respectfully declined accepting,—having no way of repaying his generosity.—He shook his head, and hoped we should find it so.

At the police-office door, as the sun was setting, Dacres and I bade adieu to K——, no longer having his infirmities to impede us; and both being in good marching condition, with light hearts and buoyant spirits, we commenced our journey, confident that we should complete it in the given time. After walking three or four leagues, we put up at a

house in a small town, and had no sooner entered, than the landlord brought us a book to put down our names, which instead of doing, we began to turn back the leaves, to see if we could find the names of any acquaintances that had preceded us. He thought this a strange proceeding, and, taking us for suspicious characters, gave a wink to some one standing by, and immediately we were surrounded with police-officers, who, finding our passports fresh from the mint, appeared satisfied; but it seemed they were not, for before we retired to rest, they were examined three times more by different officers.

The next day we walked some miles on a narrow road; on our right was a ravine two or three hundred yards deep, with a river running at the bottom, and on our left a mountain, the side of which was nearly perpendicular, and three or four times as many yards high as the valley was deep. In places, there was barely sufficient room for two carriages to pass, and neither rail, nor wall, nor any thing else to guard the precipice, though generally within a few yards of the wheel-ruts: the lives of all who rode that way depended upon the skill of the driver and the steadiness of the horses.

The country was covered with snow, and in those parts of the valleys where the sun at that season never shone, the cold was intense: we were occasionally fearful of losing our ears and noses; and, to make things worse, we found ourselves amongst an inhospitable people, that, although travelling openly and with passports, never treated us with

any thing like the civility we had experienced in Wurtemberg and Bavaria: there we always found good beds, a clean house, and a hearty welcome; here, seldom any thing but straw, filthy houses, hoggishness, and females—an exception to their sex—unkind. The second night we stopped at a house where a convoy of wagons was standing at the door; and, on entering it, sat down at a large table among the wagoners. After supper, we were anxious to retire, and asked repeatedly for a bed. “Directly it will be ready;” “by-and-by,” were the replies. We began to think it doubtful if we should have one at all; at last in came five or six men with large bundles of straw, which they spread along one side of the room in which we had supped; they were soon followed by the wagoners, who, having littered down their horses, came now to be littered down themselves: and we were told there was our bed. We were a little nettled at the treatment, but finding remonstrance useless, we took possession of one corner, and slept soundly. There was one advantage attending even this mode of lodging: our bedfellows rose about four o’clock, which caused us to awake and be stirring at the same time; then, drinking a glass of brandy and taking a large slice of bread in our hands, which was our usual practice, we could walk three or four leagues comfortably before breakfast. Our diet was chiefly bread, milk, eggs, and wine; meat we found very scarce, and by day never once waited to have a bit cooked,—our united stoppages from morning to night never exceeded one hour and a half.

The third day we arrived at Villach, where we had our passports endorsed; and, as we supposed we were progressing rather beyond our anticipations, we left a few florins at the *Bureau* for K—, thinking in his weakly condition he might be short. While waiting there we had an opportunity of witnessing the savage manner in which the Austrians treated the deserters from their army, in the persons of two unfortunates whom we saw brought in, having the wrist of one fettered to the ankle of the other by a chain, compared to which the chains we had been fettered with in France were silken bands. Here we turned off the main road and passed over a wild, dreary, thinly-populated country, with only a few villages scattered along the valleys. The bold, majestic scenery by which we were surrounded excited our astonishment and admiration, mingled with dread. Its appearance in our forlorn state was appalling. The lofty mountains we had to climb by steep paths; the going over the passes on the summits; running along the sides of ravines fearful to look down; all nature clothed in white, save the noisy river that was dashing among the rocks at the bottom; the piercing cold; the steep descents; in short, the whole that we had to encounter, gave us convincing proof that our friend the Director at Salzburg had not exaggerated the dangerous, toilsome path that lay before us.

Where we put up on the evening of the fourth day, we were told that we had not made half our distance. This startled us, as our cash was half expended; and although we were aware that we

scarcely ever received correct information, it caused us to move the next morning earlier than usual. When good daylight appeared, I asked Dacres to pull out the passport, in order that we might see if we were in the appointed route. He examined his pockets, turned them inside out, pulled off his coat and waistcoat, but no passport was to be found. "Now," said I to him, "you see the predicament your carelessness has brought us into ; if you would have allowed me to carry it, as I often requested, all would have been right ; nevertheless, it is useless complaining. Let us retrace our steps as quickly as possible ; the nearer we draw to Villach before we are taken up, the less distance we shall have to walk, in the galling manner of the Austrian deserters." After tormenting him till he was almost frantic, I produced the passport, which I accidentally found among the straw while dressing.

This was the most harassing day's march we had hitherto experienced, and we fared worse than we had fared any day since we crossed the Rhine ; through the whole course of it we could not procure any thing more than five eggs each and a little black bread, upon which short allowance we walked upwards of fifty miles. Just at dusk, having completed the number of leagues apportioned to the day, we entered a house, showed the woman our passport, and asked if we could sleep there ; she answered in the affirmative, but shortly afterwards changed her mind, and told us to go on a little further, where we should find a better lodging. We soon came to the house she recommended, the landlord of which told

us we might remain there all night, and sup with his servants when they came in from their work ; but he, like his hard-hearted country-woman, ere we had been ten minutes in his house, told us, very unceremoniously, to move onwards—that we should find a village a little quarter of a league distant—verifying the truth of Goldsmith's lines,

“The rude Carinthian boor
Against the houseless stranger shuts the door;”

—this, to our feet and stomachs, was hard treatment, for we had before experienced the length of what those boors called a little quarter of a league. However, we had no remedy, save patience and perseverance. We walked mile after mile without seeing a house or any living thing: it would then have been music to our ears if we could only have heard a dog bark. To make things worse, my shoe heels came down ; and at last we were so jaded, that even our tongues lay listless, as if unable to move, for we walked miles without exchanging a word. About eleven o'clock we saw a light,

“Welcome to us, as to a sinking mariner
The lucky plank that bears him to the shore.”

After having walked four good English leagues, we came to a village, and, entering a door that happened to be open, found ourselves in a clean, comfortable room, hung round with pictures, and a respectable-looking man and woman sitting before the fire. “This is too fine for us,” we said to each other, “we shall have again to move onward ; however, as we are in, we will wait until we are turned

out." The man eyed us for some time, and then asked us, in French, if we had passports, and what we were. We told him we had, and that we were Englishmen. "Englishmen!" said he; "why I had four of them in my house a few weeks ago. Do you know Doctor Porteuse?" We replied, we did, and that we were two of a party of twelve who escaped with him, but had had the misfortune to be retaken. "O, then," said he, "sit down, and we will do our best for you."

While supper was preparing, and we were rubbing our legs and feet, he told us that he had been head-waiter at the first inn at Laybach; that he knew Lord Nelson, Lady Hamilton, and a number more of the English nobility. In a short time the good woman brought in some veal cutlets and pancakes, to which we did justice. We were then shown into a clean room, in which were two beds; but the state of the bedding was not equal to the outward appearance; it was not merely damp, but approaching to wet: fortunately, our skins having become moisture proof, we felt no bad effects from it, but rose at daylight quite refreshed. We were then near to Laybach, in a pleasant, level country, clear of snow; and at eight o'clock entered that town. A surly-looking fellow demanded our passports, which having read, he said, "You cannot be Americans; they are all black, and cannot speak German." We laughed at the man, and complimented him on his sagacity, saying, we were Englishmen. "Englishmen, are you?" said he, "and travelling as Americans; but I must know more about you before I suffer

you to pass;" and, without further ceremony, locked us up, and detained us for two hours, until a guard came to take us to the Director of Police, whom we found a gentlemanly, silver-headed old man. He made several apologies for our detention; said he was well aware why we travelled under a false denomination, and told us we were at liberty to proceed.

Soon after, we overtook an Austrian sergeant on his way to Trieste. While taking some wine with him, he gave us a piece of information of which we were before ignorant—that hard money was worth considerably more than paper money. We had frequently observed that we had had more change returned than we thought ourselves entitled to, but, as it was in our favour, we had not corrected what we had supposed to be a mistake. However, we discovered that we ourselves had generally been cheated. He offered, if we would accompany him, to show us a much nearer way; but when he told us it would take him three more days, we left him. This part of the country was swarming with troops, and every officer we met asked to see our passport. In the course of the day, we passed at a little distance from where a number of cavalry were exercising, and immediately afterwards turned off the road, which was no sooner observed than half-a-dozen dragoons galloped after us, flourishing their sabres, as if they intended to cut us down before asking what we were. On showing our passport, they became civil, and suffered us to proceed.

Hitherto we had been able to make ourselves

understood ; but as we advanced into the Duchy of Carniola, we found ourselves bewildered, for we could neither understand the peasantry, nor they us. The sixth night we slept in a hovel in a small village ; but even this had its police-officer. We had but just taken possession of our straw when he came with the old demand, " Your passports." After him came in four vagrants, who drank, sang, and vociferated all night, as if to keep us awake ; and it had that effect, for we could not close our eyes. We therefore took our departure long before daylight ; and as we intended to take up our next quarters at Trieste, we anticipated a harassing march, being in bad condition for it, owing to the want of rest, and our usual morning's allowance of bread and brandy, which the house could not furnish. This was the first time I had to complain of my feet, the soles of which burned like a coal, caused by the sorry state of my shoes. Our legs had swelled for a day or two, but were then quite recovered. Had our shoes not failed, and the lodging been quiet, we should have been just as fresh as when we started, and well able to go the distance over again ; our feet had never blistered, our bodies had not suffered in the least, neither had we lost much flesh.

At eight we passed through a small town, and were not ashamed to stop at a standing where we saw drams and cakes to be sold. Each drank a good glass, and, taking some cakes in our hands, proceeded onward. We were much tantalized by the different reports given us of the distance ; at last, about ten o'clock, we met an intelligent man,

who assured us we had only five or six more leagues to go. This welcome news, coming upon a full stomach, put us again in good walking trim; and we had need of some stimulant, for it was a most disagreeable, bleak, cold day, the wind blowing hard from the north, sending up one continued cloud of dust, as if to put the finishing stroke to our wretched appearance.

At two, the road beginning to show symptoms of proximity to a large town, we turned into a house to brush off some of the dust in which we were enveloped; we also shaved and washed—operations that had latterly been dispensed with. Still we were the same vagrant-looking characters as before. Our complexions were of a dirty brown; the crowns of our hats irregularly indented,—the brims neither horizontal nor perpendicular, but curiously bent. Our hair, which had grown long and thick, hung dangling down according to its own fancy; our shirts were any colour but white, not having been off our backs for seventeen days; our pantaloons, originally blue, had taken a good standing mud colour; our stockings were indescribable, the greater part of them having vanished long before; our shoes were tied to our feet, and our gaiters, matching them in colour, lay in negligent folds around our ankles; my coat was a little exception to the other part of our dress, still preserving some little indication of having seen better days; it was of the best French broad cloth, and did the manufacturer credit, having braved all my hardships since I left Verdun.

At three o'clock we were amply remunerated for

all our toil by the pleasure of once more beholding our native element, and the town of Trieste, about five miles beneath our feet. Thus, after a tedious march of thirty days, with only one day's halt during that period, we sat down for a little while to contemplate the beauty of the shipping lying in the road. But I did not feel all that pleasurable sensation that the end of our toil warranted. It had been too long in anticipation, to call forth that ecstasy of delight which sudden and unexpected deliverance imparts; such as getting safely past the man at Biberach, and stepping again into the carriage on the Bavarian frontier. And I think general experience will bear me out in asserting, that there are more pleasurable sensations in the anticipation of attaining any difficult object, than in the enjoyment, especially after we have been any time accustomed to it; for we had then been in safety eight days. After having admired the prospect for a few minutes, we proceeded, with light hearts, "Down the hill to Trieste," (a common saying, when we were prisoners.) The road was covered with wagons and carts, laden with colonial produce (the port having been just opened for its reception), most of the former being drawn, some with nineteen, some with twenty horses; from which circumstance, an idea may be formed of the steepness of the ascent.

At five we entered the town, having completed the march from Salzburg about one hour under the seven days that we allowed ourselves for the undertaking; and, by our computation, had gone over at least two hundred and eighty miles of a road as

mountainous, as jading to the human frame, and under as trying circumstances as could well be imagined.

Instead of bridling our appetites until we had seen the British Consul, we gave way to the cravings of hunger; and, entering the first eating-house we came to, ordered the best dinner that the residue of our funds could command. Our last farthing being spent, we sallied out to seek him, resting assured of obtaining a fresh supply of cash. After finding the house, we were informed he had gone out; then, sauntering about for nearly two hours, we called again; when, to our great disappointment, he was gone into the country to sleep. And where were we to sleep? was then the question; to solve which we asked to see his lady (an Italian); we made known our poverty, and the prospect we had of lying all night in the street. "O," said she, "go to the inns and make use of my name, and one or other of them will be sure to give you a lodging." We did go, and were refused admittance by all; and no wonder—our miserable appearance did not entitle us to expect any other treatment.

Here, then, in the midst of a populous city, we found ourselves quite as forlorn as we did in the dreary night's march in the Duchy of Carinthia, and were almost as badly tired. However, it served to add one more to the numerous hardships previously endured. We rambled about the streets until past ten o'clock, seeking for shelter in any sort of a building that had a roof to it; but, not being able to find one, as a last resource, we entered a poor-looking

public house, where I pawned my watch for a bed ; but the fellow would not allow us to take possession unless we ordered a supper, which we did, though we were more disposed to sleep than to eat.

In the morning we were gratified by meeting with K——, who had arrived about the same time as ourselves, quite recovered, and in good spirits ; travelling by coach having suited his constitution much better than travelling on foot. He told us he had seen the French Ambassador, General Andreossi, pass through Saltzburg, having quitted the court of Vienna, so that we had only just saved our distance ; for, had the French army arrived on the frontiers of Austria before us, we should, in all probability, have had to pay a third visit to Bitché. He also told us that he had received the money we left for him at Villach, which he found very seasonable.

Going again to the Consul's, we found him at home. He received us kindly, and said that all he could do for us was, to take our bills for as much money as would see us comfortably home : he had no power to act officially, matters not being fully arranged between the two governments, otherwise we should have been entitled to half-a-crown a day marching money, and a free passage home.

Having redeemed my watch, and deposited the money due to our good friend, the Austrian general, we went to look out for a vessel to carry us down the Mediterranean, and were fortunate in finding an Austrian brig, all ready for Malta, not waiting a wind, but waiting until as fine a gale as could blow

should moderate. We secured a passage, and then selected out of a shop of ready-made articles a suit of new clothing; and, indeed, we stood in need of it, finding ourselves in that condition in which people generally are who have empty wardrobes. In three days the gale lulled sufficiently to tempt the Austrian sailors to take advantage of it, and we had the delight of finding ourselves once more afloat, all in good health, having been joined again by our two former companions. On the twentieth day we saw the island of Malta; but our joy was not to be compared, judging by outward demonstration, to that of the sailors, for if they had been as many months out of the sight of land as they had been days, they could not have shown more. In a few hours we were on British ground, and, finding a convoy ready to sail for England, we hastened up to the Governor, to obtain a passage in a man-of-war.

CHAPTER X.

DEPARTURE FROM MALTA.—ARRIVAL AT GIBRALTAR.—LAND AT
PLYMOUTH.—MEET CECIL.—ARRIVAL AT LIVERPOOL.

SIR ALEXANDER BALL received us in a kind, gentlemanly manner, asking a number of questions ; then turning to Dacres and B—— (both midshipmen), said, "I shall provide for you, gentlemen ; but as for the others, I am sorry it is not in my power to comply with their request." K—— and I begged of him to consider how wretched would be our state, if we were again captured ; that having escaped after two unsuccessful attempts, there would be nothing before us but dungeons and close confinement, and enumerated all the hardships we had encountered to regain our liberty ; but we could not prevail. Therefore we had no choice but to risk ourselves in a merchant-ship, and K—— and I hastened to see if our application to any of the masters would be more fortunate. We soon succeeded ; Mr. Fletcher, commanding the ship Fletcher, of Liverpool, consented at once to take us on board. The following morning but one, on our way down to the ship, we accidentally met Dacres, who asked where we were going. We told him. "Why," said he, "I am just come from head-quarters, and saw lying on the table an order for you both to go

on board the Lucifer bomb. I have been appointed acting lieutenant to the Nettuno, and the other two are on board the Sabrina."

Rejoiced to hear that the worthy Governor had reconsidered our case, we hastened to receive the order, and present ourselves on board H.M.S. Lucifer, where we met with a cordial reception. She was then getting under way with two brigs of war, and we were soon proudly gliding through the magnificent harbour of Malta, with about forty sail of merchantmen in our train.

When the bustle of getting under way was over, we were introduced into the ward-room, where we presently found ourselves at home, receiving every mark of kindness from the officers, even to the use of their wardrobes. Captain Hall also showed us every attention, and invited us in turn to his table.

Our journeying by water was no more free from perils than it had been by land: we met with a succession of gales, and, in one heavier than the rest, lost the convoy; when it moderated, we picked up a dismasted straggler, and towed her into Sardinia, whence we sailed, after receiving on board a messenger from that court, but had only been out twenty-four hours when the weather forced us to return. In two days more the wind veered in our favour, and we bade the island a final adieu.

While the wounds in K——'s hands, occasioned by sliding down the rope, were healing, the fingers on the right contracted so much, that he could never afterwards straighten them; which the surgeon of the Lucifer observing, remarked, that if he

would allow him to make three incisions across them, and let the hand be bandaged straight out upon a splint until they were healed, they would not, in all probability, contract again. K—— consented to the operation, and, after suffering much pain, they were not a whit better, but continued so tender, that he had difficulty in getting up the ship's side.

One evening, by a most strange coincidence, in the middle of the Mediterranean Sea, the account he had given of his family connexion was about being put to the test by a sail appearing to windward. She soon made her signal, when the captain called K—— to him, and said, "Yonder is your relative, M——'s ship; would you like me to inform him you are here?" He replied in the affirmative; and in a very short time her boat was on board with an invitation for K—— to visit the *Alceste* frigate, where he was received in a friendly manner, and presented with half a dozen changes of linen and twenty guineas.

On the evening of the twenty-fifth day after leaving Malta, we passed through the convoy, of which we had before been one of its guardians; and at daylight, next morning, the wind blowing hard from the westward, with drizzling rain, found ourselves close in to Ceuta. Fortunately, we just fetched into the Bay of Gibraltar, and had scarcely anchored when the gale increased almost to a hurricane. Here we lay windbound sixteen days; still we were much more favoured than any other vessel of the convoy, for not one of them had arrived when we sailed. The

Lucifer then touched at Cadiz, and, after a passage of seventeen days, arrived at Plymouth.

Here we met with an impediment almost as annoying to us as any that had hitherto opposed our progress; this was a five days' quarantine, which appeared to us as long as those we had passed in the wood near Verdun; but, like all other disagreeables, it vanished away, and we were liberated.

On the 25th of May, 1809, after an absence of six years, five and a quarter of which I had passed in confinement, and having been three months and eighteen days traversing upwards of four thousand miles to obtain my liberty, I had the happiness of being put on shore on my native land.

Having thanked the captain and officers for their great kindness, paid my share of the mess, and taken leave of K—, whom I left with a relation he met with in Plymouth, I set off for London. At the entrance of the town I mounted upon the outside of the coach, thinking I might perhaps see the face of some old acquaintance; to my great joy, passing through one of the streets, I espied Cecil, and, leaping off the coach, I gave him a slap on the shoulder which almost brought him to the ground; he turned, and, between the nature of the salute, the surprise at the unexpected meeting, and the weakness of his frame (being just recovered from a dangerous illness), he had scarcely strength to shake me by the hand. We spent the evening together, talking over old times, the dangers we had encountered, and the hair-breadth escapes we had had since parting. He had been made

lieutenant soon after his arrival at home, and had since served under Captain Stackpole, with whom he had passed an uncomfortable time; this, together with the unhealthiness of the climate where the ship had been stationed, had preyed upon his constitution, which, at the best, was sickly. These things, together with disappointed hopes of future prospects, depressed his spirits: still, he bore them like a man, but, like a man, he felt them. The following day I set out for Liverpool, and we separated, as time hath shown, for ever. I learnt that Cecil, afterwards, in an accidental conversation with a naval officer, replied, in an unguarded manner, to an anecdote which that officer related of Captain Stackpole, "We must make some little allowance on that subject, for he now and then pulls a long bow." They parted, and Cecil thought no more of what had passed. But, upwards of four years after, going into Port Royal, Jamaica, in the *Argo*, of which he was first lieutenant, it happened that Captain Stackpole was lying there in the *Statura*; and immediately, Cecil, to his great surprise, received a message from him, that he must either apologise or give him satisfaction. On being told the cause, he recollected the circumstance, and, thinking an apology due, did not hesitate to make one; the vindictive Captain, however, deeming it not sufficiently public, demanded a written one; to which Cecil replied, that if any other officer in his Majesty's navy had required it, he would not have objected, but to him it was impossible. The con-

sequence was, a meeting the following morning, when the Captain fell.

How wretched is the state of society, which, in such cases, gives a person, however high his sense of honour, no choice, but either against his better judgment to run the risk of sending a fellow-creature, to whom he bears no enmity, into the presence of his Maker—running the risk of being sent thither himself—or, by contumelious behaviour, being forced to quit the service! Poor Cecil felt his painful situation. He had made an apology suitable to the offence—if he had done more, it might have been attributed to the fear of meeting this professed duellist, this reputed good shot; and the dread of being taunted and shunned as a coward urged him to the fatal act. He wrote me afterwards all the particulars.

That he behaved honourably, in the strictest sense of the word, as it is understood by his fellow-men, was fully proved by his speedy promotion to the rank of commander, and his being sent to one of the most lucrative stations in the appointment of the Admiral. But even these flattering testimonials could not reconcile his sensitive heart to the sad deed. The idea that he had not only taken away the life of a fellow-creature, but that he had, in so doing, offended against his Creator, preyed upon his mind; and the consequent remorse, aided by the unhealthiness of the climate, soon brought him to a premature grave, an unwilling victim of compliance with an arbitrary custom. I have reason to think that the expression he used in Verdun, "These

may be the happiest days of our lives," proved true, so far as regarded himself. Leaving the deplorable transaction on record, as a warning to those who may impiously provoke another to a duel, I shall proceed with my narrative.

On my arrival at home, I found my friends prepared, in some measure, for my reception, having heard, in a circuitous way, the preceding evening, of my being safe in Germany. Barklimore had passed through Liverpool, on his way to Dublin, a few weeks previously, and reported how he had left me at Bitche; the day following, he called on his return, not having heard of me since we parted. On being introduced into the room where I was sitting, he lifted up his hands and eyes, and expressed his surprise in a French exclamation, which brought a smile from all present. And on the 7th of June I had the pleasure of hearing from my friend Boys, who arrived at Dover on the 10th of the previous month, had since been made lieutenant, and was already afloat. He had escaped from Valenciennes on the 16th of November, and in six days reached the coast, after which time he was wandering from place to place, or lying concealed, until the 8th of May, subject to the inclemency of a severe winter, and to all the painful vicissitudes attending the evasion of a most vigilant *gendarmérie* and coast-guard.

After being at home many months, I received a letter from K——, of which the following is an extract:—"I am happy to find you bear your disappointment (failing to obtain employment) with resignation. We have both had a lesson in philosophy, and of

late had sufficient occasion for exercising it. For my own part, ever since you left me at Plymouth, I have experienced nothing but a continued series of mortifications and disappointments ; and I can assure you, that the anxieties, dangers, and hardships attending our escape from France, were as nothing compared to what I have felt the little time that I have been in England. On my arrival in London, I found myself, from long absence, a complete stranger, and the reception I met with from my great friends (as you were in the habit of calling them) was the very reverse of what I expected. I soon found that I had nothing to hope for from that quarter, and that I stood alone, the very emblem of my country, poor, but proud. I made several unsuccessful attempts to get myself settled ; and at length, with no assistance but that of the *brass*, which is the natural portion of all Scotchmen, I procured a free marinership before any of my relations knew that I had applied for it. A former acquaintance, who is now a captain in the East India Company's service, has offered me a passage out, and I am promised letters of the strongest recommendation from some of the first houses in London to the first in Calcutta ; so that, after all, I set out with tolerable prospects. The escape of my friend Baird gave me great satisfaction, and is likely to prove of the greatest utility to me. He is fully aware of my circumstances, as well as of the expense attending an outfit for India, and has offered, in the most generous manner, to assist me to the extent of his ability. I am sorry it will not be in

my power to return to London your way; nothing would have given me greater pleasure; but I have promised to accompany Baird by the way of Edinburgh. We shall meet Barklimore in London; do try, my dear fellow, to make one of the party; it will be the only chance we shall have of meeting until I return a *Nabob*."—I had this chance; being called to London, I passed a few days with him and his friend Baird, when, the ship being ready for which I was waiting, I sailed for Rio Janeiro and Monte Video, and we saw each other no more.

In the course of a few years he was, as I have been informed, returning a nabob; but, as is generally the case in the debilitating climate of India, in attaining the pinnacle of his desire, he undermined his constitution; and near to that part of the ocean where he had been made a prisoner by his fellow-man, he was overtaken by the arch enemy, and consigned to that prison from which there is no escape.

Unlike poor K——, I found no change in my friends; but after months had rolled over my head, and I could obtain no employment, then, like him, I felt that being compelled to lead an inactive life, the body being free, was more irksome than chains and imprisonment. At length, to my great joy, through the help of a good friend, I obtained what I had so long sought after, employment in South America, where I succeeded, and returned in safety.

"Thus the tost seaman, after boisterous storms,
Lands on his country's breast."

Dacres, I believe, is dead; and I only, though no

more worthy than my companions, am still left in the land of the living.

After urgent and repeated solicitations from relatives and friends—a reason almost universally assigned for similar productions being offered to the public—I have been induced to publish the foregoing narrative; which is composed from notes, made immediately after my return from France, and what else my memory supplied at the time of writing. I have given a plain, unvarnished narrative of facts as they occurred, without amplification or embellishment. From this narrative, it must appear evident to the most cursory reader, what a thoughtless, reckless being I then was, wholly regardless of every thing but the passing moment, without a thought of futurity, the chief concern of man. My present views on this (should be) all-absorbing topic, it will, I hope, be generally admitted, form a happy contrast. What these views are may be seen in a work of mine, printed in 1835, entitled, “Rhantism versus Baptism,” to a perusal of which I respectfully invite my reader, as a subject of incomparably deeper interest, and of infinite moment.

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX, No. 1, p. 7.

THE American was bound to Guernsey, laden with brandy. A few nights after I went on board I was awoke by the cry, "The ship's on fire!" I ran upon deck, and saw the fire blazing up the fore- and main-mast; all was confusion, and nothing doing. How it was extinguished no one knew; but it ceased to burn. On inquiry, it was discovered that one of the men had bored a cask, and, holding the candle too near, the brandy ignited; when, instead of putting his finger on the hole, which would have extinguished the flame, he jumped upon deck and gave the alarm. I shuddered when I saw how narrow had been our escape; for upon the cask that had been bored was a quantity of shakings (loose rope yarns); had these taken fire, the result would have been awful. The small boat over the stern would not have carried half the crew; and an old cable being coiled in the long boat, would have prevented her being got out in time to save us.

APPENDIX, No. 2, p. 10.

My first encounter with the gang was in one of the streets of my native town, where I was hailed with the cry of "Halloo, my man, what are you?" and instantly seized by the neck. I replied, "I am an apprentice to

a ship-builder;" when one of them, very knowingly, put his hand to that part of my trowsers where I ought to have carried the necessary appendage of my assumed trade, and said, "Where's your rule?" "Why," I replied, "can't you see I have my best trowsers on, and we never have a side pocket in them; but, if you are at all doubtful whom you have got hold of, come with me to my master, who lives in this street; he will soon satisfy you." Thus I evaded them, and off they walked.

Another time, during my apprenticeship, when I was second mate, and the ship lying in Kingston, Jamaica, we shipped a deserter from one of the frigates then in Port Royal, a knowing fellow, whose first act was to contrive a place to hide himself, expecting to be sought for when we should have to pass the frigate in going out of the harbour. This I gave little heed to at the time; but, on entering the Irish Channel, I was glad to take advantage of the ingenuity of his contrivance. We had a tier of rum puncheons stowed in the steerage, leaving just height sufficient for our hammocks to swing. Upon the fore part of the casks the cables were coiled, nearly touching the deck, and against the fore end of these, and before the beam, he had left a space of about three feet, placing a bag of cotton athwart. One foggy morning, at the break of day, we found ourselves close to two seventy-fours, which, after ordering us to heave to, lowered their boats down, when the few men who were liable to be pressed (for the crew consisted chiefly of apprentices) flew to the hiding-place. The bag of cotton lay loose, and, by pushing one end forward, we were enabled to get behind it; when all had crept in, the bag was put into its place, against which we set our feet, and it became immoveable. We were scarcely stowed away, when the boat's crews jumped down; we heard them poking their

cutlasses into every hole and corner, but there was no way of reaching us but through the bag. After moving every thing which was moveable, and giving us many hearty curses, the officer said, "Come along, men, it is of no use staying here; the d—— himself could not find a man in such a lumbered hole as this."

Afterwards, when I was mate of a vessel, lying in the same harbour; all the men-of-war lying in Port Royal sent up their boats one afternoon for a general impressment. When the ship to which I belonged was boarded, the officer, finding only two boys and myself, which then comprised the whole of the crew, except the master, pressed me. I was taken on board the unfortunate *Hermione*, and there detained three days. Captain Pigott, being aware that he could not legally detain me, sent for me every day, to induce me to enter the service, promising to take me on the quarter-deck, and give me speedy promotion. Happily, I withstood the temptation, or I might have been murdered as an officer, or hung as a mutineer; for, some time afterwards, "while the ship was cruising off the west end of Porto Rico, and the people were reefing topsails, Captain Pigott called out, that he would flog the last man off the mizen topsail yard. The poor fellows, well knowing that he would keep his word, (and though the lot would naturally fall on the outermost, and consequently the most active,) each resolved, at any risk, to escape from punishment: two of them, who from their position could not reach the topmast rigging, made a spring to get over their comrades within them; they missed their hold, fell on the quarter-deck, and were both killed.' This being reported to the captain, he is said to have made answer, 'Throw the lubbers overboard.' In little more than twenty hours after this, a mutiny broke out. About ten

o'clock at night, the captain having gone to bed, the officer of the watch was surprised, knocked down, and murdered; the captain, hearing a noise, ran on deck, but was driven back with repeated wounds; seated in his cabin, he was stabbed by his coxswain and three other mutineers, and forced out of the cabin windows!—The other officers, except the master and mate, were butchered in the same manner. The mutineers, having taken possession, carried the ship into the Spanish port of La Guayra. Justice speedily overtook them; many were captured in Spanish vessels, or recognised in English ones, and brought to trial. It is supposed that nearly the whole of the crew suffered by the laws of their country." *

Another impressment scene I witnessed, when I was mate of a large armed ship. Running down on the north side of St. Domingo, we hove to just before dark; a frigate in-shore of us, and close under the land, which we did not see, observing our manœuvres, took us for a French cruiser, and about nine o'clock ran close alongside. After learning whence we came, and where we were bound, her captain, by his voice, appeared much disappointed, and in a violent passion said, "Send your master on board directly." The master, being a fighting man, was not easily intimidated; he replied, "I do not know who you are, and cannot think of committing such an imprudent act."—"Send your boat directly, Sir, or I will fire into you."—"I will not send my boat, but I will lie by you until morning." Then whiz came a shot between the masts, and my head mechanically sought the shelter of the waistcloth. The same command and refusal were repeated; when, seeing our skipper determined, down went

* Brenton's Naval History.

his boats; and down went all our Englishmen to hide themselves. We knew her to be British, from the celerity of her movements, and the stillness on board—not a sound being heard, save the captain's voice and the shrill pipe.

A lieutenant came on board.—“Where's the master?” he cried. “Go into the boat directly, Sir.” Then commenced a general ransacking; every thing fore and aft, above and below, were turned topsy-turvy; but not a man was to be found; chafed at the disappointment, they would go down with a light into the magazine, this I resisted, and in consequence was sent off in a hurry after the master; but was no sooner on the frigate's deck than I was sent in as great a hurry back again. The lieutenant, finding all his endeavours fruitless, and feeling mortified to return as he came, leaving a crew of forty, he seized a worthless lad, the gunner's son, and dragged him into the boat. The boy roared out lustily, and the lieutenant, taking advantage of his panic, obtained by this means what he had not been able to obtain by any other; he threatened, coaxed, and promised, until the lad informed, betraying his own father. Up jumped the boat's crews again—moved some coals upon the forecastle deck—took up a small scuttle, and caught sixteen as fine fellows as were ever taken at one haul. One still escaped, by slipping down a hole near to some iron pots, and turning one over his head. After the captain of the frigate had begun to cool, he confessed that he had been irritated by finding us English, having that day been painting the inside of his ship; and by knocking down the bulk heads, and clearing for action, all his handy work had been spoiled.

We were then left with only foreigners and boys, an easy prey to the numerous privateers and row-boats

which then infested that coast; for the captain of the frigate had not even the consideration, after depriving us of our protectors, to see us safe in, which would have been no inconvenience, for it would not have taken him off his cruising ground, we being but a short distance from the Mole, where we were bound.

But this was not to be our last meeting; for, afterwards, he made us some little recompence, being appointed to take charge of a fleet of merchantmen, to rendezvous at Cape Nichola Mole, where we returned after loading at Port-au-Prince. When the signal was made to weigh, the master and second mate were confined to their cots with the yellow fever, from which I was recovering, but was still so weak as to be scarcely able to crawl. A boat's crew from a neighbouring ship assisted us to get and stow the anchor; and the wind blowing right out, we had no trouble to clear the harbour. But the next morning, finding we had not strength to work the ship, the master desired me to make a signal of distress, which I did, and the commodore came down to us. I went on board, and seeing him standing upon a gun, I was going up to him, when he beckoned with his hand for me to keep off, saying, "I have had enough of that;" alluding to the fever, the ravages of which were abundantly manifest in my looks. "Now," said he, "what do you want?" "Some person," I replied, "to take charge of, and a few men to assist to work, the ship, for we are all sick; the master and second mate are unable to leave their cots, and I am not sufficiently recovered to take the command." "I cannot," said he, "grant your request; for I cannot, in conscience, send men out of a healthy ship into a sickly one. You sail well; you must keep near me, and I will supply you with every requisite that your unfortunate situation may

require ; but to send men out of a healthy ship into a sickly one, I will not." He ordered me several little delicacies, and desired me to return on board. This I refused to do, alleging the inutility of returning as I came ; for, without some extra help, the ship must be abandoned. After waiting an hour or two, he relented, and gave me a couple of *wastrels*, who could do nothing but pull and haul, and with them I returned, to do the best I could. At the commencement of the passage, several of the large Jamaica ships, which carried surgeons, paid us daily visits, and sent them on board ; but their passengers, becoming frightened lest they might communicate the infection, prevailed on the masters to go no more near us, and we were shunned by the fleet as a pest. The master's fever continued to increase ; he was once, in his delirium, on the point of jumping overboard, but was arrested by one of the men. Still he could not be persuaded to go below ; indeed there was no comfortable place to go into, for the cabin was lumbered with casks of coffee, &c. He had his cot slung under the mizen-boom ; and there, covered with a sail, he constantly lay, rain or fair. Fortunately, we were one day spoken by a Bristol ship, one of the convoy, which happened to have an old lady passenger on board, who had been long acquainted with him. She prevailed upon the master of the Bristol ship to take him on board, and he sent his boat to fetch him. On going over the side, he said to me, " I expect you will take possession of my cot, and never, on any account, sleep below." But his expectation I did not consider binding.

Thus I was left in command of the ship, having only the carpenter (and even he had a lame leg) to take charge of one watch, and myself of the other. The very first night, during his watch upon deck, I heard some one hail us,

and, running forward, found our jibboom over the taffarel of the Bristol ship ; but we were not known, or I should have been told of it, having orders, when circumstances would permit, to go within hail of her every day. The fever still continued to rage among us ; one boy died before the master quitted the ship : him we threw over the bows without any ceremony, lest the former should hear of his death ; and shortly afterwards a man died, whom it was my intention to bury in form ; and being prepared with the prayer-book, I ordered the corpse to be brought to the gangway ; but those who were carrying it, regardless of their own forlorn situation, burst into a fit of laughter — something excited their risible faculties, and they nearly let it fall. Upon witnessing their conduct, I thought it would be only profanity to read the service, and therefore told them to throw the corpse overboard ; and it was consigned to the deep with apparent unconcern.

We were favoured, the greater part of the passage, with fine westerly breezes, but attended with much rain, which was sadly against my recovery, particularly as I was in want of shoes. Arrived at the entrance of the Channel, the master returned on board, not well, but better able to take the command than I was, for I had gained very little strength. Ever since the fever had left me, I had suffered constant pain, particularly after taking food ; my digestion, being very imperfect, kept me continually ailing. The second mate had been confined to his cot the whole of the passage, in a most wretched state. The night when we were both at the worst, in Port-au-Prince, we were lying together on the quarter deck ; when neither of us being expected to survive, we were separated, that one should not know when the other departed. Happily, in my case, the fever took a favourable turn, leaving only an acute pain at

my chest, which did not quit me for years afterwards; but in that of the mate, it left on his left side a large abscess, another on his thigh, and another about half way down the leg; added to which, ulcers were formed on most of his joints, particularly on those of the fingers and hips: in short, he appeared to be in a state of decomposition. Notwithstanding, in a dispute respecting who was the last bidder on one article, at a sale of dead men's clothes, he swore, in opposition to general opinion, that it was himself. The night we were boarded by a pilot, off Holyhead, my fever returned with double fury. I was so ill that I did not know the ship had entered the Mersey, until we were within the pierheads of one of the Liverpool docks. Neither master, mate, nor second mate were able to walk to their homes. No custom-house officer durst venture on board; and a report prevailed, that if the authorities had known what state we were in, the ship would not have been allowed to enter. For about a week, the pain in my chest was excruciating; I could find no rest in any position, and my medical men despaired of my life. Again the fever took a favourable turn, and as soon as I was able I visited the second mate, whom I found in the same condition as when he left the ship; he was in ecstasies when he saw me. "Now," said he, "you can tell me if there be any alteration in the lump on my side; for it has become almost too painful to bear." I told him I saw none. A few days afterwards, I ate freely of green peas; the consequence was, a second relapse of fever, worse, if possible, than before. Again I recovered, and went to the house of my fellow-sufferer; but he, alas! had been consigned to "the house appointed for all living." By slow degrees, my health became re-established, and I returned in about three months, in another

vessel, as master, to Port-au-Prince, where all my past sufferings had originated—a place which was then the Necropolis of English soldiers: I was informed of an instance, where the skeleton of a regiment, which had been landed in good health six months previously, was taken off the island in one small boat! There I met again with my former fellow-sufferer, the master, who, a little time afterward, had his head knocked off by a cannon-ball; and there I witnessed some of the painful scenes that occurred when the place was evacuated by the English troops and French inhabitants. A number of the latter were taken to Jeremé, where I saw, one morning, upon the wharf, an unfortunate female in the greatest distress; owing to the hurry and confusion of landing, she had forgotten the name of the vessel from which she had disembarked, and thus had lost all the little she had been able to save.

I shall here take the liberty of mentioning a singular coincidence, which occurred on the passage out. I sailed from Liverpool with a brig, named the *Betsey* and *Susan*, Morgan, master, both bound to the same place. She had to call at Cork; and the vessel I commanded being light, and having a high quarter-deck, was unable to beat down Channel, consequently I went round the north of Ireland; and the southerly gales continuing, caused me to have a long passage. Running down for Turk's Island (one of the Bahamas), I came up in the night with a vessel under her topsails, which, as soon as she saw me, made sail, but, finding she could choose her own distance, did not run out of sight. At daylight we knew each other, she being the identical brig I had sailed with. Presently afterwards, two good-sized French schooner privateers hove in sight, and came so near to us that a shot from a long gun in the midships

of one of them fell more than a mile beyond us. Both of them were full of men. After ascertaining their superiority of sailing, they hovered round us the whole day, but did not dare to venture within reach of our guns. At the edge of dark they hauled their wind, and we saw no more of them. Had they fallen in with us separately, the result might have been different. My vessel had so little the appearance of a fighter, that, a few days previously, a privateer, not more than half the size of either of them, ran boldly under our stern: we rounded to, and gave her a broadside, when she instantly lowered her sails, and, with her sweeps, was soon out of the reach of our guns to windward.

APPENDIX, No. 3, p. 15.

Verdun is situated on the river Meuse, which flows through, and divides the town nearly into two equal parts, and lies about 150 miles east of Paris, and about 120 west from the Rhine. Viewed from the north, it rises amphitheatre-like, interspersed with trees and verdure, and, terminating by the cathedral on the summit, has a picturesque appearance. From the south, the citadel, the cathedral, the bishop's palace, and the adjoining esplanade, called *La Roche*, (the *grand promenade*, shaded with fine trees,) are beautifully conspicuous, indicating much greater splendour and magnificence than it really possesses. These command a view over an extensive valley, at one extremity of which the Meuse branches off, and divides itself into two equal streams, which, encompassing a rich meadow, re-unite in the centre of the town. It is surrounded by lofty hills, the sides of which were covered with vines, yielding a pleasant light wine. The first vintage after my arrival was so

abundant, that any one taking two empty casks to the winepress, might, on condition of leaving one, take the other away filled. The retail price was then four *sous* per bottle, but it rose afterwards, as English money circulated more freely, to eight. From the west, little is to be seen but the monastery of St. Vannes peering above the ramparts of the citadel.

In the lower town is a waterfall, a shady promenade, called *La Digue*, and a well-wooded rampart, affording a pleasant walk, where the prisoner has sauntered about many a melancholy, solitary hour, brooding over his apparently endless captivity. In one corner of the highest and most exposed parts of the ramparts were regularly seen a few disconsolate shipmasters, pacing to and fro on a spot about the length of what their quarter-decks might have been; their wonted walk being marked out by the disappearance of the grass, from constant pressure.

Verdun, like most Catholic towns that have been long under episcopal government, has its history enveloped in such a voluminous mass of monkish superstition, that it is difficult to arrive at the truth.

It is presumed, from the manner in which it is first spoken of, that it was of some consequence at the time the Romans entered Gaul. Its earliest historian that can be traced was a priest, named Bertraire, who, in the year 992, wrote an abridged outline, principally confining himself to ecclesiastical matters, by which it appears it was erected into a bishopric so early as 338; since which period, to the Revolution of 1793, there has been a succession of 95 bishops, of whom *St. Saintain* was the first, and *Henri René Desnos* the last, who died in the same year, in emigration. Its antiquity may also be inferred from its being encompassed with walls in 451. In 963 the Emperor Otho III. conferred on the Bishop of Ver-

dun the secular title of Count and Prince of the Holy Empire. In this double capacity, the succeeding bishops ruled as sovereigns.

In the year 1255, *Jean de Troyen*, the fifty-eighth bishop, was translated to the chair of Rome ; and, under the administration of its ecclesiastical courts, Verdun became the attraction and abode of several noble families, which persecution had driven from their native homes ; at this time it may be said to have obtained the zenith of its greatness, presenting a general appearance of rude splendour and Gothic taste, which excited the admiration of strangers. In 1552, the gates were opened to Henri II. of France, who retained possession of the place in spite of all the efforts of the house of Austria. Under that monarch, in 1569, the foundation of the citadel was laid ; but the other fortifications were not commenced until 1624, when nearly the whole of the original walls were fallen into decay. It has excited general surprise, how the thought of fortifying it on its present scale could have entered into the mind of any intelligent, scientific man, seeing it is commanded by the adjacent hills, and the river, fordable in several parts near the works.

I have heard it said, that at one time Verdun contained thirty-two churches ; but at the time of my captivity it contained only nine. There were the remains of several that had been destroyed during the Revolution ; and the cathedral was about sharing the same fate, two towers out of the four having been demolished, when it was spared, and converted into a cavalry barracks ; it has since been repaired, excepting the towers. When the King of Prussia was about entering the town, at the head of his army, thirteen of the most beautiful girls were selected to welcome him, to present him with confectionary (for which the town was famed),

and to strew flowers in his path. But, upon his being driven back by the French army, the unfortunate young females were ordered to Paris, and eleven of them were *guillotined*. Two were pardoned, on account of their extreme youth; one of the two, a very fine woman, I have often seen. That era was emphatically called the "reign of terror."

After Napoleon was seated on the throne of France, he thought it would add to its stability to call forth the priests to their former duty; and mass was generally performed as before. My readers may form a judgment of the solemnity of its performance, when I tell them that at Verdun an Englishman often presided at the organ, and, during the time the priest officiated, was in the habit of playing our national airs, "Rule Britannia," "Long live the King," &c., and when the service was over, accompanied the congregation with the tune of the "Duke of York's March," to the cathedral door, where they were occasionally met by music of a different sort, proceeding from a mountebank's stage, erected close to, and immediately opposite to it. Still, the priesthood had regained some little influence on the minds of the females. I messed at one time in the house of an Englishman, together with a number of other prisoners, where, when we were one day assembled at the dinner table, a servant, a nice, chubby-faced country girl, came in, with streaming eyes, and sobbing as if her heart would break. Upon inquiry, we found that she had been to a priest for the purpose of making confession, and requesting him to say some masses for the soul of her deceased brother, who, she had just heard, had fallen in battle; that he refused to confess her because she was living among heretics. We each gave her a trifle, which soon dried up her tears

and tranquillized her heart. The conduct of the priest, upon a cursory view, appears cruel; but he could not, consistently with his profession, have confessed her, if he believed that her constant way of life was in direct opposition to the rules of his church: for the Catholics, as a body, are consistent; they believe, and justly believe, that there is only *one* true religion; and although theirs is not the one that is based upon the Rock of Ages, still they act up to it, and discourage every thing that has a tendency to lead the mind from what they think the true faith. And as to the term heretic, in common parlance it means little more than a person who departs from the standard of orthodoxy which the priesthood have established.

In Catholic countries, every person is named after some saint, and they celebrate their own birth-day on the day of the saint whose name they bear. This example, it was reported in Verdun, and generally believed, Napoleon was anxious to follow, though, unfortunately, there was not a saint of his name in the calendar; but he was not a man to let a trifle like this frustrate his design. He requested, or rather commanded, the Pope to have all the old records in Rome examined; when, after a laborious, dusty search, it was discovered, or pretended to be, that in ancient times there had been a person of that name canonized. On the discovery being communicated to him, another difficulty stared him in the face; there was no spare day for him in the almanack, the 365 being all appropriated; and the question then was, which of the saints must evacuate his place, to make room for St. Napoleon? It was said, he was anxious to supersede St. Louis, who was still a great favourite with the body of the people; and, according to Napoleon's usual tact, he foresaw that if he could accomplish this,

the admirers of the former would still celebrate the day, which outwardly would have the appearance of celebrating the day of St. Napoleon. But this he found would be so generally objectionable, that he gave up the project, and one of inferior note was displaced. The name of the saint I have forgotten, but I think he was the patron saint of Verdun, who, as tradition tells, when the place was closely besieged, and could not hold out much longer, as a last resource was placed upon the ramparts over the Metz gate, when such terror flashed from his eyes as caused so great a confusion among the enemy, that they retreated immediately, leaving all their *materiel* behind them.

During the time that the churches were being destroyed, a courageous old woman, living in one of the back streets of the town, determining to shield this saint from the hands of the anarchists, contrived to have him conveyed secretly into her own house. This, at the first, was only known to her particular friends; but they reported it to their friends, and, in the course of time, a number of persons went secretly to worship him, which was the making of her. After his church, which had been one of those that had escaped the fury of the mob, had been made ready for his reception, I formed one of the grand procession which attended his saintship back to his former niche.

Being on the subject of names, I shall beg leave to mention, that when I was in Buenos Ayres, the inhabitants to whom I was known thought it a mysterious thing that I should bear a name which was not to be found in the calendar, particularly the old lady from whom I rented my premises; and she, to remove the stigma, gave me the name of John, which was generally adopted, and I passed ever afterwards by that of *Don*

Juan. She was what is called a pious woman; for she told the whole of her beads every day. One morning she said to me, in a very feeling manner, "Don Juan, is neither your father nor your mother a Christian?" I replied, "Neither." "Nor any of your brothers and sisters?" "No." "Nor any of your relatives?" "No." "What! are they all heretics?" "Yes." Then, lifting up her hands and eyes, she gave a deep sigh, as much as to say, "then I pity your state."

APPENDIX, No. 4, p. 23.

"Mr. G——, a gentleman of considerable property in Essex, seemed the particular object of the extortions of the General, of his wife, and of his aid-de-camp, Riccard. They made free with every thing that belonged to him. The aid-de-camp seemed to be master of his house, and many of the English who saw the system of extravagance that was going on under his auspices, prudently remained away. Five spies daily visited his house: a sergeant every morning, to get the *appel* book signed, and learn whatever he could; a citizen, to make his discoveries; a maid-servant, allied to a *gendarme*, related her gleanings; and three English members of the secret police concerted with the General's aid-de-camp that two of the three should diurnally favour the gentleman with their company at dinner. I cannot enumerate the presents of porcelain, plate, &c. received by the General; but to prepare the mind of the reader for the masterpiece of extortion that was plotting, I will set before him some of the achievements of *Monsieur* Riccard, who was the ostensible instrument of iniquity, while the General remained behind the scenes. Riccard having offered to procure some champagne, Mr. G—— expected only a few

dozens, but received so large a supply that he might have set up for a wine-merchant, and for which he was charged the most exorbitant price.

"Another time, Mr. G—— having complained that he could get no good silk stockings at Verdun, Riccard promised to bespeak some for him; and, to Mr. G——'s great astonishment, he received two hundred and fifty pairs—a speculation to the aid-de-camp no less productive than the last.

"Mr. G—— had, at that time, a female under his protection, whom he entertained in the most elegant and expensive style, and Wirion calculated that if he could only displace this favourite, he might appoint her successor, whose gratitude he might turn to account. This he accomplished, in part, through the means of his understrapper, the Commissary of Police, who ordered the *Ambassadrice*—for by this title she was known—though a very inoffensive woman, to quit the town; and the aid-de-camp began to tamper with other members of the same *corps*, to ascertain which of them would pay the highest amount for his recommendation to be appointed to her lucrative post. Before this honourable treaty was concluded, Mr. G—— took to himself one who made no scruple of leaving her former protector, to take up her abode under his roof. Scarcely had the night returned to cover with a veil of mystery the dark deeds of Wirion, when a body of *gendarmes* surrounded Mr. G——'s house; the aid-de-camp entered, and, in the name of the General, ordered the fugitive to return to her former home: for the General was determined to have claims upon the gratitude of whoever should reside with Mr. G——; or, perhaps, he might be afraid that the influence of this female might be an obstacle to the grand *coup* that he was meditating against that gentleman.

"At length Mr. G—— was *permitted* to fix upon an actress, who was either unprincipled enough to acquiesce in the General's projects, or too weak and insignificant to counteract them.

"But what will seem incredible to every man retaining a British spirit, is, that the *detenus* were reduced to such a humiliating state of subjection, that this thief-taker carried every thing with so high a hand, that after having practised upon Mr. G—— such a flagrant breach of honour and friendship, nay of common justice and decency, he still had the effrontery to frequent his house, and breakfast, dine, and sup with him as before.

"During the first two years, Mr. G—— had a friend, formerly a captain in the Scotch Greys, who used to live constantly with him, and partake of all the indulgences granted to Mr. G——, such as dispensing with his attendance at the *appels*, &c., and to whom the General paid court on every occasion. At length, when the time approached for carrying into execution his grand stroke of extortion, he judged it necessary to separate them, in order that Mr. G—— might be deprived of the counsels of his friend; and Captain C——, though long the favourite and messmate of the General and his aide-de-camp, received an order, in September, 1805, to march off, together with other *detenus*, to Valenciennes, whither they were conducted like galley slaves. Great care was taken to intermix the rich and poor, the respectable and the profligate, the better to conceal the real design of the expedition, which was partly to get rid of Captain C——. Mr. G—— now stood alone, without a friend or adviser, for the English who remained at Verdun avoided him, lest the General should think proper to send them also out of the way. Soon after this, Wirion gave Mr. G—— permission to live at a

village a league distant from the town, where no one saw him but Dr. D——, the English physician, who attended the General.

“Before many weeks had elapsed, a general order was issued that all the English, who had permission to remain in the country, should return to town. Mr. G——, among the rest, was returning, when he met a *gendarme* on the road, probably posted there on purpose, who told him that he, being a particular friend of the General, was by no means included in the order, but that he might return and remain quietly at his villa. In consequence of this, Mr. G—— returned; when, in the night, a party of *gendarmes* arrived, flourishing their drawn swords in the most menacing manner, forced him into his carriage, and drove him off to the citadel. Here the General told him that as he had not obeyed the summons, he should be tried before a court martial, and would probably be shot for having intended to make his escape. One of the General’s friends appeared, and advised the unfortunate gentleman to neglect no means to save his life. Mr. G——, who had sufficient presence of mind to perceive that the drift of the whole was to extort money from him, said that he had a few hundred *louis* by him, which he would offer to the General. ‘What!’ said the other, ‘a few hundreds, thousands you mean, to save your life!’ At length Mr. G—— was intimidated, and consented to give the General an order on H——y’s for five thousand pounds, that he might not be brought before a Court Martial.

“This affair, during many months, was only known to the parties concerned; and that Mr. G—— might be separated as much as possible from his countrymen, he

received permission, or rather an order, from Wirion, to reside at Clermont, a small town between Verdun and Chalons, where he lived perfectly insulated.

"Meanwhile the bill was sent to London, but H——y's, not being accustomed to receive an order for so large an amount without previous notice, conceived that something was going on wrong, and sent it back protested. Mr. G—— was therefore obliged to give a fresh order to the same amount, and to pay an additional sum of seven hundred pounds for the expenses of the protest.

"At length the affair transpired; the General sent for Mr. G——, and, in the presence of Dr. D——, required him to sign a written paper purporting that the money had not been extorted, but given voluntarily. But Mr. G——, having been encouraged by some of his countrymen, refused. Upon this, the General flew into a passion, and threatened to shut him up in a dungeon, where nothing more would be heard of him. When Mr. G—— had quitted the room, the General endeavoured to persuade Dr. D—— to sign a paper to the effect that Mr. G—— had, in his presence, given the money voluntarily; but this Dr. D—— contrived to decline.

"Mr. G—— was sent back to Clermont; which place being beyond the limits allowed to the prisoners at Verdun, he could not communicate nor consult with any of his acquaintances. On the 20th August, 1806, he set off for Toulouse, but whether of his own desire, or against his will, was unknown.

"Meanwhile the transaction became generally known, not only to the English, but to the French; still the prisoners lived in such a state of subjection, and were surrounded by so many spies, that no one whispered it to his neighbour without apprehensions of suffering for his

temerity. At length, when Lord Lauderdale arrived at Paris, it was said that he presented a memorial upon the subject to M. de Talleyrand."*

APPENDIX, No. 5, p. 23.

"Wirion began his career as an attorney's clerk, and was afterwards employed in the police of Paris. When the Revolution, of which he was an enthusiastic admirer, burst forth, he entered into the *gendarmerie*, and rose rapidly in rank; he was of engaging address, and possessed a character strangely tinged with the spirit of the times which gave it birth. Suspicious, passionate, and cruel, yet sometimes humane; clever, resolute, and bold, yet occasionally timid, he thought one half of the world in league against him, and the other half their spies; ready, if his interest led him, to perform any signal act of virtue; equally ready, if it urged him, to commit the blackest crime. Driven into vice partly by the parsimony of his own government, he occasionally felt pangs of remorse; and had he not been surrounded by wretches infinitely more worthless than himself, his conduct might latterly have stood the test of inquiry, and his actions contributed to the comforts, instead of adding to the misery, of defenceless individuals.

"I will here introduce the reader to the General in his weak moments; for, despot as he was, there hardly passed a day but he trembled. I never knew him to break the seal of his Paris letters with a firm hand, and never knew him free from apprehension of government emissaries. An adept at *espionage* himself, he saw every one through this distorted medium; and although his

* Picture of Verdun.

cunning rendered all around him wretched, it contributed to make him pre-eminently so.

"On the arrival of a female of some note at the *depôt*, the General sent for me at midnight. 'A syren,' said he, 'whom I know by reputation, is come amongst us; her object may be twofold—to serve government and herself. As soon as she is lodged, inform me of her residence. We must find some woman, sufficiently clever, secretly to observe her behaviour. Let me be told who frequents her house, to whom she writes—in short, she shall not take a step unseen—spare no pains.' This order was rigidly executed, but our work was useless, for she came, not to destroy the worthy commander, but to see her lover.

"Afterwards, a *gendarme*, of the Paris section, having received instructions to convey an English clergyman from that capital to Bitche, dressed himself in plain clothes; and, on entering Verdun, which lay in his route, the guard at the gate demanded his passport, but not being a very good scholar, could only decipher the large letters at the top, 'By order of the Colonel of *Gendarmerie*, Ponsard.' He concluded, therefore, that this person was standing before him, and reported him accordingly. I made known the news, without loss of time, to Wirion, who was dining in a neighbouring village. The instant he received it he rose from table, returned home, and sent for me. 'Have you seen the Colonel?' was the first question. 'No, the man on duty at the gates has announced him.' The General turned pale, pronounced it a shocking affair, and that he was lost. 'The English have informed against me,' said he; 'I mentioned to you the fraud practised on Mr. G——, a fraud of which I am as innocent as you are; the rascals now throw the odium on me, and have assuredly written to the Minister

of Justice, with whom I have lately disagreed respecting the prisoners' debts; you see, my dear Latreille, my over-goodness has been my ruin. The unfavourable circumstances related of me to the Emperor were considered more than balanced by my services during the Revolution, with which His Majesty is perfectly acquainted; * but the monsters have devised a new method of destruction, and Ponsard is here for no other purpose than to arrest me. A *gendarme* accompanies him, disguised in the character of a priest, whilst he has thrown off his regimentals. Ah, how treacherous! he little remembers that it was to me he owes his fortune.' Wirion continued in this strain upwards of an hour; at last he desired me to seek Demanget, on whose coming, he conducted us facing the inn, where the terrible Colonel was supposed to have taken up his quarters. The General then desired his lieutenant to enter and look about, but not to ask for any passport. It happened that at this very time the clergyman and his companion were at supper. The latter, without paying much attention to the officer, said, 'Here I am.' This expression, with the air, the address, and the assurance of the fellow, convinced Demanget that he could be no other than Ponsard. Full of this persuasion he hastened to Wirion, who all the while stood trembling at the door, harassed by incertitude, and wrapped in meditation. Never before did I behold the General in such perplexity; his mind, fertile in resources, seemed on this event to have lost all its energy, and the plans he formed were no sooner matured than broken. At length,

* I have been informed that Wirion, being once sent to some disturbed district to re-establish the *gendarmérie*, one of them was murdered, when Wirion, to revenge his death, caused a hundred of the first peasants who entered the town where he had fixed his head-quarters to be shot.

after a series of doubts and hesitations, he decided upon posting me at the Metz gate, with directions, if any one quitted the place during the night, to inform him immediately; and said, 'My good fellow, do not mention the affair, not even to the lieutenant, who is still in the dark.' Next morning I reported that all was quiet my way, and that I understood it was the same on the other roads. 'Good,' he replied, 'I thank you.' So firmly was he persuaded of being arrested immediately, that all his trunks were packed for a journey. Hour after hour, however, elapsed, and the Colonel not appearing, he could no longer support the horrible suspense, but sent Demanget with peremptory orders to demand the stranger's passport, which was no sooner produced than the whole mystery unravelled itself. The lieutenant was hardly less pleased at the discovery than his master, whose fears he had partly caught, and who now, overcome by anger, could for a while hardly articulate. At length, finding relief in uttering a volley of threats, he directed me to inform the *gendarme*, that if in an hour he was not with his prisoner out of the town, both should be put in irons; he ordered likewise, that the idiot who had mistaken a private for a colonel should forthwith be sent home.

"Thus ended this affair, which had caused Wirion the most cruel anxiety. I attempted in the course of it occasionally to allay his fears, but in vain; he spoke only of dreams and presentiments; his wife also had her ominous visions, and, in short, 'The time is come,' formed his only reply.

"Never, I fancy, were such powerful means employed to produce such trifling ends as at Verdun. We had eighty *gendarmes*, who, although from the nature of the service they might at the commencement occasion their

commander some trouble, were yet very soon transformed into perfect spies, with twenty women, paid monthly at the rate of two pounds each, ten citizens, at ten pence per day, several of the English bribed by the General (I could never precisely ascertain to what extent), and, lastly, numerous voluntary informers, who, to gain some formal personal indulgence, forfeited their honour, and betrayed their compatriots. Nothing escaped the notice of this host of reporters, and things the most ridiculously trivial, (such as a description of the robes, bonnets, tip-pets, &c., that the English ladies received from Paris,) were detailed equally with those of moment. Wirion placed such reliance on these sources of information, that no truth, however evident, could efface the impression which the wretches caused; and if I attempted to expose the fallacy of the intelligence, my mouth was at once shut by 'Sir, no annotations; I act upon the advice of those incapable of deceiving me.'

"From this little sketch it will easily be seen that tranquillity was a blessing seldom enjoyed at Verdun; indeed, suspicion may well be said to have fixed her abode at the *dépôt*, for both prisoner and keeper shared alike the same inquietude—all were watched, and all equally trembled. The General, whose gloomy mind beheld spies in every shadow, fancied that the captives had many in their employ; it was therefore necessary to communicate to him the number and description of visitors who waited upon the principal hostages; also an account of all strangers arriving in the town, for they too, in his imagination, were spies, and required looking after; nay, it was even incumbent to have an eye on the magistrates. Some one had stated to him that unsuitable observations had been made by several of the *détenus* to them, and those who had thus imprudently

committed themselves were immediately marked for punishment, and the slightest ground of offence was seized for dispatching them to another less pleasant fortress, accompanied by such a character as was not likely to ensure them any comforts for the future.

“Wirion, when apprised of the nomination of the Duke de Feltre (General Clarke) as the Minister of War, in lieu of the Prince of Wagram, was greatly chagrined. Aware that the former was both just and honourable, he foresaw that considerable alterations would ensue. It was not long before the minister notified to him his discontent, and withdrew the absolute power which he had hitherto enjoyed over all the *dépôts* of British prisoners in France; he also signified his wish that the ten citizens employed as spies might be discontinued. On this occasion, the General sent for me, and said, ‘My good Latreille, the supports of my administration are destroyed. I have no longer an effective police—it is not allowed. How shall I manage to pay those of my subordinates that remain? Cannot you advise? We must henceforth be doubly secret in our movements; let us be on our guard against this new minister—he is an Englishman, and has many of his compatriots in his offices. I have been forewarned; I augur very ill from the appointment, not solely on my own account, but on the country’s. I perceive I have not the Duke’s confidence. We must watch narrowly the richest among the English; they only could correspond with his Excellency. Under Berthier I felt easy; I was personally known to him, and he gave me authority of which this man disapproves, nay, even revokes. I look forward to numerous escapes. You know that I had maintained against that ape Regnier (the Minister of Justice), that no prisoner could be sued for debt; but the presence of the Emperor—who, passing

through Verdun after the battle of Tilsit, on being petitioned, authorised their arrestation—has destroyed all, and the Grocer's efforts (President of the Tribunal of Commerce) have prevailed. Curse on this unlucky change—it has blasted my projects. Ah! how wretched is a soldier—a victim from the onset, devoted to every misery; one like me, who has served courageously, and faced the greatest dangers in the Revolution, now to be on the brink of ruin and disgrace, is hard indeed! I have done every thing for this unhappy *dépôt*, but what have I not to fear from those who surround me? They are, from first to last, intriguers, and you will see their venom, now that they find themselves supported; but I do not dread them. What can they say otherwise than that I have been too complaisant? Except the trifles you are acquainted with, they never gave me any thing; and the fines they have sometimes paid have invariably been forced from them.'

"The profitable traffic of taxing the masters for the privilege of living alone, had now continued nearly two years, and about five hundred had submitted to the imposition. I had been made the acting agent in this business; and, as was easy to foresee, it finished by my being denounced for having levied money unauthorised. The senior British naval officer again stepped forward, and placed the affair under the General's eye, who, somewhat alarmed, protested he was totally ignorant of the matter, and that he should, without fail, make a severe example, if any *gendarme* had practised impositions. Hearing of this declaration, which I knew could only concern me, I waited upon several of the principal hostages, and got them to speak to Wirion on my behalf. No excuse, however, could avail. To impose on such a peaceable and inoffensive set as the masters, was the most

vile and detestable behaviour, and I was ordered to depart from Verdun in twenty-four hours. To have obeyed this mandate would have been little chastisement; but I feared that other steps would be taken against me, and therefore wrote the General a letter detailing all his delinquencies, and requesting that I might be brought to a fair trial; otherwise I should appeal to the Minister of War.

"My letter had the desired effect. Wirion did me the honour of a visit at my quarters. 'Reflect,' said he, 'on your demand. I am incapable of ruining you; the passing storm is but of English origin; these islanders are capable of every thing to destroy their enemies. We, unhappily, are of the number. The Captain, who now interests himself, does not act from public motives, but from personal hatred to me; however, I do not fear him, and he shall soon learn it to his cost. Be you only quiet, Latreille; leave me only for a while, and I will arrange every thing with the Minister. I pity your poverty; but, this scrape over, you shall at once find ease, and a recompense for your fidelity.' As on all former occasions, my misery got the better of my inclination, and I was compelled to smother my feelings, and pass for a thief without having stolen. I observed to the General, nevertheless, that his ingratitude was of the blackest stamp; that his measures respecting the masters of merchant ships were grounded on folly and injustice. 'You know,' continued I, 'that their conduct has been irreproachable, their penury extreme, but you would listen to nothing. All your *soi-disant* secrets are blown; the most inept person knows that no poor soldier would dare to receive immense sums, were it not that he was directed by his superiors. If I am ruined, it will be through you.' Wirion assured me that nothing serious

should happen, and that he never had been, and never would be, mastered by the English. I now quitted the *depôt*; but my commander, with all his talent, found the government of it, during my absence, no easy task. Instead of attempting a reconciliation with his accuser, the officer, who stood between the oppressor and the oppressed, he arrested him, seized his papers, and sent him elsewhere. But these severities came too late; the Duke de Feltre had been apprised not only of this, but most of the other swindling transactions; he therefore ordered my immediate return to Verdun, and required the General's instant appearance in Paris. Wirion left the *depôt* on the 14th September, 1809. On his arrival in the capital the detail of his robberies was delivered to him with injunctions to reply thereto directly. His intimate friend, Bernadotte, interested himself in his favour with the Emperor, who answered that he wished as much as any one to draw Wirion out of the scrape, and that the best proof he could give of his inclination was to order the trial, and appoint him president of the court. So soon as this was announced to the unhappy General he attired himself in his full uniform, went to the Bois de Bologne, and blew out his brains. Lieutenant Demanget, with Wirion's two aids-de-camp, were dismissed the service without form of trial.*

"Courcelles, commandant of the department of the Meuse and of the town of Verdun, then became that of the *depôt*. He belonged to a respectable family, and was tolerably rich; advantages, however, which neither rendered him sociable nor honest; on the contrary, he was

* I have heard it reported that, when Wirion presented himself to the minister, the latter, in laying a list of his accusations before him, said, "If these things be true, my advice is, that you go and shoot yourself immediately," and that he acted upon his advice.

ignorant, wicked, miserly, and inhuman: he possessed in an eminent degree every vice and folly of his predecessor, without the least particle of his fleeting goodness. Where poverty drove the one, avarice led the other; where passion mastered the first, cruelty triumphed over the second. The former often concealed his exactions under the polite deportment of a gentleman, but the latter disdained such covering, and gloried in the exposition of his naked villiany. Gross and brutal in his behaviour, he was the darling child of Jacobinism, and only needed the ability of a Robespierre to have emblazoned his bloody deeds in the foul page of his country's history. Courcelles commenced by arraigning the measures of Wirion, whose errors he said he could plainly perceive, but perceived only to plunge deeper into them. He declared that no prisoner should ever obtain the least favor from him, and in this, and this only, he religiously kept his word.

"I was ordered to discontinue my attendance at the *appel*; my intimacy with the prisoners, it was observed, was too much cemented, to entrust me with so important a duty. All persons, without distinction, were required to show themselves daily, and money could no longer exempt from this regulation. If any one missed the *appel*, he was immediately conducted to the citadel; and, fearing that sooner or later he might get into trouble by the masters of merchantmen, he begged of the minister their removal to another town. This request was accorded, and, with the exception of 260, of whom some were married and others above the age of 50, the whole class were marched to Auxonne.

"Courcelles obtained from Paris the powerful aid of the examination of letters, which Wirion could never obtain. The peculations spoken of in Wirion's administration could not be abandoned; it was too profitable, and too

facile in the collection, easily to be relinquished. Courcelles, with his associate, Massin (lieutenant of *gendarmerie*), enjoyed the sweets for two years; during which time 96 prisoners escaped, and the greatest part got clear off. A lieutenant in the royal navy, in gaol for debt, contrived to break his bars, and took refuge at a house in the country, where he was speedily betrayed and given up to Courcelles, who marched him through the principal streets of the city, thumb-screwed, and loaded with chains; he was then cast into a dungeon. Some months afterwards he effected his liberation, when the Commandant, from feelings of revenge, threw his wife, who had remained behind, into confinement, from which she only came out by the interference and upon the responsibility of several gentlemen.

"A declaration now appeared that, if any one decamped, the whole class to which he belonged would be immediately arrested; 'the only proper method,' as Courcelles observed, 'of treating Englishmen.' This threat was afterwards carried into execution, but without the desired effect. The desertions still increasing, Napoleon's famous decree was published, condemning every prisoner taken in the act of breaking their parole to the galleys. Rejoiced at this severity, the Commandant knew not how to contain his satisfaction. 'Let them depart,' said he, 'I shall not miss them.' This savage pleasure was somewhat abated on finding that, between the date of the law, 23d of December, and 30th January, no less than nine had taken flight, two of whom were retaken and had sentence passed; but, in spite of every obstacle that bolts, locks, and sentinels could throw in their way, again delivered themselves, and finally reached their own country.

"These continual escapes caused Courcelles the great-

est torment. It was in vain that he placed guard upon guard, and patrole upon patrole; the idea of his barbarity had fixed itself so firmly on everybody's mind, that all were unhappy, and anxious to take advantage of any opportunity to fly from him. There was in the citadel a spacious convent, capable of containing five hundred persons, and into this he determined a great part of the *depôt* should be conducted. He wrote accordingly to the Minister of War, and, after some trouble, obtained permission to form a permanent *depôt* of certain persons at the monastery of St. Vannes.

"This establishment had been Courcelles' first wish in the morning, and the last at night. His property chiefly consisted of vineyards; hitherto he had sold little of his wine in Verdun; but lucrative prospects were about to open. He sent for the turnkey of the prison (his natural son), who also kept the canteens. 'Now,' said he, 'the time is come when we may both enrich ourselves. What I am about to do is partly for your good. We shall soon have within these walls (he resided in the citadel) the richest of the English. I do not fear them, and they shall not find in me a Wirion. If you mind your business, you can easily sell the annual produce of my estates, and obtain for it a capital price. I promise you that not a single merchant shall ever pass the gates to oppose you, and the scheme cannot fail. I only annex one condition—*no credit*.'

"In a short time, about 200 persons were lodged there, including about 140 midshipmen. Innumerable representations were made to the Commandant, but none were answered. A principal inhabitant of the town interfered, and having remarked that the reputable citizens were indignant at the punishment inflicted on the *détenus*, Courcelles ridiculed the idea of *reputable*

citizens, observing, that he should have very great trouble to find any at Verdun; they were, he said, only concerned on account of letting their lodgings, and that if their interests did not prevent them, they would be the first to favour the prisoners' escape. 'The plan I have adopted,' added he, 'ought long since to have been followed, but the unhappy Wirion, who had accepted money, trembled, and dared not pursue it.'

"As was easy to foresee, the midshipmen not unfrequently created riot and disorder. Unoccupied and discontented, their accidental friendships generally terminated in disputes—quarrelling and fighting seemed wholly to engross their attention. Their altercations were but too often submitted to Courcelles, who, without any regard to justice (where justice was indeed somewhat difficult to administer), punished indiscriminately, and thus added to the evil. Teased with complaints, he on one occasion shut up fourteen of the most noisy in so small a dungeon that they had nearly been suffocated. Complaint being made by the senior English officer, he smilingly answered, 'The more the merrier; and that as the weather was cold, they would serve to keep each other warm.'

"Courcelles pretended that his orders were to confine the prisoners in the caverns of the citadel, and not in the convent—that, appropriating this to their use from motives of humanity, it was but just, he said, that they reimbursed him for the necessary repairs the building had lately undergone. The midshipmen appealed to their commanding officer; this gentleman promised to resist for them the iniquitous claim. At the expiration of the month, Courcelles desired him to retain a certain sum for lodging money. 'You may, Sir,' replied the officer, 'lord it over my countrymen, for unhappily

they are too much in your power, but you shall never force me to aid you ; and no punishment you can inflict would ever induce me to act dishonourably. Your order is unjust, and I will not listen to it.' This firm language so intimidated Courcelles that he did not enforce it.

"The midshipmen, finding that he gave way so easily, petitioned the Minister of War, in hopes that a statement of their circumstances might ameliorate their situation. They stated their grievances as follows:—'that they had been compelled to purchase his wines ; that the difference (a small fraction) between the *franc* and the *livre tournois* was still withheld ; that an attempt had been made to force them to pay for the apartments in which they had been thrust ; with other minor things.'

"The petition had the desired effect. The Duke de Feltre, with that justice and humanity which ever distinguished his conduct towards the prisoners, immediately caused the matter to be examined. A General, with two British officers, were nominated to inquire into it. The General observed to Courcelles, that two of the charges were comparatively trifling, but that the payment in *livres* instead of *francs* could not so easily be surmounted ; and he wished to know what he had to say thereon. Courcelles answered, 'Nothing—I have never had to do with the prisoners' pay ; it is the *gendarmerie* alone that have been employed in this service ; no profit has arisen to me—I am ignorant on the subject.' 'Sir,' said the General, 'the *gendarmerie* are under your orders ; if they have committed abuses, you are answerable for them.' I was then sent for ; and, after answering a number of questions, the following dialogue took place. 'How happens it that, resident in a town where so much money has been spent, and yourself one of the

principal persons that has been employed, no part of the treasure has come to you ?'

'I confess that, since my stay in Verdun, I have annually consumed above one hundred pounds more than my pay, and that I have received this sum from the generosity of the English.'

'And what have your superior officers given you ?'

'Nothing but my pay.'

'That was unfair,' said the General, 'judging from their resources —.'

"Courcelles now sent for Massin. 'Well, Massin,' said he, 'do you see what the scoundrels have done; none but Englishmen could be capable of such baseness. The General will make his report, and we must be prepared to defend ourselves. How to arrange matters, I think we had better consult Curé (paymaster); he is more versed than we are in finance affairs. Could we not throw the whole blame on Bouillé (sergeant of *gendarmérie*, and paymaster to the prisoners)? It strikes me this would be the best and most easy mode of proceeding.' The Commandant and the honest lieutenant called, and explained the business to Curé. It was determined to get Bouillé to sign a paper, purporting that when he took charge of the chest there existed a deficit, and that, in order to bring it up, he had retained the difference between the *franc* and *livre*. This concluded on, they sent for Bouillé, and presented him the document to sign, which he refused, without its being previously submitted to his examination. Courcelles was indignant at the denial, and vowed vengeance. They met again the next day, when the following conversation ensued.

Courcelles.—'Well, Bouillé, you object to grant your name; you are wrong; I have no interest in the matter;

you will ruin yourself. I know your counsellor; but if you listen to him, you are, I repeat, a lost man.'

Bouillé.—'At my age, I do not need an advocate; you wish me to declare myself the robber of three hundred pounds. You say you are not interested; I think that you are, and that you have had your share; I am the only person that has not participated. The profit of the *francs*, the pay belonging to the heirs of deceased prisoners, and that of those who have escaped, I have invariably remitted to M. Massin; the sums must have been entered in his book, let him produce it, and my justification will appear.' Massin groaned, and exclaimed, 'Ah, Bouillé, you wish to ruin me.'

Bouillé.—'And you, Sir, do you wish to save me?'

Courcelles.—'You tell me, Bouillé, that I have had my portion; how could you prove the assertion?'

Bouillé.—'In many ways; but the best proof is, that if you had not gained, you would not have permitted Massin to take the money; he can best say whether he did not every month pay you the half of the spoils.'

Massin.—'It is very true; but, my dear Bouillé, do I merit to perish for such a trifle?'

Bouillé.—'And do you, gentlemen, wish me to perish for you? You are both my superiors in rank; and, if fearful of investigation, have greater resources than I can possibly possess.'

"Not being able to accord, the party separated until the morrow, and met again for the third time, but still could come to no determination. At last Courcelles strongly recommended Massin's burning the ledger. The lieutenant, in despair, threw it into the fire: Curé attempted its recovery, but in vain, as Courcelles kept pushing it further in with his foot. The destruction of the book appeared to be the only result of this stormy interview.

On the following day they met again. Courcelles came now to the discussion with very different feelings; his fears were partly dissipated, and his courage increased in proportion. Assuming a quiet and unconcerned air, he declared he would have nothing further to do with them, and that he washed his hands of the business; and I observed, 'Bouillé will exculpate myself by law; I paid the money to Massin.' 'Ah, gentlemen,' said the unhappy Massin, 'I see you are bent upon my destruction, but I will not be coward enough to wait the blow. You, M. Courcelles, will answer one day before the Almighty for the manner you have treated me.' He retired, took a pistol, went out of town, and shot himself.

"Courcelles reluctantly announced the death of Massin. The Minister answered that he was apprised of the fact, with its attendant circumstances, and added, that he had forfeited his confidence. On the 14th September, 1811, he was superseded in the command of the *depôt*, and of the town of Verdun, and on the 17th following in that of the department of the Meuse, and dismissed wholly from the army, after a servitude of forty-six years.

"Colonel Baron de Beauchêne next took the command of the *depôt*. On the third day, he sent for me, and spoke as follows:—'I have passed all my life in the army, and had thoughts of retiring, when the Minister sent me here. I almost tremble at the idea. You, who know so well the secret spring of what has happened, inform me of the cause of the tragical occurrence. A General, reduced to the necessity of making away with himself—his aid-de-camp, an officer of *gendarmerie*, broke—a colonel commandant dismissed—the officer of *gendarmerie* under him, driven to suicide—also the lieutenant at Sarr-Louis, and the colonel at Montmidi, condemned to the galleys! What demon can have occasioned such an

accumulation of mischief?' I related to him all the particulars. 'How is it possible,' remarked the Baron, 'that officers could be capable of such base actions?' Courcelles, whose private property alone amounted to nearly a thousand pounds per annum! They both deserved their fate. I shall follow another mode. I will have no spies; they are at best but uncertain guides. Whatever I may find it necessary to know among the prisoners, you can inform me, and I will pay you for your trouble. Are there any midshipmen still in the citadel?' I answered, 'A great many.' 'I will,' said the Baron, 'apply immediately to the Minister to have them liberated, and abolish altogether that wretched *depôt*. I have no wine to sell; on the contrary, I have wine to buy. Tell the midshipmen my intentions. They may go into the town as they think proper; I only wish them to sleep in their present quarters, until I hear definitely on the subject. It will afford me real pleasure to render the prisoners under my care as happy, as they have hitherto been miserable under others. If the Government finds fault with me, I shall at least have the satisfaction of an honest man. I possess neither the cunning of Wirion nor Courcelles. I have served against the English in Spain, and am not ignorant of their generous conduct towards my countrymen; in return, then, I ought to shew all possible lenity; I have already told them as much, and my conduct will best prove the sincerity of my declarations.'

'I was told the *depôt* consisted of prisoners on parole; of what use then would be cruelty, but to cause the same misfortunes as those already experienced? I know beforehand that I shall not be very lucky; for my part, I think that any Englishman who can procure a hundred pounds, may reckon himself already in England.

Must we then punish those who remain, for those who escape? What folly! It is as much as to ask the former, Why also are you not gone? I cannot conceive how any commanders could have thought differently on this head. No; I will not permit tyranny: those who behave ill, shall experience my displeasure; but those who behave well, shall be well treated. Such are my resolutions, and they cannot be too publicly known. I do not expect to please all; but if I obtain the esteem of the estimable, I shall be content.'

"Then was the whole system of secret police, spies, agents, and the whole system of cruelty, swept away at one blow." *

My friend, Captain Boys, in the "Narrative of his Captivity and Adventures in France and Flanders," published in 1831—a narrative detailing as much, if not more, cool courage, determined perseverance, and severe suffering, as any narrated under similar circumstances—computes the extortion from the prisoners as follows:—

	£.	s.	d.
For missing the <i>appel</i> , 2s. 6d. each, and permission to sign the books at home, yielding about £50 per month....	1800	0	0
Doctor's certificate, to avoid regulations, £10 per month for five years	600	0	0
Sale of passports to go out of town, about 2,000 issued in seven years—losses, &c.	250	0	0
For going out of town on horseback, or in a carriage, 100 @ 5s.	25	0	0
Permission to reside in the country—say average six for six years	216	0	0
Tax on clubs, 25s. per month each, for six years	360	0	0
Races, exclusive of extortions which grew out of them ..	180	0	0
Permission for servants to return to Verdun, @ £12 each four per year, for six years	288	0	0
Permission for <i>détenus</i> to return to Verdun from Valenciennes.....	400	0	0

* Anthony Latrielle.

AMOUNT OF EXTORTION.

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Gambling-houses, £100 per month, for three years	3600	0	0
Difference between the <i>franc</i> and <i>livre tournois</i> , (about 1½ per cent.)—In Wirion's time	£720		
In Courcelles' time ...	240		
		960	0 0
Permission for masters of vessels and others to return to Verdun, during seven years	420	0	0
Stoppages of pay for pretended dilapidations of prisons..	520	0	0
Defraying expenses of recapture when attempting to escape	300	0	0
Permitting masters of merchantmen to reside in town, at 4s. each per month (part only collected) ...	£80		
Ditto, on another occasion, 500 @ 7s. 6d.	187		
		267	0 0
Courcelles' wine, and other robberies not mentioned	1000	0	0
The jailer's (Courcelle's son) robberies.....	150	0	0
Latreille's confession, (this was the amount of free gifts, and well merited.—S. E.) £100 for ten years	1000	0	0
Marechal de Logis Bouillé, £150 per year, for five years..	750	0	0
Lieutenant Massin, £100, for two years	200	0	0
Licences for various privileges	300	0	0
Lieutenant Demanget, £150 per year, for four years	600	0	0
One-third of 1,800 prisoners at Valenciennes were permitted to work in town, upon paying ten sous per day, for one year, producing.....	£3912	10	
Then, five sols, for one year	1956	5	
		5868	15 0
		20,054	15 0
Calculating similar extortions at the ten other <i>depôts</i> , each only at one-twentieth of that sum, amounts to.....	10,027	7	6
		£30,082	2 6
To the above must be added the amount of the bill and protest paid by Mr. G.	5700	0	0
		£35,782	2 6

APPENDIX, No. 6, p. 28.

To show something of the French character, and of the state of society in Paris at the termination of the war, I shall give a few extracts from "Scott's Visit to Paris in 1814":—

"The conversation of" that city "is rich even to surfeiting, in all the choicest and most amiable terms ; delicacy and sentiment, and love and ladies, and beauty, and science, and art, are almost the only words you hear, whether you are in a cellar of the Palais Royal, or seated on a chair under one of its trees, or listening to a discourse on some puzzling point of the higher mathematics at the *Institut* ; yet among this exquisitely talking set, a woman can seldom possess a lover before marriage, and is as seldom without a variety of paramours after ;—from the management of young females in Paris, it is almost impossible that a marriage in respectable life should be the result of mutual affection.

"The shops of the Palais Royal are brilliant :—they are all devoted either to toys, ornaments, or luxuries. Many of the shops in the back passages are kept by small booksellers, who expose their wares beyond their windows and stalls ; and the mentioning of this fact induces me to notice here two circumstances highly characteristic of Paris, and indicative of its moral and social state.

"The first is, the extreme profligacy and filthiness of the books and prints that are exposed for sale. The vilest publications lie about everywhere, throwing in your face a grossness which amounts rather to brutality than mere sensuality. It is a proof how deep and general is the viciousness of manners which causes this, that they run through all the degrees necessary to adapt them to every class of purchasers. Some are as elegant as art can make them—others mere villainous deformities. There are editions of the works of all the established authors, graduated for every description of taste :—in one, the prints are chaste and good ; in another, licentiousness begins to appear ; in a third, it is more apparent ;

in a fourth, it amounts to obscenity. All these are finely executed; but there are others, regulated according to the same scale of wickedness, which are done in a much inferior way, *for the wants of the poor*. From the completeness of the supply may be judged the extensiveness and certainty of the demand. But the most horrible circumstance connected with this branch of Parisian manufacture remains to be told: it is so much a matter of common trade, that the women in the shops (and every shop is kept by a woman) vend these articles with the utmost unconcern. A tradesman's wife will tell her daughter to take down a book for the gentleman, the interior of which is a pandemonium of grossness. A respectable bookseller, in my presence, insulted a female customer, by putting into her hands an edition of Fontaine, saying, 'The prints of this book, Madame, are beautiful, but they would render it improper for the eyes of an unmarried lady.' It is in this easy way that they define virtue and vice; they know nothing of the difference as a matter of feeling—it must take the tangible and palpable shape of an action before they can perceive it.

"It is to the disgrace of French art that it is a slave to this dissolute taste. The artists labour to unite the gratification of obscene dispositions with the result of elegant conceptions:—they make the display of nudity their principal object;—it is evidently not done by them in the natural and necessary course of the subject, but in the depravity of the artist, speaking to the depravity of the observer. Venuses are hung out, without the print-shops, for those who know nothing of form but as an object of lasciviousness;—the bad intention is, in short, everywhere apparent; and, to judge of the enormous quantity of provision made for this brutal appetite, one would say that it exists in Paris to a degree of coarseness

disgraceful to the people, and utterly contradictory of all their pretensions to refinement.*

“United in vice to this shameful feature is one of another kind, and their neighbourhood illustrates the national character. In France you have no security against the existence of an evil, in the possession of what is commonly and naturally opposed to it. The French reconcile fineness with filth, politeness with coarseness, honour with falsehood. In like manner, the shops that present the grossness above alluded to, are crowded with elegant literature, placed out evidently for numerous purchasers.

“The appearance of ladies sitting among crowds of men in these public rooms (the *restaurateurs* of the Palais Royal) startles the English visitor, as a custom that trenches on the seclusion that he is inclined to think necessary to the preservation of the most valuable female qualities, in the tenderness of their beauty. It is, however, in this respect, as in many others, in Paris;—there is no sensibility for any thing beyond the action

*I beg leave here to observe, that we in this country are in some measure copying after our neighbours. I felt surprise, not to say disgust, the other day, on entering the Liverpool Exhibition of Paintings, with a young lady under my arm, on seeing two large pictures, each representing a full-length figure of a female *in puris naturalibus*; which no young person of chaste feeling could, in company with, and surrounded by gentlemen, pass without blushing and hiding her face. Surely, in the beautiful form of a fine woman, as she appears in public, the artist may find sufficient to exert his skill, and may display it to as great advantage in the drapery as in the person, and produce a far more appropriate effect. Such exhibitions may be prized in countries where nakedness is not reckoned indecency, and where females of rank are known to sit in that state to the painter; but in England, where there is still a value stamped upon decorum, the admission of such paintings into public exhibitions is, to say the least of it, indecorous. For the abomination in which the sight of nudity was held in the Old Testament, see Gen. iii. 7, 10, 21, and ix. 22, 25.

itself—there is an utter ignorance that the highest sense of value prompts restraint, concealment, and precaution—there is a thorough indifference for what cannot be sensually enjoyed.

“The advance of the evening throws out still more prominently the native and most peculiar features of the Palais Royal. When the numerous windows of its immense mass of building are lighted up, and presents to the eye, contemplating them from the dark and deserted ground in the centre, a burning exterior, leading the imagination to the lively scenes within, perhaps a more impressive spectacle is not to be found in the world. From the foundation of the building, floods of light stream up and illuminate crowds that make their ingress and egress to and from the cellars, that are places both of amusement and refreshment. Here there are dancing dogs, blind men who play on musical instruments, ballad singers, *petite* plays, and the game of dominos. The tables are crowded with men and women—wives mingle with prostitutes, tradesmen with sharpers: the refreshments are all of a light nature; nothing like intoxication is seen, and there is no very gross breach of decorum in behaviour. There is nothing seen painfully to offend the eye, and this is enough to satisfy the Parisians that they ought not to shock the mind. But the truth is, that grossness of conduct is the natural and becoming barrier that stands between virtue and vice—it proves that the two are kept totally distinct, that the partisans of the latter feel themselves proscribed, rejected, disowned by the respectable. They thus carry with them the brand of their infamy—the good shudder at it and avoid them, they disgust instead of allure, they excite a horror which counteracts the temptations to licentiousness. It is a sign that the virtue of a nation is spurious and debased,

not that its vice is scanty and unaggravated, when its manners fail strongly to mark the distinction between the worthy and the reprobate.

“ Above the cellars and shops of the Palais Royal there are the elegant *caffés*, the common and licensed gambling houses, and *bagnios*, and, still higher, the abodes of the guilty, male and female, of every description.

“ Gaming, in every country sufficiently injurious, in this is rendered doubly destructive, from the small sums that may be staked. At the first tables with which the Palais Royal, and indeed almost every district of Paris abounds, *and to some of which females are admitted as well as men*, so small a sum as two *francs*, or twenty-pence, may be staked. The evil of this will easily be seen; every artisan who can earn, every shopman or apprentice who can purloin that sum, may try his fortune at the gaming table; and, not content with this encouragement to the spirit of play, the government provides in the course of every year one hundred and eighty lotteries, one of which is drawn almost every other day, and in which persons may purchase even for the small sum of six-pence. About these hellish gambling tables half-pay officers, private soldiers, clerks, and *ex-employés*, are seen in desperate contention with treacherous fortune. The expression of the face, as the trembling hand puts down the piece of money, is awful: one piece follows another, gold is succeeded by silver, and, from five *franc* coins, the unfortunate wretch is reduced to the risk of a single *franc*; he loses it, and leaves the room with a face that bespeaks him drained and desperate. For what atrocity is he not now prepared? The appearance of the women at these tables is still more horrible—their sex, which is so susceptible of lovely appearances, natural and moral,

seems equally calculated to display the features of deformity in their most revolting aspects.

"There is yet much more that belongs to the Palais Royal; but I believe I have described all that will bear description. Prostitution dwells in its splendid apartments, parades its walks, starves in its garrets, and haunts its corners. It is not, certainly, so riotous in its manner as in England, but it is easy to see that its profligacy is of a deeper, fouler, more nauseous kind.

"Such is the Palais Royal — a vanity-fair, a mart of sin and seduction! open, not one day of festival, or on a few holidays, but every day of the week. Every day does it present stimulants and opportunities to profligacy and extravagance, to waste, and riot, and idleness. It is there—always ready to receive the inclined, to tempt the irresolute, to confirm bad habits, and dispel good resolutions: it is there—as a pestilential focus of what is dangerous and depraved—a collection of loose and desperate spirits, in the heart of a luxurious capital—as a point of union for every thing that is evil—where pleasure, in all her worst shapes, exists in readiness to be adapted to every variety of disposition, and to enslave and corrupt the heart by making the senses despotic. There is but one Palais Royal in the world, say the Parisians, and it is well for the world that there is but one.

"Besides the amusements here alluded to, there are ten theatres in Paris, open every night, and every night crowded. The Boulevards are full of coffee-houses, such as have been described at the Palais Royal: at several of these, *petit* plays are performed. There are also public dancing-rooms, public gardens, and exhibitions without number. The people increase this enormous amount of amusement for themselves: in all the

public walks, in fine weather, they are to be seen dancing in parties. The waltz is the predominating figure; and the women of Paris, of all ranks, *grisettes* as well as duchesses, delight in it to madness, and exercise it with skill and grace.

“ The economy of their habitations is after the same fashion, and belongs to the same system as before described. ‘Why,’ they would say, ‘should a bed-room be held sacred through the day, when it is only required to be kept in quietness through the night.’ So, before the bed is made, and often before the lady is out of it, visitors are admitted. There is little or no feeling in France for any thing beyond, or on one side of, the actual fact. Thus, a lady will dress behind the curtain, while a gentleman sitting in the room hears her movements, and is able to guess every action as she performs it; but what then? she is not exposed to his eyes, and, as to his imagination, it is quite free for her—her feelings are not affected by any of its liberties.

“ There being this insensibility in France about what costs us in England most trouble and anxiety, their attention is wholly devoted to that kind of ingenious contrivance which I have been describing, and which is of the same nature with that of school-boys, who can make any thing answer every purpose. Nothing can be imagined more wretched than the arrangement of their rooms, with reference to what we call family comfort and completeness; but for the make-shift they are admirably contrived. They all run out and into each other, so that you must pass through bed-rooms, and all sorts of rooms, before you can reach your own: but, then, the whole will form a suite for company in the evening; the beds are overhung with a canopy of silk and lace for the

occasion, and no one sees the state of the bed-clothes, or the night-cap that is put under the pillow.

"The domestic economy of the people of all ranks wants that snug cordiality, which, however it may, at first sight, seem to promote only the comfort of one's feelings, has, in truth, an admirable moral effect. The family—whether it be a tradesman's or a marshal's—never assemble together in the morning: breakfast, which is so enjoyed—I might almost say so *amiable* a meal with us, is never in Paris partaken of in a regular way. The father, the mother, and the children, separately eat what they please, when they please, and where they please, before dinner. They do not come together, therefore, in the freshness of their early hearts, before the dissipations and distractions of the day have disturbed the calm so favourable to a view of duties and an expansion of the affections.

"The order of a French dinner-party has been so often described, that I do not feel inclined to repeat the bill of fare. The chief peculiarities are, that the ladies and gentlemen do not separate—that little wine is drank (and that of a light kind)—that the ladies take their share in all the topics of the day—and, as the price of their permission to remain with the gentlemen, countenance and promote an easy licentiousness of conversation, which forms about a medium between the grossness which too often prevails amongst Englishmen when the females have quitted them, and the scrupulous decorum which they preserve before the separation of the sexes. It scarcely admits of doubt, that the French custom indicates a state of society in which the feelings of delicacy and morals are light and loose. They are not troublesome, with reference to any, and therefore one standard

of decorum is adopted as sufficient for all; the yoke of propriety is fashioned so wide in its shape, and trifling in its weight, that no one has a temptation, on any occasion, to throw it entirely off.

"In many important respects the system of the restored Court seemed to settle at that most fatal of all points, where enough is done to alarm, and not enough to intimidate. But probably the religious measures of the Court have done more than any other part of its conduct, to hurt it in the estimation of the Parisians. These excited their contempt, which is a more fatal and cruel feeling in France than any other. The King altered the constitution—he restrained the liberty of the press: these measures scarcely excited notice, and still less reprehension; but—*mon* ——!—he ordered the shops to be shut up on Sundays, and the spirits of the people were instantly inflamed to exasperation.

"This leads me to remark on another feature of the society of Paris. The dupery of superstition has been succeeded by the most hardy infidelity, of the most chattering species. The ladies assail you in a crowded room, where there is waltzing going on, to put you seriously to your proofs in favour of the existence of a God; the little boys stop in the streets to laugh at the priests, as mountebanks that are at once dishonest and ridiculous. In the tragedy of *Œdipus*, by Voltaire, Jocaste says to her wretched husband,

Nos prêtres ne sont point ce qu'un vain peuple pense;
Notre credulité fait toute leur science.

[which may be translated,

The priests are not what we take them to be;
Their knowledge lies in our credulity.]

These lines, on the night I saw the piece performed, were scarcely out of the actress' mouth, before the house

shook to its foundation with the thunders of applause; it was a tumultuous roar, proceeding from tradesmen, soldiers, men, women, and children, the thoughtless as well as the thinking—all uniting to testify their abhorrence of religion and its ministers.

“ The system of educating and training young women in France, is open to the most serious objections. Girls, in respectable life, are placed, as they grow up, under a strict *surveillance*; they are never entrusted beyond the eye of the mother or governess. If they are permitted to pay a visit to a female friend of the family, the hostess is sensible she incurs the heaviest responsibility. The youthful guest must not sleep beyond the immediate superintendence of her entertainer; a bed is made up for her in the cabinet of the lady of the house. She must not dance, but with the partner selected by her friends; she must not sit down with her partner after she has danced; in short, strictness and guardianship are the substitutes for formation of character; and, without paying any regard to the mind, the body is pampered and preserved for the accomplishment of the future views of a mercenary and cold authority, that looks but to sordid interests, and is careless of virtue and happiness.

“ This degrading system of watch and ward is absolutely necessary, according to the habits of Paris, for they are directly levelled against whatever would warrant confidence in the sense of integrity and honour in the young female mind. Mothers will not, indeed, instruct their daughters to intrigue after they are married; and they will not, probably, talk of their own licentious indulgences before their daughters; but their conversation with their intimates, in the hearing of their children, is sufficiently instructive, that connubial constancy is in little estimation, and less practice. ‘ Such a lady,’ they

will say, speaking of one who has a husband and children — 'is not now on terms with *that* gentleman; *that* affair is over long ago; it is now Monsieur ———.'

"These breaches of nuptial fidelity, it is affirmed, are less universal at present than they were before the Revolution; but I believe it is doing no injustice to the state of French morals to say, that they now constitute the majority of cases of conduct after wedlock, in the genteel circles of Paris: before the Revolution, a case of post nuptial chastity in these circles was neither known nor expected. At present, the indulgence is managed with no needless display of indecency, but it is perfectly well understood both by the husband and society, and the indulging party is not severely treated by either. In short, a husband here cannot rationally calculate on his wife's fidelity, and I believe very seldom does. If the parties, *after* marriage, feel themselves very much attached to each other, their reciprocal fidelity is secured by a mutual pledge on honour, which is added to the compact made at the altar, as an extra obligation, not necessarily included in the original engagement.

"In Paris, it is the regular business of parents to marry their children; the idea of the latter conducting so serious an affair for themselves, would shock every father and mother in that capital. For this purpose, they announce everywhere what portion they can afford to their son or daughter, and, without hesitation, inquire of all persons whom they know, that have progeny of which a match may be made, what portions they intend to give. The sole object to which they direct their effort is, to accomplish a match which may be advantageous to their child in worldly matters—namely, in point of fortune or connexions. As these are things which have no sort of connexion with inclination on either side, it

sometimes happens that a marriage is agreed upon between the parents for some years before the girl's age will permit it to be consummated. The awful contract for life is hailed, for no better reason than that it affords a prospect of escaping from the irksome restraints that have been already described; the commands of the parents are signified, and obeyed, and two persons come together whom no impulse of their own has joined, who can have no well-founded confidence in each other, and whose minds are prepared before-hand to give ready access to levity and inordinate desires.

"After marriage, the wife, young, and uninstructed in morals and duties, is at once emancipated from a state of severe restraint, and plunged into one of licentious liberty and unnatural power, of which a few of the features are, a luxurious *boudoir*, full of couches and statues—separate bed-rooms—a lover in every visiter, and the custom of society opposed to cruelty to lovers. It is needless to deduce consequences from these—their existence is sufficiently informing.

"The chief emblem and representation of this condition of married women is the *boudoir*. It is a temple of separation and luxury. It belongs to the wife exclusively; the husband has neither property in it, nor power over it. If she were suspected of having a lover concealed within its mysterious enclosure, that enclosure, nevertheless, must not be violated. What I mean is, that such is the rule of good manners in France, and the man who disregards it is esteemed a brute—an object of the general dislike and disgust of both sexes. The *boudoir* is the apartment that is most commonly complete in its elegance. The nursery for the children, in the houses of families of rank, is neglected, and crammed into some inconvenient corner; but the *boudoir* for the

mother, is rich in couches, in statues, in paintings, and flowers.

“One effect of what I have been describing is, that amidst this general profligacy, the grosser features of vice are not frequently seen. A woman who swerves from her sex’s point of honour, in England, is aware that she has committed an unpardonable offence; and the coarseness of depravity ensues, from the very consciousness of the enormity of her crime. But it is very different in France. A female there, who has committed adultery, regards herself, and is regarded by others, as not more culpable, than if she had been a little too extravagant, or too addicted to play, or rather fond of going from home. Her mind, therefore, experiences little, if any alteration, in consequence of the violation of her person; it is but little, or not at all, worse than it was before. It must be admitted that is a better state of disposition and feeling than usually exists in union with a disregard of chastity in England; but how worthless is it as a general standard of the female heart! and is it not infinitely better to meet with instances of gross depravity, as disgusting exceptions to the general purity, than to find purity nowhere, and everywhere a dissoluteness, insulting and confounding virtue, by assuming the air of decency? The boast of the French is, that the appearance of vice in Paris is not so odious as in London. If it be allowed them that their wickedness is not so deformed, yet if their virtue is not so fair, the worst stigma will remain with them. Where women commit adultery, and are allowed to continue in good society, the common prostitutes will not in their behaviour shew themselves at variance with the observances of good society.

“The dangerous seduction is in Paris, where the harlot sits beside the girl of virtue, pretty, demure, attentive to

the play, and coquetting with the surrounding beaux. The young lady is sensible that this woman does little more than her mamma does, and she sees no difference in their carriage. The men behave alike respectfully to both; they are both, then, entirely on an equality to the eye, and pretty nearly so to the understanding.

"It is, I repeat, most essential to the preservation of virtue, that the distinction between it and vice should be strongly marked. It certainly is not so in France; they unite with each other, and this is a union which must be entirely at the expense of the best party to it, and, at the same time, promote the extension, without lessening the mischiefs, of the worst. In a country where the most respectable tradesmen's wives will put obscene prints into the hands of their customers—where the insignia of filth and wickedness are everywhere displayed—where licentious conversation prevails at every table—and the young married woman who is without a paramour is an exception to the general custom—we must not hear a word of its refinement, or of its delicacy.

"The influence of females is employed without scruple, on every occasion where profit is to be derived from it. These soliciting females are not easily rebuffed. They repeat their application day after day, if not successful at first; they will take no denial; charms, tears, hysterics, nay, convulsions, are all employed if it be necessary; and little degradation of character is supposed to be sustained, whatever the price may be that is paid for the accomplishment of what is desired.

"The latitude which the conversation of females takes in Paris is rather startling to those who are unaccustomed to it; but it certainly does not indicate there what it would indicate in England. The language of gallantry to unmarried females, when it can be preferred, is

unmeaning—to married ones, to whom it is much more commonly addressed, it is always full of meaning. The Parisian ladies are not inclined to quarrel with words, and a coarseness of allusion prevails in mixed conversation, which, like many other qualities in Paris, is strangely opposed to its boasts of refinement.”

In order to convince my readers that things remain in the same state, or nearly so (lotteries and licensed gambling tables excepted), as they were when the above was written, I shall refer them to the Quarterly Review, Nos. 101 and 111, where they will see a particular account of the profligacy of the French drama, and the immodesty of French novels, two leading indications of the state of society in France: and where they will also see that the most popular French novelist, whom the public voice has pronounced to be, *par excellence*, the most accurate painter of life, shows, “*qu’il est presque impossible à une femme mariée de rester vertueuse en France*”—that it is almost impossible for a married woman to preserve her virtue in France. And further, that according to *Madame La Baronne du Devant*, “A law of marriage which should endeavour to combine morality with love, is as mad, as impotent to restrain passion, as *derisory before God*, as the social marriage of the present time is before man.” And again, “No *theory* should be absolutely rejected; and I, therefore, will admit *that* of conjugal fidelity, but only as a case of exception to the general rule.”

APPENDIX, No. 7, p. 88.

A little while after the punishment was over, I heard a number of seamen discussing its severity—not finding fault with it; when an ill-looking fellow said, he had

been flogged round the fleet twice, but had never suffered in the same degree that he had suffered once in the *souterrain*. It may therefore be presumed, as the men, by tacit consent, agreed among themselves to this mode of punishment, that they believed it was the most efficacious and exemplary; and that they would not complain, if it was only inflicted when it was deserved; and then not in a passion, but after due deliberation. Clemency should always temper justice, and all the lenity should be shown which the nature of the crime, or the breach of discipline, would allow. To punish for involuntary errors, or ignorance, or occasional inadvertencies—as I once witnessed in a vessel of war lying at anchor—is cruelty. In the middle of a dark night, at the tail of a heavy gale of wind, the hands were turned up to clear hawse. One of the best men in the ship unfortunately handed up the end of the cable in such a manner as to leave a cross. Now this could not strictly be called a fault; it was an oversight, caused by the hurry of the moment, the darkness of the night, and the pitching of the vessel; yet the consequence was, as soon as it was discovered, immediate punishment. In a service where the duty is carried on with such despatch, that a man has scarcely time to think, mistakes must occasionally occur; every thing must be done smartly, and almost intuitively, or the man is sure, at the least, to get some hard names. In this case, it must be allowed that the mistake was a provoking one, clearing hawse being a troublesome job; still it was only an oversight, and no other consequence attended it than a repetition of the trouble. If the Captain could have subdued his momentary irritation, and slept upon the matter, it is probable the man would not have been flogged the next morning.

I know by experience that exigencies will occur, which require, at all risks, prompt and severe measures. It once fell to my lot to exert a power with which I was not legally invested. Running up under the land, being one of five armed vessels which had sailed together from Surinam, carrying sail against each other, the wind blowing hard from the northward and bitterly cold, at the edge of dark, just as we were passing Tuskar, opening the Irish channel, the vessel made a tremendous pitch, which sent the end of the flying jibboom under water; in rising again, the weight of water snapped the bowsprit short off by the gammoning, when (contrary to the general conduct of British seamen) every man ran below. They had been upon deck all day, getting the anchors over the bows, bending cables, &c., and were wet, cold, and fatigued. What was to be done? The bowsprit was beating against the bows, as if determined to make a hole through them; the foremast tottering at every send, as if inclined to embrace the mainmast; and I left, with only the mate, to cut away the one, and secure the other. All that I was legally empowered to do, even in this dangerous predicament, was to threaten to stop the men's wages, provided I was not prevented by the vessel foundering: but it could not be expected that those who ran below, at the risk of their lives, would be tempted to come up again to save their wages. There being no time for hesitation, I jumped below, and with a stick thrashed them up; and the foremast, more faithful to its post than those who ought to have lent it assistance were to theirs, kept its erect position, although burthened with the top-gallantmast and yard. The wreck was soon cleared away, and the vessel got before the wind, by which means the loss of the stay was no longer felt. By eleven, a jury bowsprit was rigged, the mast secured,

the sails made snug, and the brig standing out to sea under such well-balanced canvass as almost to steer herself, so that she could not well come to much harm; then I believe all hands went to sleep. When I arrived, not one of the men sued me for their beating. No; they were ashamed of their conduct, and knew they had merited all they received. Notwithstanding my disaster, I arrived in Liverpool three days before my companions, who put into Waterford. One of them, a deep waisted prize corvette, shipped a sea, which filled her waist—spoiling almost the whole of her cargo, coffee in bags—and she had nearly foundered.

As society is now much divided upon the subject of corporal punishment, I shall relate a circumstance which was told me of a man of war's crew, and also a conversation I once had with a seaman, both bearing upon the subject.

When there was no communication between Buenos Ayres and Monte Video, the former having a little while previously thrown off its allegiance to the mother country, I went down from thence in an open boat to the latter place, on a legitimate mercantile transaction, and sought for, but did not find, protection for my boat's crew, from a British man of war, lying off there purposely to aid and protect British commerce. Going on board, I found an old acquaintance in the person of the first Lieutenant, who, after giving me a good breakfast, very kindly sent me ashore in one of the ship's boats. I went direct to the Captain to report myself, and met with a very ungracious reception. Why did you not come ashore in your own boat? he asked, in a tone that gentlemen are not in the habit of assuming when addressed as such. I replied, because I was afraid, not knowing how I should be received by the authorities, and therefore re-

quested permission of the Lieutenant to leave her there until I had waited upon the Governor. I am not (said he) sent here as a receiving ship for you and your boat's crew, and I shall order your boat ashore immediately; for which purpose the ship was telegraphed, and in about an hour's time the boat was hauled up dry upon the beach, and the crew in prison. Then he had to exert himself to obtain their liberation, a trouble he would have saved, had he given me at first the protection that was my due as an Englishman and a neutral.

After I had arranged my business, I was at a loss to know if I should be permitted to take my departure. I would not ask the English Captain; he had, by his lordly demeanour, forfeited, in my esteem, the respect due to his high station as representative of his Sovereign; and I was afraid to go to the Governor (Elio), who was of a savage disposition, and hated all revolutionists, and consequently all those who were in anywise connected with them. Once, when I was giving him an account of one of Napoleon's great victories, of which I brought the first news, he became much excited, and said, "I have heard enough. I will tell you what I would do, if I were fighting against the French; every man I took, I would say, there is five minutes for you to say your prayers, and then I would shoot him." I therefore thought it would be rather a dangerous experiment to ask permission to return; therefore pulled off in the boat, as if intending to go on board the man of war, keeping directly in a line with her, so that if the fort had fired after me, they could not well have hit me without the risk of hitting her. I called on board to say Good by, and tell the Lieutenant how his Captain had treated me; "You must not mind that (said he), it is only his crabbed disposition. He never flogs a

man; still the crew hate him; and my greatest trouble and anxiety is, when they run the boats up at night, to prevent them showing their hatred by staving his gig. The men, a set of fine fellows, complain sorely, saying, he is always dissatisfied and finding fault; if we do wrong, say they, why does he not flog us at once, and have done with it, and not be ever growling and giving us hard names?"

Going round the Liverpool docks in the course of last year, my attention was drawn to a rakish looking brig lying alongside the quay, when the following dialogue took place between me and a smart sailor-like looking man, who was standing at my elbow:—

"My man, can you tell me what this vessel is?"

"She has been a slaver; I was at the taking of her."

"Where did they cook? (seeing only a small cabouse on deck.)

"Cook, Sir!" said he, with a stare, as if he pitied my ignorance; "they never cook; they have not room sufficient for their provisions and water, much less for fire-wood."

"How then, and upon what, do they feed the slaves?"

"Upon a sort of meal, which they obtain upon the coast; and they give them just as much, mixed with a little cold water, as will keep life and soul together."

"Why did you quit the man of war?"

"She was paid off."

"Why did you not enter on board of another?"

"The cat, Sir!"

"And what of the cat?"

"I did not like the punishment."

"Did you ever see a man flogged that did not deserve it?"

"Never but once."

"Do you think the duty could be carried on without it?"

"No!"

The system of punishment in the navy is now greatly ameliorated; no man can be punished until twenty-four hours after the offence has been committed; and not then, unless a court of inquiry has been previously held, under the captain's warrant, the officers of the ship being thus created members of the court. Their verdict is submitted to him, with the minutes of the trial; and if the man be found guilty, the captain awards the quantum of punishment, and sees it inflicted. This is a wise and humane regulation, and will strike every one, who has any knowledge of the nature of discipline, as an equitable social compact between the commander and the commanded. Discipline must be preserved, and how can it be without coercion of some sort? It is the life of the service, as well as of all social bodies, whether civil or religious; and it is as conducive to the well-being of the men themselves, as it is to the service.

It may be presumed, that the lazy and the worthless compose the greatest portion of offenders; then, if imprisonment were generally substituted for corporal punishment, cases would occur when the severest portion of the punishment would fall upon the innocent, who would be compelled to do the duty of the guilty during their confinement; which the latter would scarcely feel, as the majority of them would prefer confinement to hard work. The compact between the governor and the governed ought to be, in measure, upon the giving and taking system. The former will never find a crew suited in all things to his wishes, and therefore ought to wink at trifles, which he has no occasion either to see or be told of. And the crew, on the other hand, will never

find a commander exactly to their mind ; therefore they, in their turn, must make allowances for occasional outbreaks of temper.

It is a common saying, that good masters make good servants ; and it is generally found true, throughout all ranks. Servants know when they are well treated, quite as well as masters know when they are well served ; and the former appreciate kind treatment as much, if not more, than the latter appreciate devoted services. There are two ways of giving orders ; one that provokes contempt, the other that commands esteem. One that will make a man move smartly, though doggedly, from fear, who, if he had his own choice, would not move at all ; the other, which makes him move equally smartly, and by his sprightliness shows that he moves with good will. The former, in times gone by, was the most generally adopted. A courteous and affable deportment does not militate against discipline. A good officer will make himself feared, without incurring hatred ; and may give a man a kind word, without stooping to familiarity. According as a man's education is, so in general, his behaviour to his inferiors will be courteous or discourteous. The greatest tyrant, frequently, is he who is raised but one step above his fellow. What can

“ Grate harder upon the hearts of men,”

than being loaded with vulgar abuse, when they are doing their utmost to please ? Such as “ Keep your luff, and be d——d to you ; where are you going ? ” These words were once addressed to myself, when in convoy in a weatherly vessel ; a sloop of war was coming up under my lee quarter, and not being able to go to windward of me, I put the helm up to pay her the compliment of the weather gage. And we may reasonably suppose it was

after the same manner the crew of this ship were generally addressed—a manner which would never obtain a crew of volunteers.

There are **THREE** leading things, in time of war, which give seamen a distaste for the navy.

1. The comparatively low rate of wages.
2. The indefinite period of service.
3. The constant confinement.

The **FIRST** is the most difficult to obviate; as the government, at the breaking out of a war, its funds being limited, is not able to compete with the enterprising merchant. Still, the difference of wages is in a great measure compensated by the superior degree of comfort, by the chance of prize-money, and by the men being entitled to pensions if wounded or accidentally hurt, as well as for length of service. Every man, after serving fourteen years, one-third of the time as an able seaman, is entitled to £10 12s., increasing progressively, year by year, until it amounts to £27 4s. In addition to which, he is allowed 15s. 2d. for every year that he has served as a petty officer of the first class; still increasing in proportion to his servitude and rating, till it may amount to £50 per annum. This is certainly liberal; but it must be always borne in mind that seamen are the only class of her Majesty's subjects who are *forced* to defend their country at a distance from their homes; and there is, consequently, still room for improvement.

In time of war, a tempting bounty should be offered, the wages increased, and some extra encouragement given to the men that serve in line-of-battle-ships; so as to put them on a par with those that serve in smaller vessels, where the chance of prize-money is much greater, and the service more pleasant, so far as regards excitement and variety. And if a part, or the whole, of this in-

crease of wages, were put into a fund, to accumulate, in addition to their pensions, for the support of the men, when no longer fit for service, it might have a good effect. Perhaps, too, it would be a further inducement to men to enter, if they had the assurance that, when paid off at the end of a war, all who had behaved well, and were still able to serve, should, whenever men were wanted, have a preference over younger men that had never served—that those who had not completed the period which would entitle them to a pension, might thus have an opportunity of completing it: and if they could be once impressed with the importance of making a provision for their old age, thus creating for themselves a stake in the country; and if more pains were taken to correct their immoral habits, they would no longer squander their wages as heretofore, but be led to appreciate the superiority of the Royal Service. In this respect, too, a good example, set by their superiors, would be a most effectual step towards their improvement.

The SECOND thing adverted to, I think not so difficult to manage. The ships might be paid off at the end of three years, as they are in time of peace, when no imperative necessity forbid it; and when it did, the men might have a bonus of some sort for every month of additional service exceeding that time. The regulations in some ships being much more congenial to the men than others, a great objection to the service would be removed if they had a fixed period to look forward to, when they might, if so inclined, demand their discharge, and either quit the service, or change their ship. This would also be a spur to the captain and officers so to conduct themselves, as to give the men no reasonable cause of complaint. Complain they occasionally will, under the best treatment; but this is an infirmity inci-

dent to human nature. Confinement, no matter in how pleasant a place, is always hateful; how much more hateful, then, must it be to the changeable, rambling disposition of a sailor, more especially if he happen to be placed under officers whose conduct is unnecessarily harsh.

This plan, I am aware, will be opposed by a great number of commanding officers. They will say, "This is just the time when we have brought the men to a perfect state of discipline." All must allow that the longer a crew is kept together, the more perfect will be that state. Still there is another party which ought to have a voice in the matter—the men themselves; and if they had, they would say, "Three years is long enough to be kept from our homes without our consent." If officers of the army capable of judging correctly, deprecate the voluntary enlistment of soldiers for life, how much more is the *impressment* of seamen for the same period to be deprecated; for how many never saw the end of the last war! An able, active captain would soon have a newly commissioned ship in fighting order; for Englishmen will fight under all circumstances.

The expense, doubtless, would be greater than on the present plan; but the people of Great Britain would not be backward to meet it, if it were the means of abolishing the sore evil of impressment. They would not, I trust, be like their brethren on the other side of the Atlantic, who, while making so great a boast of their free institutions, are keeping a great portion of their fellow-subjects in a state of bondage, surpassing in abjectness that of the most despotic of civilised nations, and are following a nefarious occupation, unknown to the rest of the world, that of breeding human beings purposely for sale, and

following the example of the most savage nations, in selling even their own progeny.

Hitherto I have not met with any proposition that seems to me likely, when seamen are suddenly wanted, to supersede impressment. And I think it probable, that if the choice were left to themselves, they would prefer the present system, with the chance of evading it altogether, rather than suffer themselves to be drawn as conscripts, or even to serve in their turn under a system of general registration. In both cases force would still have to be employed; unlike the French, British sailors would never willingly give themselves up to a service which they disliked. Besides, the greatest portion of those whose turn it might be to serve, or those who might be drawn to serve, might at the very time they were wanted be out of the country—and very likely the dread of serving might be a means of preventing their return. Recruiting, as has been recommended, for landsmen, and particularly for boys, under certain restrictions, is a very good idea; but, in my humble opinion, the only way of procuring good seamen, independently of the press, or any other method requiring force, is to make the service popular; and to render it so is within the range of the governors at its head, and the officers under their direction.

Until impressment can be abolished, it ought to be divested of as many of its horrors as can be well dispensed with. Pressed men, when carried from one port to another, should not be crammed down into the hold of a small tender, with the hatchways boarded in the shape of a square funnel to answer two purposes, one to let down the air, the other to prevent them getting up to it; but, when the hatches are on, resembling the black hole of Calcutta. I have seen one of these engines of torture, on

her passage from Liverpool to Portsmouth, lying wind-bound in Douglas, Isle of Man; where, to keep the men alive, they were, upon a fine day, marched to the end of the pier, and there guarded by sentinels, like any thing but innocent and deserving men, until they had breathed the fresh air for an hour or two; their emaciated frames depicting the horrid nature of their confinement. If any thing approaching to this had been practised in a convict-ship, the good British people would have been roused immediately; pestering the government to make the ship convenient, that the rogues might be sent out of the country like gentlemen-passengers. So we run into extremes. The honest tar may be torn from his home, and forced to defend his countrymen, who care little or nothing about him; but if the pests of society be not treated with tenderness, the country is up in arms.

If after three years' service the ship be recommissioned, and the captain has behaved well to his men,—not with that mistaken sort of kindness which, to spare them, suffers both duty and discipline to be neglected, a thing which the men themselves dislike, and which is equally injurious to them as to the service,—but that kindness which, while it keeps them to their duty, permits every indulgence consistent with discipline. He would find a great portion of his men would stick by him; at all events, as many as would speedily initiate the new hands, required to supply the places of those who should leave; and all who would re-enter should have as many weeks' furlough as circumstances would permit, their pay and rations being continued. It is on record, that ships' crews, on being paid off, have subscribed to purchase their old captain a piece of plate. Does not this argue a disinterested sense of past kindness, and a feeling of attachment which merits encouragement; and is it not

the greatest compliment that could be paid him, after the approbation of his Sovereign?

The THIRD. A good system of amelioration of the service being once established, the necessity of confinement would, in a measure, no longer exist. And here I would with deference suggest, that the crews be put in squads, and a certain portion of the squads be permitted to go ashore, as opportunity offered, leaving the other portion responsible for their return; and in case of desertion, the bondsmen to lose their privilege for a given time. There are not many good men that would leave their shipmates in the lurch; and as they generally know each other's minds pretty well, a suspicious character would find a difficulty in being received into any squad. This scheme, as I have before mentioned, was put in practice with the masters of merchants' ships confined in Verdun, and worked well; not a single squad, while I remained there, suffered by desertion; neither did I ever hear of one suffering afterwards; while it is well known that officers of superior rank broke their parole. I was once told by a midshipman, who was with that second Nelson, Lord Cochrane, in the *Speedy* brig, when he boarded and carried a Spaniard which had seven men to his one, that it was his constant practice, after coming in from a cruise, to pipe all hands on shore; a risk he would not have ventured if his undaunted spirit had not been tempered with benignity.

I cannot better illustrate the distaste of seamen to the Royal Navy, than after the manner of Æsop's fable of the Dog and the Wolf.

A dirty, hard-working sailor, called Bill, having no covering but a ragged flannel shirt and a pair of dirty canvass trowsers, happened one day to fall in with a jolly plump tar, called Jack, smartly rigged in a white

frock and trowsers, clean straw hat, polished shoes, and a smart silk handkerchief round his neck tied in a *saucy* knot. After the first compliments were passed, says Bill, "Why you are a fine rakish looking fellow, to be sure; but how does it happen that your situation is so much superior to mine, who work fifty times harder than you, and undergo fifty times more hardship? I get meat enough, it is true; but our skipper is such a hasty, fiery fellow, that we have often scarcely sufficient time allowed to bolt it; besides, he rams the ship so full, that the watch below are obliged to stow themselves as they stowed the cargo, bilge and cantline; and look at my togs!" Jack answered bluntly, "Why you may look as well as I do, if you will do the same for it." "May I?" says Bill, "what's that?" "Why," says Jack, "only to keep the ship like a fiddle, yourself clean, and to eat and drink of the best, with lots of time to sit over it." "A good sort of a life that," says Bill; "do you want any more hands in your hooker?" "Why," says Jack, "I think our captain would ship you as a bit of a favour." "Will he?" says Bill, "then here goes; for I have a bad berth of it where I am; more kicks than halfpence; and work enough to breed a mutiny in a sugar plantation." "That's right," says Jack, and away they went. But before they reached the boat, Bill said, "I'm thinking—how has it happened that I never before fell in with you? I have been cruising about here every Sunday afternoon, after having done all the odd jobs which had been left, the week before, for that morning." "Phoo," says Jack, "ask no silly questions, but come along." "Aye, but I want to know," says Bill. "Why then, if you must know," says Jack, "I suppose I must tell you. The captain has taken such a liking to me, that he will not let me go ashore lest I

should forget to come back again; and you would not have fallen in with me now, if it had not been for a good fellow of a midshipman, who has charge of the boat, and gave me five minutes' leave of absence, just to swallow a glass of grog." Bill hanging behind—Jack calls out to him, "What are you dropping astern for? make more sail." "No, no," says Bill, "I have heard enough; I shall bear up for my old ship, bad as she is; keep you your fine looks, sleek skin, and smart rigging to yourself. Liberty's the word for me. I would not be the husband of the Queen, your royal mistress, upon such hard conditions."

The Admiralty has lately formed a plan for instructing the seamen, marines, and boys of the fleet; and has established a new rating, called Seaman's Schoolmaster. This redounds much to the honour of the Lords Commissioners. But the chief end of education should be, the improvement of the moral character, to make the men good subjects to the reigning Monarch, and, above all, good subjects to the King of kings. And though they may be taught reading, writing, and arithmetic, these things cannot be expected to produce any moral reformation in their characters, so long as they are made vicious at their first entry into her Majesty's ships, and kept so by the licentiousness which is allowed: I allude to the practice of admitting on board, when in English harbours, women of the lowest description, as a compromise for depriving the men of the liberty of going on shore—a depraved custom, which has obtained from time immemorial. This is a stain upon the character of a nation styling itself christian, and the prolific cause of incalculable evil. But even propriety now especially demands that this stain be wiped off, at whatever cost;

the Royal Navy being under the control of Lords Commissioners, chosen by an amiable, noble-minded, virgin Queen.

In support of what I have advanced, I shall give a short extract from an account of a hard-fought action close in to the port of Vendee, in the Gulf of Lyons, between the French vessels of war—

Tactique	22	32 pounders and 200 men.
Le Zebre	8	guns 80 „
An armed sloop		force unknown.
		30 guns 280 „
and H. M. S. Guadaloupe, of 16	32lb	carronades, 104 men and boys.
Superiority of force in favor } of the French	14	guns and { 176 men, besides the armed sloop.

“ We learnt some time afterwards that the three vessels had actually been sent out, under express orders to run on board of us, and carry us off-hand by boarding, for which purpose they had been manned by the *élite* of the crews of the vessels in port. Previously to coming within shot range, our brave commander called all hands aft, and addressed the crew in the most cool and collected manner, pointing out our situation, and stating that he would bring us into action, but it was for us to fight our way out, as, the enemy being so superior in force, and we on a lee shore, almost within range of the batteries, (for the enemy had drawn us near to her own port, into which she could easily run should she find herself at a disadvantage,) we must either beat or be beaten.

“ On this all hands gave three cheers, and every soul on board, save the Captain, stripped for the fight. Our first broadside we heard made a dreadful crash, and caused a good deal of confusion among them; after this we fell to hammering each other at close quarters for the space of nearly an hour and a half.

" At length, so exhausted had both sides become, that it was quite the turn of a straw which would have the best of it. Once more our wearied crew rallied and cheered; which the enemy hearing, so daunted him, that he turned tail, and, not being cut up as we were in sails and running rigging, made sail from us, and ran into his own port, which was close under his lee,—so close, that the shot from the batteries actually passed over us during the latter period of the action. The Lords of the Admiralty sent a letter of thanks to be read to our ship's crew, for their gallant conduct in repulsing the superior force with which we had been engaged.

" It must here be remarked, that the crew of our little sloop was composed, for the greatest part, of raw impressed men and boys. Our complement on board was about 104 in number; and of these not above five or six, exclusive of officers, had (before the skirmish with the French troops) ever seen a shot fired in anger. In fact the greater number had, a few days before we sailed from Deptford, been picked up by the impress service out of the streets of the Metropolis. I do think it will be no exaggeration to say, that more than one-third of our crew was composed of boys; but, thanks to our gallant commander, by his unwearied and assiduous attention to daily exercise of great guns and small arms, they became, before long, well trained to face the foe.

" But I must not omit to make mention of another trait of character which shone with lustre in our gallant Captain—independently of bravery and collectedness of mind, he was humane, and consequently his crew loved him. He was exempt, in a remarkable manner, from that harshness of mind and practice which at one time so much defaced the conduct of many British officers. But, well for our favoured isle, the naval service is not

now what it was some thirty or forty years since, or less ; and I apprehend that it is a matter of exultation to know, that, with less severity of treatment, and larger scale of liberty, our seamen, as well as officers, are not a whit more deficient in requisites which constitute what is commonly termed a man-of-war's man ; and although no prophet, yet I would venture to predict, ' wo betide,' to an enemy's vessel of war, should a meeting take place betwixt it and a British vessel of any thing like equal force."*

From the little I have seen of the navy, and a more extensive acquaintance with the merchant-service, I have no hesitation in saying, that the state of the men is incomparably better in the former, always excepting the confinement and the indefinite period of service. More pains are bestowed to make them comfortable ; they are better fed, better clothed, better lodged ; more attention is paid to their health ; they are treated more like men, are less exposed to hardships, are unacquainted with constant bodily fatigue, hard living, and wet berths : in short, there are no men, in their station of life, who have so many comforts, and so much time to enjoy them ; and no pains should be spared to convince them of it. All that sound policy can dictate, to remove the distaste they have to the service, should be put in practice ; for the events which are transpiring around us indicate, that the time has not yet arrived when nations shall learn war no more.

To study the comfort or convenience of the men in the merchant-service, was a thing unheard of in my time ; I speak as I found it. Their moral worth was an item unknown in the ship's catalogue. When their services

* United Service Journal, December, 1837.

were not required, they were crammed into a hole, as any other serviceable article not likely to injure would be, when not wanted; and as to their sufferings and privations, they passed unheeded. I do not know that I can give a better account of their treatment and hardships, than by a short history of what I experienced when a boy, much of which is fresh in my memory.

It was my lot (not liking the confinement of a counting-house, into which my uncle had taken me) to bind myself apprentice to an old man, who was himself chief owner of the vessel: he worked me hard, and fed me upon the coarsest food. I do not call it my misfortune, for through it I acquired habits of industry and endurance of which I have experienced the advantage all my life; what I then endured invigorated my body, inured it to hardships, taught me to put my hand to anything, and shift for myself. He traded to Jamaica, calling at Madeira—the longest voyage then made out of the port, except to Africa. Liverpool was then comparatively in its infancy, and a foreign arrival was not an every-day occurrence. When the signal was made for one on Bidston-hill, it was buzzed all over the town, and the pier-heads were crowded to see the stranger enter the Mersey; and immediately her white sails were seen over the rock point, the old church bells struck up an exhilarating peal. As she touched the pierhead, the friends of the crew leaped on board to welcome them back again; and at night, at the hour the master was supposed to have gone to rest, a band of music regularly planted themselves at his door, to give him a serenade, in order to lull him to sleep after the fatigues of his long voyage. Then, a master of a foreigner was reckoned somebody in society, especially the master of a Guinea-

man (as the slavers were then called), who could vie with his employer in extravagance; to which dignity most of the sea aspirants to riches looked.

My master was a prudent, calculating man; he took care never to lumber his ship with unnecessary stores, nor to buy his provisions at the dearest shops; nor to carry more men than was needful; nor to hire any to aid his apprentices, when there was no necessity. There were seven of us, one a true-bred Lancashire lad, fresh from the Fylde country, who happened one day, before he had got his sea legs on board, to fall down the cabin-ladder when he had the master's dinner in his hand. When called to give an account of the accident, he said, "Mi foote slap'd, and deawn I coom, whack went mi heeod agen th' wau, and brok th' turene awe i' taue. O mi heeod, mi heeod!"

Our hardest work commenced at Madeira, where we took in from 3 to 500 pipes of wine. We had to unload, load, and keep the ship all clear for sea at the same time; for immediately upon the wind blowing fresh into the bay, our time of calling there being always in the winter, we slipped the cable and made sail. One voyage, we had to go out three times. Once, on a calm afternoon, suspecting the anchor to be foul, we began to heave it up—no light job in thirty fathoms water; it was nearly at the bows, when a light breeze springing up from the land, it was let go again, and the cable paid out end for end; but being near the edge of the bank, the ship would not bring up, but drove out to sea. Then our labour recommenced, but was doubly toilsome, every pawl of the windlass being gained with difficulty. After labouring until midnight, the master called out, "Knock off, lads, and get something to eat." Then we confidently expected a little of something extra, at least a

drink of wine or grog (a thing I do not recollect his giving us while I lived in the steerage); but no; we had nothing to cheer us but our standing dish—beef and bread, with water to wash it down. When the anchor was catted, we found it had hooked another, nearly the weight of itself, with a whole cable dangling to it! It was eight in the morning before we had secured the prize; and then, instead of going to rest, we had to make sail, clear the decks, and work the ship up to her former anchorage. This was all hard enough to bear, though not the hardest part of it—we shared none of the prize-money!

Once, when we were ready for sea, only waiting for the master and one boat-load of wine, a gale came on in the afternoon, but from such a quarter that if the cable had parted, we could have cleared the land. The mate, therefore, determined to hold on; and a terrible night we had, the ship riding bows under, every heavy surge being expected to upset the pawls of the windlass. The night was dark; but the sea streamed with light, sparkling as if it had been composed of small stars. About ten, A.M., the master came off, bringing with him ten pipes of wine;—for the Funchal boatmen will come off in almost any weather. We succeeded in getting nine pipes safe on board, but just as the tenth was above the gunwale of the boat, she gave it a blow which sent both heads out, and the empty pipe was let go into the boat. Then began an angry discussion; whose was the fault—who was to bear the loss of the wine? but we, having the upper hand, quickly ended the dispute by cutting the rope, and sending the crew adrift, to settle the matter with the shippers, taking with them the empty pipe, as evidence of the loss. Having lashed the nine pipes upon deck, the master wished the cable to be cut;

but the mate persuaded him from it, and we began to heave away. The anchor soon gave up its hold, and we drove to leeward at a great rate, and withal in shore; the master calling out repeatedly, "Cut the cable," and the mate as often answering, "We have plenty of drift." In the mean time the wind drew more in, and almost died away; the danger was imminent, and it was at one time doubtful if all the wine in the ship would not share the same fate as the last cask, and our lives be sacrificed to the saving of an anchor and cable.

When freight was plentiful in Madeira, our chests regularly took their stations upon the quarter-deck, which, if it was equally so in Jamaica, they never quitted during the remainder of the voyage. Yet the old man would not allow us a bit of new canvass to cover them, although it was the only thing of which he carried a large stock: for we generally made all the sails above and outside the topsails; and it was rare that the second suit was defiled by the fingers of a sailmaker, the honour of repairing it being left to us, for which and other requisites, we were always, on the passage from one island to the other, kept up all day; but we, in revenge, when there were no sails to trim, slept all night. It was a rare occurrence that brought the master upon deck after he had once turned in, which he usually did from eight to nine at night, and lie until six to seven in the morning; no matter, hardly, where we were, or in what situation.

No look-out at sea was ever pretended to be kept; it was a cant phrase with us, "Down to rest, and up to sleep." The mate generally coiled himself up on the hen-coop, and the rest of the watch took up the next best berth around him; so that he could give us a kick if suddenly wanted. When we drew near the land, for

which we were often looking for several days (there being then no chronometers, at least we had none), a look-out was then presumed to be kept, but it was only nominal. I have often in the night-watches realised in my own person

“ The sleeping sea-boy on the rocking mast.”

By seating myself upon the fore-topsail yard in as easy a position as the situation would admit, and lashing myself with the gasket to the strap of the tye-block, I have taken a comfortable snooze until relieved. Boys, more especially sailor-boys, do not anticipate danger, but leave the care of their present concerns to those who have the charge of them. And who will blame them—when almost all mankind, who ought to be sensible of incomparably greater danger, leave the care of their eternal interests to men who are ten thousand times more negligent than the sleeping watch-boy?

I have known the master, of a nasty blowy morning, when the wind was foul, as soon as he came upon deck, mount upon a chest-lid and look to windward; then, grinning until he had brought the two sides of his mouth nearly in contact with his ears, curse the wind and weather; next he would vent his spite upon the masts and sails by carrying on as in bravado; and if any thing gave way, we came in for our share of his abusive tongue. Otherwise, when all went well with him, he was a quiet, easy-going personage, pacing the deck from morning to night, in an old pair of cut-down shoes, scarcely ever speaking a word; occasionally he was seen to smile, indicative of his meditations, or rather of his calculations, being profitable; but if we were not quick in our motions when up aloft, he would keep us upon our mettle by abusive epithets. I well recollect, one night, (when the ship was very nearly paying her respects to the

island of the Grand Cayman, but was prevented by the white sand accidentally catching the eye of some one,) being sent up to take in a topgallant studding-sail; the yard happening to be before the topgallant sail when the ship was hauled to the wind, he loaded me with the most dreadful curses, because I could not get it down without first going upon the topsail yard to clear it; yet I, not having the look-out, was blameless.

He would only allow one boy to one topgallant studding-sail; who had to get the boom upon the yard (for it was always in the rigging while there was a reef in the topsails) to rig it out, reeve the halliards, and set the sail. The master thought it an unnecessary waste of rope and labour to have the tack upon deck; the boy had therefore to haul it out with one hand, while he held the sheet with the other. No cleats were allowed upon the shrouds, but both tacks and sheets were hitched round them. It was a long time before he would go to the expense of boom-irons—rope grummets were their substitute, which made it doubly hard to rig the booms in and out. When the master saw a squall coming, he would, for the sake of shortening his distance by a few extra fathoms, wait till he was assured of the necessity of taking them in; and when the rain came, which is generally its precursor, and the thermometer for measuring its force, he would act accordingly. This made us familiar with the weight of a wet sail, and prevented us becoming effeminate by being too long at a time in a dry skin.

I forget the ship's tonnage, but have an impression upon my mind that she had twelve cloths in the head of her main topgallant sail; and I have known the master, when we were fairly manned, carry it till it took four of the best hands in the ship to furl it.

He was a first-rate professor of economy and management; forward, he only allowed topmast studding-sail, halliards, topgallant ditto, tack, and boom for one side; all had to be shifted every time we gibed; but we were so well drilled that we were never much behind other vessels in company that were better found. Then, the fore buntlines served for inner lower studding-sail halliards; and the main clue garnets for main topmast ones; these, in light weather, were deprived of their sleeping down-hauls, which were put into more active employment. And when the topgallant studding-sails were in, if the sky looked murky, their halliards were converted into topgallant buntlines; and when it has blown hard, and he could not depend upon the fore-tack, he has lashed the clue of the sail to the cat-head. But he fell short in one thing, which I subsequently learned from the last master I sailed with, while running down the trades (and which I ever afterwards practised). This was, in order to save the toys and sheets, to sling the topsail yards at the mast head, and stopper the clews of the sails to the yard-arms; and the night must have looked very black, and a squall put on a very threatening appearance, before they were cast off. However, this dangerous practice has been superseded by the use of chains—the greatest saving of labour in the mechanism of a ship.

We once sailed from Jamaica with a crew of only eleven in number; and on that passage I have been taken from the helm by the mate, to go up with him to send the fore-topgallant yard down, (an unprecedented thing.) 'Tis true, there was honour implied in the act, as it showed he preferred my assistance to that of any other in the watch; but I should have preferred declining it, if the refusal would not have subjected me to a

rope's end ; as many servants of a superior *grade*, supposed much more independent, would sometimes refuse an invitation to dinner, if it would not subject them to a court-martial.

In Jamaica, the work was endless ; the wine on board was at the option of the consignees, either to have it landed there, or left in the ship to go home. The consequence was, the vessel was made a store-house, and they sent for their different marks just as it suited their convenience ; so that we were continually moving about the casks. The decks were covered with them, and often the mark wanted would be found in places where it was the most difficult to get at. This extra work we had to do in addition to the toil of taking in another cargo, both operations going on simultaneously, for the most part of the time we lay there ; yet we had only salt beef and bread, and pork and peas, for our diet, save *one* ox-cheek on a Thursday, and fresh beef on Sundays. No cocoa, no coffee, no sugar, no anything at all approaching to luxury. Occasionally we had flour, but only water to mix it up with. The beef sometimes was so bad, that upon receiving it from the cook, we have pitched it overboard ; and the bread being in bags, for the convenience of stowage, was towards the end of the voyage perforated by weevils, and honeycombed with maggots. These by day we could eject from their dwelling-places, but by night we must masticate them, or fast. My general diet, when I could procure it, was bread soaked in lemonade—if sugar, water, and lime-juice, mixed in a tin pot, may be called by that name. After all, good eating is, like most other earthly good, only comparative ; I have found as much enjoyment, or more, in eating the scrapings of an empty butter firkin, handed to me out of the cabin, than any London alderman ever found in his bowl of turtle soup.

It was the general practice, in that day, for seamen to desert, encouraged by the premiums paid by the slave-ships, who were always in want of hands; the premiums ranged from fifteen to thirty pounds for the run home, according to the demand. When we had more to do than the mates and apprentices could manage, negroes were hired to assist us, whom we fetched on board at six in the morning, and took ashore again at six in the evening. But before doing so in the morning, we had to wash or wet the decks and wine-casks; and after taking them ashore again at night, we had to clear the decks, wet them, and do anything else that was wanted. In fact, we were then the slaves, and they the free-men. But very little washing sufficed at any time; we had other more profitable employment. Consequently the ship was in the most filthy state, and swarmed with bugs; every crevice in the steerage and the clews of our hammocks was crammed with them, to the great annoyance of those who had tender skins. Neither they nor any other insect ever annoyed me; still, my regular lodging-place was the hard deck, with the bed of a wine-cask for my pillow. I had no trouble dressing and undressing, a shirt and pair of trowsers being all my clothing; I neither wore hat nor shoes. I have taken off my shirt when wet, wrung it, and put it on again. By going barefooted, I have had my toes cracked to the bone, and have often been ready to cry out, when the decks have been hot, and I trod where they were wet. I did not go without them because I had them not; but because it was too much trouble to put them on, and because the apprentices vied with each other who could cast off their shoes first on the passage out, and who would keep them off longest on the passage home. Going barefooted up the rigging, in warm weather, required time

to become habituated to it; but in cold weather it was always pinching.

The latter part of my time I had charge of the long boat, and was away from the ship for days together, with no covering from the sun and rain by day, nor from the moon and dew by night, except the sails, when we happened to be at anchor. This was an uncomfortable employment, but still I liked it.

When the hold was filled and freight plenty, we had a tier of casks lashed along on each side of the hatchways, and (the long-boat being always left behind) between and upon them cotton was stowed so high that the mainsail would barely work over it. This was denominated the large waggon; and another pile, which we carried abuft the mainmast, the small one. These, being of more value than the clothes in our chests, were covered with tarpaulins, made of new canvass, purposely for them, under which we have sheltered many a stormy watch. Occasionally, after we had sailed, it took us two or three days to clear the decks, so that by the time we reached the Grand Cayman, where we always called, we could take in turtle enough to fill up any vacancy that might be left, the turtle casks generally making a tier along the gunwale, leaving scarcely sufficient room to carry a bucket of water along the main deck. And in about a week afterwards, by contrivance and management, we could make room in the steerage for our hammocks, and a little space a midships, just high enough to mess in, and put on dry clothes, when we had any to put on.

Once only we tried the windward passage, and that was a failure. The ship was built to carry a cargo, not to go to windward; besides, she was wood-sheathed, and, leaving Kingston, had sometimes barnacles on her bottom twelve to eighteen inches long. Her best going off

the wind was seven and a half knots, and then she would be in such a bustle as to lash the sea all round her into foam, sending it before her the length of the jibboom, and drawing it after her till it broke upon deck by the cheestree. By the wind, under the most favourable circumstances, three and a half was the outside; under double-reefed topsails, two and a half; and so downwards, till she hardly forereached at all. To give an example of her sailing qualities,—we once entered the Mersey with the dashing Captain T——, of African celebrity, who sailed from Kingston six weeks after us.

But to return to the attempt of going to windward. After finding that we fetched in a morning somewhere about where we stood off from at night, and the master was balancing about bearing away, we spoke a stray African, something like ourselves, no flyer. Our master gave it as his opinion, that it was useless struggling against so *strong* a lee current (*which took all the blame from the ship*); the stranger thought the same, but said he did not know the way through the gulf, “O, if that is all,” was the reply, “come along with me; I will pilot you.” And away we went together, safely enough, until we entered the gulf stream, and were off the coast of Florida, the slaver generally keeping in our wake. Here a man going to the head pump one fine morning, and happening to look a-head, saw a reef almost under the jibboom; the helm was put down in an instant, and the sails were scarcely filled the other way when our companion came ranging under the lee quarter, all on board still as midnight. She would soon have been hard and fast, had we not hailed her; when she, in her turn, was thrown into the same confusion from which we were just recovering.

Our negligence was unpardonable; but still, safety is

not to the watchful, any more than the race to the swift, for that morning we were surrounded with vessels on shore, all of which could not be supposed equally negligent with ourselves; we counted eighteen or nineteen.

A few nights afterwards, after having parted with our consort, we were in a terrible dilemma, finding ourselves near to two blazing lights. "Where can we be got to now?" inquired the master; "I know of no light-houses on this coast. I have heard that there is one at St. Augustine's, but we cannot yet be so far." Then the charts were examined and re-examined; the lights looked at again and again; the lead hove: in fact, we were completely bewildered, and at a loss which way to put the ship's head. At length it was deemed the most prudent to keep the maintop-sail to the mast, and wait the result of daylight, which, by the master's reckoning, was very slow in making its appearance. At length it broke forth, calmed his perturbed spirit, and eased his aching eyes, by showing him two small American whalers boiling their oil.

Our mate was the main spring, that set all the motions in the ship on the move, and kept them going; a man that could scarcely be surpassed in activity. He saw that all the ropes were clearly led, and that they ran freely, the first requisite to lighten labour. Neatness was entirely disregarded. No blocks confined unnaturally close to their places, but all loosely strapped, that they might lie parallel to their object, whatever direction it took; and according to the limited means allowed him, every thing worked easily. He was a jovial, contented fellow, the life of his own ship, and, in harbour, of the mates lying around him; always in high spirits. Fond of a prank himself, he never objected to our having one, when we had time and opportunity. We were once lying

near to a crack ship, the crew of which, wanting what we could have spared them in abundance, *i. e.* work, was in the habit of aping the men of war, by sending top-gallant yards up and down morning and evening; but, not knowing how, instead of crossing them all at the same moment, they crossed them in succession. This so annoyed us, that one morning, we hooted them; and soon after a fine six-oared boat came alongside, with a personage in the stern sheets, that looked as sprucely dressed as if going to breakfast with a lady off a damask table cloth,—a mate in a ruffled shirt being to us a *rara avis*. This character came upon deck with a rueful sort of a countenance, as if he felt our hooting had not been altogether unmerited, and began a long harangue, touching our ill behaviour; winding it up by saying, that what he had done was only in obedience to his orders, and it was hard that they should be laughed at for doing their best. If he had been so inclined, he and his boat's crew might have thrashed us all round, and we were deserving of it; but he took the gentler method; and we were severely lectured by our mate, who pretended to be very angry, and threatened what he would do to us; but as soon as the stranger's back was turned, he said, "Lads, I would back you against them any day, but you ought not to have laughed at them." I only recollect one instance of his treating me very roughly. I was stooping, doing something which vexed him, when he took me by the waistband of the trousers, and sent me flying from one end of the quarter deck to the other. He was a great smuggler, and so were we all, from the master downward, the revenue laws being then more lax than at present; but one voyage he ran so much as would have endangered the ship, had he been discovered, which coming to the master's ears, he thought it most prudent

to unship him, though sorry to part with so good a servant.

Having shown his character when poor, I shall show it when he thought himself rich, as an example to others; it is an accurate delineation of human nature, which, differing only in degree, shows itself the same in a master of a merchantship as in an Emperor of the French. After his discharge, he obtained a berth in a ship then building for the Jamaica trade, one of the finest out of the port. Before she was ready for sea, a war broke out; and the master appointed to her showing the white feather, and preferring to stay at home, the owners, having observed the activity and attention of the mate, gave him the ship. From that moment he was a changed man; intoxicated with the sudden elevation, from being the humble mate, he became the haughty master. His old acquaintances were discarded; his wife, the object of his former affections, was now found too vulgar for the captain's lady, and, accordingly, was displaced by a creole from Jamaica, whom he brought home, and placed at the head of his establishment. Having made himself popular with the planters, and finding, or imagining he had found, sufficient interest to procure a cargo for himself, he disdained to sail longer in another man's ship, when he had the means of loading one of his own. Accordingly he persuaded some moneyed men to join him, and bought a fine new ship on the east coast; but, bringing her round to London, he lost her; and with her, all his airy castles were demolished. He, in his turn, was deserted by his friends; he went out to Demerara, and died, a sacrifice to inordinate ambition, that destroyer of all comfort in the human breast.

Prosperity and happiness are by no means synonymous terms; indeed, it is seldom that they exist together.

Hence the former "is often an equivocal word, denoting merely affluence, but unjustly applied to the possessor." How many care-worn, anxious faces do we behold; men seeking to increase their store, although they are glutted with riches, which they have not the heart to enjoy! and how many of them are dreading to die in a poor-house, and envying their menial servants, whom they are in the daily habit of seeing happier than themselves! Sudden prosperity generally destroys the nobler qualities of the mind. Under its excitement, man assumes an unbecoming air, grows captious, impatient of contradiction, fretful under disappointment, and overbearing to all around him. Man's character changes with his circumstances. He knows not what temptation he can withstand, till the one exactly suited to try his disposition presents itself. Before that time, if he could be shown the guilty acts he was capable of committing, he would exclaim, with Hazael, "Am I a dog, that I should do this great thing?"

"O happy, if he knew his happy state,
The swain, who, free from business and debate,
Receives his easy food from nature's hand."

I must not take leave of my old master without giving him his due meed of praise. Taking him, in nautical language, by and large, perhaps his treatment was about the average of that of other masters. He never thrashed us, though occasionally we deserved it, as I recollect in two instances respecting myself. Once, spinning spun-yarn, I was not allowed to leave off work when the rest of the crew did, and thought it hard that I should be kept up after the decks were cleared; therefore, watching my opportunity, I cut the yarns, dropped them quietly over the side, and began to ball away, as if determined to make a speedy finish of my task. In a short time

after, there was a cry, "A fish to the line astern." All hands were up in a moment, at the expectation of having a fresh mess, and I ran aft among the rest; when, to their disappointment and my great astonishment, up came the rope yarns. If, before committing an evil act, we were to ponder what there might be lurking behind to bring it to light, fewer would be committed.

The other was of a more serious nature, and happened when I was second mate, and had charge of the watch. On a fine night, when the ship ought to have been gliding through the smooth water, with all her light sails sweetly sleeping, their white bosoms being gently pressed by a favourable breeze, I was roused from a sound nap on the hen-coop by an unusual noise. Lifting up my head, I saw the master beating the man at the helm with a canvass-bottomed stool, and to prevent sharing the chastisement, jumped up in a hurry, and ran forward, the master calling after me, "—— your young eyes, I have a good mind to give you as much." It appeared that he also had been awoke with an unusual noise, but it came from under the counter, that being the part of the ship that was then dividing the water. In plain terms, the man at the helm had fallen asleep, the sails were aback, and the ship going stern foremost. The master stayed upon deck till he put her head the right way, and then went below. It was a pleasing trait in his character that he never repeated old grievances; when I breakfasted with him next morning, he took no notice of the past night's occurrence; neither did he ever steal up again, to see if I was more watchful; he was aware that if he kept us up all day, we must of necessity nap at night.

He never annoyed himself by prying too narrowly into our misconduct, of which the wheel was a sufficient

evidence, for it bore the initials of almost every man and boy that had stood behind it. Neither did he ever torment us, by keeping us at work for working's sake—that greatest of all annoyances to servants. He never spared us when we were wanted, but when the work was done, there was an end of it; we could then sing, and make any rackets we pleased, nor fear being called from our amusement to do some peddling job, merely to interrupt our enjoyment. It will naturally be presumed, from our habitual negligence, that we met with many accidents, but I do not recollect that we ever carried away even a studding-sail boom. We once sprung the main topsail yard, but that was by fair carrying, and not by inattention, and that saw us safe home. The tide of the old man's prosperity flowed smoothly on, until he had attained his sixty-second year, when he was taken by the French off St. Domingo; after which it ebbed rapidly, until it brought him down to low-water mark; and he died, as I have been informed, blind and pennyless.

Since that time, there has been a great improvement in the ships belonging to this port; many are kept in the highest possible order; but I am informed there has not been generally a proportionate improvement in the state of the seamen; nor in their usage, if I may judge by what recently fell from the lips of a highly respectable and intelligent magistrate. In remarking upon a complaint made by a seaman, he said, "It was a pity the superior officers on board ships did not learn to control their tempers; they were not to knock and kick the men about for every offence, in the manner that was too commonly practised." Lately, I have read of more than one instance where a man has been beaten to death; yet these instances brought forth no public indignation, while sometimes, when a man has been deservedly

flogged for serious crimes, or great breaches of discipline, the act has been echoed from the Land's End to John O'Groat's House.

APPENDIX, No. 8, p. 117.

I should be sorry if I were thought to advocate the horrid state in which I found the French prisons, for, on the contrary, I do not. All prisons ought to be built in airy situations, to be well ventilated, and kept clean ; but still they should be prisons, and places of punishment, to deter rogues from the repetition of crime. Let any one visit the wet, dark, cold cellars—the houses in the filthy courts in the low parts of the north end of Liverpool—(where a melancholy case, a little while since, came under my observation, that of a mother, daughter, and two boys, almost naked, inhabiting a cellar without a single thing in it, not even a bit of straw) ; and then visit Kirkdale prison, comparing them with the airy courtyard, the clean day-room, with a cheering fire, the snug, light dormitory, ten feet high, eight feet long, and seven feet broad, furnished with bed and bedding (a dormitory that I oftentimes would have paid a high price for) ; and then ask himself if the removal from one to the other would not be an agreeable change, rather than a punishment ? But, it may be said, there is the confinement. True ; but what is that ? To the idle and vicious characters who compose its inmates, and who only estimate the deprivation of liberty by the time they are restrained from following their nefarious practices ; it would, but for that, be considered a temptation rather than a dread, for they would prefer confinement to hard work ; and it is well known that, in many places, crimes have been committed purposely to obtain incarceration. Does not this prove the discipline of our prisons defective ?

It is worse than useless to send boys, mere children, to prison, for *feloniously* stealing, many of them, being ignorant even of the meaning of the words; for if they are not decided thieves when they enter the prison, they are sure to be so when they come out. What is this but sending them to school, to be instructed in roguery? Four or five years ago, I gave an urchin in charge to a constable for stealing my pocket handkerchief; and when I appeared against him I was charged on oath to "tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth;" and for what?—a thing not worth five shillings! I would rather have suffered the boy to escape than have taken the oath; and I will certainly never take another, of my own free will, under similar circumstances. To exact an oath for such a trifle, is a breach of the third commandment, and is one cause of its being lightly esteemed upon important occasions. The lad was committed to Kirkdale prison for two months. Upon which, a constable observed, "The lad has only just been liberated;" "Well," was the reply, "let him go back again." Now if he had been sentenced to receive a smart whipping, with an assurance that he should be more severely treated if ever he came thither again, it would, in all probability, have been attended with a beneficial effect.

Prison discipline, in its present state, is not much calculated to scare bad characters. What is the work of the tread-mill, that bugbear, against which the government has been so much teased with complaints? The longest time a criminal is stationed upon it is eight hours per day, allowing four minutes' spell at the end of every ten minutes' work, thus reducing his actual daily labour to $4\frac{1}{2}$ hours. To an active mind, condemned to sit still, this would be thought a recreation, rather than a punishment. And what is this $4\frac{1}{2}$ hours' work, *under cover*, compared

with the twelve hours' work of the hodman, with only one and a half hours' spell during the day—exposed to all the vicissitudes of the weather, carrying on his shoulder a weight of 130 pounds up a ladder to the height of from three to seven stories, and sometimes more? Allowing that this man is employed all the year round, and reckoning for loss of time by bad weather half a day per week, his usual weekly wages being 14s. 8d., with which, unless he be a very managing man, he cannot clothe, lodge, and find fuel for his family, and obtain for himself and them provisions equal to the jail allowance of—

For breakfast, 1 pint of gruel and half a pound of bread.

For dinner, 1½ pints of scouse, made from 1½lb. potatoes, with meat, salt, and pepper.—Or

For dinner, 1 quart of broth, made from cow heads, with vegetables, meal, salt, pepper, and half a pound of bread.—Or

For ditto, 2 oz. of bacon, 1½lb. potatoes, each alternate day.

For supper the same as breakfast.

Is not, then, such light work, good diet, and warm, comfortable quarters of the prisoner, a premium offered to idleness? Would not a dishonest hodman laugh at being condemned to such "*hard labour*?" and would he not be apt to say to the magistrate, on hearing his sentence, as was said the other day, "*Thank you, Sir,*" for so long a holiday? All thieves are lazy, because it is laziness that begets theft. If they could be kept to any sort of labour, equal, or approaching, to that of the honest hodman, with a little harder fare; allowed to laugh and talk during their 10½ working hours, and kept upon the silent system during the other 13½, it would have the effect of producing either a greater taste for work, or a greater distaste for the prison; and either would be an improvement. I once went through the church in the prison at Kirkdale, and said casually to one of the turn-

keys who accompanied me, "I dare say many of your flock would rather take an hour's spell on the tread-wheel, than sit for the same time listening to the clergyman." "Yes," was the reply, "I have heard them say so many a time."

Great numbers of the honest and industrious of Great Britain are subjected to vastly greater privations than the prisoners, save the confinement; and if there were no disgrace attached to that, many would be glad occasionally to change places with them, especially in this inclement season (2d of February). How many thousands of honest families eke out a miserable existence upon a few shillings a week, and yet never complain! It certainly shows an amiable disposition in our philanthropists, of both sexes, to be exerting themselves to alleviate even the state (I cannot say the sufferings) of the idle and dissolute when in confinement; but if they would bestow on the industrious poor a greater portion of their commiseration, their kindness would be more effectual, better appreciated, and received with more gratitude. How many thousands of families are now almost perishing with hunger, and starving with cold, owing to the severity of the weather suspending nearly all kinds of work out of doors, while the incorrigible prisoner is seated with a well-filled stomach round a cheerful fire! Is this a proper state of things?

As I have before said, it is worse than useless to send boys to prison; and it is more particularly so for a first offence. Might it not be attended with a better effect, after they have been found guilty for the first time, to send for their parents, if they have any; and if not, for their nearest relatives, to know if they would like to give them up to the care of the government? and if they objected, then to give the boys a smart whipping, and set

them at liberty ; making them understand that if they should be again convicted, they would most assuredly be confined for a number of years, or until they should give sufficient proof of their being reclaimed. If they neither have friends nor parents, then let the government take charge of them.

As our prison discipline has hitherto been found ineffectual, I would submissively propose, as an experiment, that naval discipline be resorted to ; and that ships of war, capable of accommodating as many youths as are annually convicted in the metropolis, be moored in the river Thames, to receive them. The ships to be rigged with light jury-masts, having the sails made of old light canvass, lightly roped ; and every thing fitted so that boys of their strength could easily handle them ; clothing them in a uniform manner, indicative of their situation ; placing steady persons by day and night over them, to prevent improper conversation, and teach them how to send up and down topgallant-yards and masts, morning and night ; to bend, reef, and unbend sails, and in calm weather to make and take in sail ; encouraging emulation in every way ; classifying and provisioning them accordingly as they behave, the most incorrigible being made ships' scavengers ; placing those who attain to the first class in a vessel by themselves, allowing them to wear seamen's clothes, as an honorary distinction, and, as a further incentive to good behaviour, giving them the privilege of entering as apprentices into the navy, or the merchant service, or of binding themselves to any trade, or of hiring themselves out for a voyage to any master who should apply for them ; the boys themselves, if they behave well, to receive the amount of their wages on being delivered up again to the prison-ship, and then to be discharged. When not employed about the masts and yards, they might be taught to knot, splice,

&c., make, mend, and wash their own clothes, make and mend shoes, make straw hats, &c., giving them four hours' schooling every day, under seamen's schoolmasters, according to the late regulation, with a small library of entertaining and instructive books, suitable to their situation; hearing them read the Scriptures on the Sabbath, seating them in rows, the first boy beginning at the first verse of a chapter, and every boy reading the following verse as it came to his turn, by which means their attention would be kept up to the subject.

There are plenty of active warrant-officers now laid upon the shelf, who have been accustomed to control vicious youths, and who, without thinking it a degrading employment, would be glad of the berth. It would only differ in degree from that to which they had previously been accustomed, for, during the last war, the crews of H.M.S., when first brought together, were not of the most exemplary character. And, doubtless, there are many active commissioned officers, who would take the command of such vessels, in preference to passing an inactive, indolent life on shore, upon half-pay, especially with an extra remuneration; and surely nothing dishonourable could attach to their endeavour to reclaim youth. It is probable, if those who might be set over them were to keep up strict, but well-tempered discipline, that in twelve months a great portion of them would forget their evil propensities, learn to do much of the light work aloft, and most likely imbibe a love for the sea, as well as habits of industry and honesty. If at the end of that time, or a little longer, any were found incorrigible, they might be turned on shore, and on no account be ever received back again into the same vessel. In all the naval ports of France, vessels of war are provided as nurseries, where boys are trained up for the sea; and the plan I am proposing would have the double advantage,

of making seamen, and, at the same time, good and useful subjects.

I would also suggest, that other vessels of a larger class, and heavier rigged, be provided, to receive all prisoners under eighteen years of age, who shall be convicted a third time, (those convicted a second time, if the offence be not heinous, to be sent on board the smaller ones,) or a first or a second time when the sentences might amount almost, but not quite, to transportation. These might be put to heavier work, and fed upon poorer provisions, making them send down yards and topmasts when the weather should be bad, and to send them up again when fine; teaching them the business of boat-builders, caulkers, coopers, sail-makers, armourers, riggers, tailors, shoemakers; and drilling them into the use of great guns and small arms: the internal regulation and classification might be similar to the smaller vessels, but the discipline more severe, and the working hours longer. Such of this class as should be reclaimed, to be devoted to the service of the state, not as a punishment, but as a premium for good behaviour, the choice being given them of entering the navy as apprentices for three years, or of entering into the marines, or into the army. The time of probation in the prison-ship to be dependent upon the report of the officer commanding, to a board of officers commissioned to visit the vessels at stated periods; who, if they should deem the boys deserving, from the report made of them, should, after hearing their election, appoint them to ships, to marine depôts, or to regiments. All possible care should afterwards be taken that they should not be reproached for past offences by their new companions. Any that were found incorrigible at the end of two years, might then be turned ashore, with the assurance that their next conviction would subject them to the punishment of transportation for life, or until they

were reclaimed ; their treatment in the penal colonies to be regulated according to the nature of their offences. This, I think, could not be considered an arbitrary proceeding, after they had experienced so much forbearance, and the means of obtaining an honest livelihood had been put within their reach. Neither ought the change to be regarded as unconstitutional, seeing that, though criminals, they are only subjected to the discipline of a ship of war, in common with others, against whom no charge has been made, but who, in time of war, are compelled to serve against their inclination.

If some such plan as this were honestly carried into effect, society would soon, in all probability, reap important advantages from it. The rising generation would be preserved from corrupting intercourse with vicious characters, who, on the present system, are thrown back upon society, again and again, until they become ripe for transportation ; whilst our prisons on shore, acknowledged to be the nurseries of crime, would be more thinly inhabited, and a vast annual amount of property be preserved from plunder.* To these advantages might also

* By a computation made in Liverpool last September, and signed by two superintendents of police and two bridewell-keepers, it is shown that the

Property annually stolen in this place, by juvenile thieves under eighteen years of age, amounts to	£34,600
If the large towns of Manchester, Birmingham, Bristol, and Leeds average about the same amount, the total would be	138,400
Whilst in London (where, in 1836, 3132 boys under sixteen were committed to prison), according to population, the amount would be about eight times as much, say	276,800
	<hr/>
	449,800
To this may be added, the same amount for all other parts of England.....	449,800
	<hr/>
And the fearful total is presented of	£899,600

—Nearly one million sterling per annum. But it is calculated by

be added, a considerable saving in prison expenses, county prosecutions, county removals, magistrates' clerks, counsellors, lawyers, constables, &c., advantages which would far more than counterbalance all the extra expense. Besides, it would keep the ships aired, and, consequently, in better condition. And should circumstances require that impressment be again resorted to, then such of the boys as were deemed fit, should be compelled to serve, wherever wanted.

The great utility of the employment of boys on board ships of war, may be seen in the account of the action of the *Guadaloupe*, Appendix, No. 7. And I think it reasonable to presume, that among the first class of prison boys many might be found superior to the thirty-four who were pressed promiscuously out of the streets of the metropolis, and who assisted so gallantly in fighting that vessel. And I would respectfully submit to the higher powers, if it would not be advisable still further to increase the number of boys in the ships now in commission. Young men brought up in the navy would be likely to spend their days in it; they would never afterwards brook the drudgery of the merchant service, nor be required for it, as they would be found deficient in many requisites for the duty on board a merchantman. In times gone by, the finest West Indiamen out of Liverpool were almost entirely navigated by apprentices; this gave them a degree of consequence, and they took a pride in showing themselves off. No ships were better worked. In some concerns, nearly all their vessels were officered and com-

others, who are supposed to be acquainted with the state of crime in this borough, that the amount of such thefts exceeds the computation by nearly 70 per cent. ! Suppose a more moderate calculation, say if 35 per cent. be taken, it would then appear that there is property stolen by children in England, exclusive of Ireland, Scotland, and Wales, amounting to £1,210,960 annually.

manded by men brought up in their own service ; and in some instances this is still the case. Why, then, if the same plans were adopted in the Royal Navy, should we doubt that they would be followed with similar results ?

A stranger, reading some of our metropolitan police reports, would naturally say, " These English are a strange people. In my country, the magistrate never takes part with a culprit in a laughable dialogue ; neither does he permit, much less encourage, him to utter a tissue of *slang*, which causes bursts of laughter. There the magistrates put on a grave, stern countenance, which strikes the rogue with awe. There a court of justice is not made a place of amusement, but a place of dread ; and if it ever happen that the hardened offender sets the magistrate at defiance, he is sent back to prison, and there kept upon bread and water until he be humbled. And if, after he has received his sentence, he should turn round and insolently say, ' Thank you, my Lord, I suppose you could give me no more ; ' he calls him back, and adds to the severity of his sentence, not merely as an extra punishment, but to make the court respected by those who may come after him."

A few months past, I read in a provincial paper, the account of a lad, young in years, but an old offender, who vociferated, immediately after he had received his sentence of three months' imprisonment, " Why don't you transport me at once, and not be sending me for these d—— three months ? " but I did not read of an extension of punishment ; no, nor even of a reprimand, for this offence against the court by a curse, and the bench by an insult.

While, however, on the one hand, I am disposed to censure the present state of prison discipline, as, from its overmuch lenity, inadequate to the prevention of crime ;

so, on the other hand, I am equally disposed to condemn the severity of punishment which is sometimes visited upon an individual for an infringement of a by-law. A case of the latter description, occurring in my native town, lately came to my knowledge.

A carter was summoned before a magistrate, for suffering his cart wheel to remain upon the footwalk of one of our streets, while he was unloading his cart. He was ordered to pay a fine of 2s. 6d., and 3s. 6d. costs, or, in default of payment, to be imprisoned five days. Either he demurred, or was on the instant unable to pay it, and was, consequently, handed down from the court-room into a subterraneous passage which leads from thence to the jail, where his pockets were searched, his knife and cotton-hook taken from him, and his feet put in irons; and thus he was kept a prisoner, until a friend arrived, who paid the fine for him, and he was set at liberty.

As soon as I became convinced of the fact, which was not until some months after the occurrence, I waited upon the mayor, William Rathbone, Esq., and related to him all the particulars which I had learnt. In a polite and affable manner he assured me that the matter should immediately be fully investigated. It was; when every particular above related was fully confirmed; and what was at first considered by Mr. Rathbone, and others to whom the circumstances were mentioned, as an incredible story, a thing that could not possibly have occurred, was found to be a common occurrence—an every day fact, which had obtained here for a length of time. I was not summoned to attend the investigation, and was not a little astonished to find that it terminated by one of the authorities simply addressing a party present in the following manner:—"You see, sir, this case is not an exception—they do it to all similarly circumstanced." This

was said, too, in the presence of the servants of the magistrates,—thus sanctioning, as it were, acts of unwarrantable severity. However, in a subsequent interview which I had with the mayor, he assured me that such things should never again occur; stating, at the same time, that the practice had existed prior to municipal reform. The acts of public men being placed before the public, their propriety becomes a subject of discussion, and abuses of power are either corrected or discontinued; and as the facts in the case just adverted to have not come before the public, I deem it requisite to give them publicity here, with the view of preventing the recurrence of such acts, both in this and in other places.

In conclusion, I venture to suggest to local authorities the propriety, in all cases, when fines are levied on labouring men, to proportion the term of confinement, substituted in default of payment, to the amount of the fine imposed. In this particular case, the fine and costs amounted to 6s., the term of imprisonment, in default of payment, five days. Now, at the rate of his wages—3s. 4d. per day—this would have occasioned him a loss of 10s. 8d., beyond the amount of the fine, merely from his unwillingness or inability to pay. As to the impropriety of putting a man into irons for such an offence—which has been a constant practice in Liverpool—to insure his safe conveyance from bridewell to the borough gaol—a distance of half a mile—no one, I presume, will henceforth entertain a doubt,—it is clearly an infringement of the law of the land, as the following extract shows:—“No person shall be put in irons by the keeper of any prison, except in case of urgent and absolute necessity, and the particulars of every such case shall be forthwith entered in the keeper’s journal, and notice forthwith given thereof to one of the visiting justices;

and the keeper shall not continue the use of irons on any prisoner longer than four days, without an order in writing from a visiting justice, specifying the cause thereof; which order shall be preserved by the keeper, as his warrant for the same."—(See 4 Geo. IV., cap. 64.)

WALTON, NEAR LIVERPOOL,
31st MARCH, 1838.

